

No. 1008.—vol. xxxv.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS AND 15.

CHRISTMAS, 1859.

It were well even for the journalist, whose especial business it is to record and comment upon the politics of the world, if for one week out of the annual fifty-two he could divert his own thoughts, and those of his readers, from public affairs, and take refuge in the sanctuary of home and the kindly merriment of Christmas. But the task is not easy. Christmas is so well-worn a theme that, unless the journalist should invade the province of the preacher, there is but small chance of his treating it either effectively or originally. Hundreds of pens have been annually employed to write on this "old, old" subject; and the writers, looking at it from every possible point of view, have succeeded in leaving a strong impression upon the public mind that Christmas as a theme for literary display has been pretty well exhausted. Some have considered it in its religious-some in its moralsome in its traditional—some in its historical—some in its social—some in its hospitable—some in its charitable—and some in its comic aspect; and our Journal of this day affords sufficient evidence of the versatility of our contributors and their power of dealing with the subject to free us in this place from the necessity of competing with them. But, though Christmas is very old, it is also very new. The Christmas of 1859, and any other Christmas as it arrives, is unlike every other that preceded it, when considered in its public and historical aspect. And in that aspect we proceed to regard it, leaving the general subject to other pens.

Let us first consider the state of Europe and of the British Isles on Christmas Day, 1858. At that time our brave Indian army had recently succeeded in crushing and punishing the most



SCHAMYL.-FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.-SEE NEXT PAGE

formidable rebellion that ever threatened our empire, and the Queen of England had assumed the nominal as well as the virtual sovereignty of Hindostan. The nation reposed after mighty exertions. There were plenty and content at home, and peace in Europe and in Asia. War, unhappily always possible in the complicated, unnatural, and unwholesome system by which the States of Europe are held together, was considered by everybody to be in the highest degree improbable. Its very mention was scouted, and the few who thought we were foolishly unprepared, if the day of calamity should come, were held up to public reprobation as "panic-mongers" and dreamers of dreams. There was, however, one man who was of a different opinion-a man who, either for good or for evil, towers above all the other men of this age as high as Gulliver towered above the Lilliputians. In the dark recesses of his inscrutable mind war was at that very moment resolved upon; and only seven days after Christmas he uttered in public a few sententious and studied words which created a panic on every Exchange and Bourse in Christendom, and in a few weeks depreciated the value of all public stocks and securities to the extent, as was confidently asserted at the time, of upwards of sixty millions sterling. The minatory words spoken to the Austrian Ambassador at Paris were speedily followed by deeds; and the world was startled by the outburst of a war that threatened to convulse every kingdom and empire in Europe, and to let loose the devastating floods of Revolution over the fairest portions of our hemisphere. The long-predicted war of principles was declared to have broken forth; -the post-Metternichian deluge that was to wash away all the ancient landmarks, and to blot out of the map of Europe many haughty and powerful monarchies. France pouring her legions



CARTING FAGGOTS FOR CHRISTMAS, A SCENE AT CHESSINGTON, NEAR EPSOM.-BY J. JESSOP HARDWICK.-SEE NEXT PAGE

across the Alps to combat Austria in behalf of the freedom and independence of Italy was a spectacle that might well have been expected to arouse the hopes of the discontented and oppressed, not only in Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and elsewhere, but in France itself, which, in spite of a military autocracy, contains many thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of intelligent and educated people who think that Independence without Liberty is not sufficient to satisfy the aspirations of a great and generous nation.

The war was a mistake, and the Emperor of the French speedily became aware of it. Disapproving of the auxiliaries that panted to come to his aid-loathing Revolution and Republic nism, both of which were eager to make use of him for their own purposes—he marched from victory to victory until he had gained victory and "glory" sufficient. Arrived at that point, he brought hostilities to an end in a manner so sudden as to astonish alike his friends and his foes. The main consequences of that war, as it affects us at our Christmas firesides in 1859, are a want of faith in the continuance of peace, and a misgiving that war, healed in one spot, may, like a foul eruption, burst forth in another; and that, come what will, or come what may, our first duty as a nation is to put our house in order, and to be so strong, so resolute, and so united, as to be able in our own defence to defy the world. The result of this feeling is that a large portion of the able-bodied youth and maturity of our middle and upper classeswith a sprinkling of operatives, which all true patriots will desire to see very largely increased—have enrolled or are enrolling themselves among the Rifle Volunteers. There were no citizen soldiers at the Christmas festivities of 1858. At the Christmas festivities of 1859 there will be more than can be counted; and there is reason to believe that, whatever their present numbers may be, they will, ere Christmas next, if the same state of political feeling exists, amount to at least one hundred and fifty thousand men-men who detest war and aggression, but who will fight to the death, if need be, in defence of their native soil and the homes of their families.

In other respects Great Britain is in excellent condition. Her people are loyal and prosperous. A grunt of disloyalty may be heard, it is true, from the other side of St. George's Channel, from a few ungrateful Papists, who, not appreciating the fact that they are free under the British Constitution, desire to enslave their fellow-Papists of the Romagna groaning under the odious misgovernment of the Pope. There is not an intelligent Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman (not a Papist) who does not wish with all his heart that these disloyal Irishmen could be placed under the temporal Government which they so greatly affect to admire. But, with this paltry and unworthy exception, the subjects of the British Crown are as contented as they are prosperous, and look upon the troubles of the Continent with great interest, but without great anxiety. They are armed and forewarned. They desire peace, and love it, and will do their best to secure it; but they do not fear the machinations of Kings or Emperors, or the intrigues of diplomatists. Like the soldiers of Cromwell, they feel the advantage of trusting in God, and keeping their powder dry. They sit in the light of their Christmas firesides, and "no man makes them afraid."

Such is the political and social difference between 1858 and 1859. That Christmas 1860 may dawn upon a still better state of things-upon a pacified Europe as well as upon a contented Britain-is a hope that is not unreasonable, if the Congress which is to meet in a few days is wise enough to understand its duty and strong enough to perform it.

SCHAMYL.

SCHAMYL.

The career of this celebrated Circassian chief, which has probably now ended, has been so remarkable as almost to reach the height of romance. He was born, in 1797, at Himry, in the north of the Caucasian district of Daghestan. In early life he adopted the doctrines of the Sufi, a new sect, which professed to reform Islamism, the mysticism of which he combined with all the practical qualities of a soldier. In 1824 he first took part in the defence of his country against the Russians. In a great battle in 1831 he was severely wounded, and with difficulty escaped with life. In 1836 he was chosen leader of the Circassian patriots, and in 1839 indicted the most severe defeat on the Russians which they had yet sustained in the Caucasus. In the same year, with a handful of men, he defended Tilboa so successfully against 12,000 Russians that the latter, although they took half the village by storm, were obliged to abandon the enterprise and retreat. From this time he defended with success different positions in his country against the most elaborate and multiplied dispositions of the Russians, some of which were superintended by the Emperor Nicholas in person. In 1839, however, he was placed in extreme danger while defending a position at Akhoulvgo against General Grabbe; but, though most of his troops were either killed or taken prisoners, he himself escaped in a way peculiar to himself, and which has a touch of the miraculous about it, and immediately attacked his former foe in the rear with a fresh force. The best Russian Generals, with armies of from 150,000 to 200,000 men, were from time to time foiled, and were unable to break the power of a leader whose strategy was strictly adapted to the country in which he operated, and was mainly defensive, not withstanding his frequent forays. As is well known, his long and spirited resistance was brought to a close in August last by his surrender to the Russians, who had surrounded him in his last stronghold at Goonib. By recent accounts we learn that he has lef

Schamyl's personal appearance has been thus described:—"He is fair, with grey eyes and a regular nose. He is a middle-sized man, his hands, feet, and mouth are small, and his skin is whiter than that of most of his countrymen. His beard is grey." We give on the preceding page a Portrait of this hero of the Caucasus, engraved from a photograph.

CARTING FAGGOTS.

DURING the most severe frosts this description of work gives employment to many who at this season of the year would otherwise be folding their arms in idleness. The operation of cutting the wood that has accumulated in the hedgerows of the fields, also lopping the lower branches of trees that extend too far over the ground, tying the wood in faggots, and carting it to the homestead, are looked forward to by many of our agricultural labourers as a never-failing occupation when the face of nature is wrapped in frost and snow. The scene represented in the Engraving on the first page is on the farm of J. Humphry, Esq., Chessington, Surrey, a small and pretty hamlet situated between Epsom and Kingston-on-Thames. The Church of Chessington is old and picturesque, and in good preservation. It stands on an eminence overlooking the downs of Epsom and Banstead.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

FRANCE.

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The Emperor received yesterday week the Papal Nuncio, who presented to his Majesty a letter of the Holy Father. On Saturday last the Emperor presided at a Council of Ministers held at the Tuileries, and at which the Empress was present. The Prince of Orange on Saturday paid a visit to the Princess Mathilde. M. Germanes, who was recently named First President of the Imperial Court of Bastia, took the usual oath to his Majesty on Saturday, in presense of the Ministers of State and Justice.

The latest accounts of Prince Jerome state that he had less fever, and that his health continued to be rather satisfactory.

Prince Metternich received on Monday and the two following days the principal members of the diplomatic corps, the grand dignitaries of State and of the Crown, and the officers of the household of the Emperor, of the Empress, and the Imperial Princes. Princess Metternich will hold her receptions next week, immediately after having been presented to the Empress.

A decree in the Monicur awards 89 military medals to noncommissioned officers and privates belonging to the late expeditionary corps against the Moorish tribes.

The Moniteur publishes a narrative of the execution of three Englishmen by the French Commandant in New Caledonia, M. Saisset, but the fact of their being Englishmen is suppressed. They are simply called whites and Europeaus.

M. de la Bourdonnaye-Montluc, a deputy under the Restoration, has just died at his château, De Laillé, at the age of ninety-three. He was one of the most impassioned orators of the "Royalist right." It was of him that the famous mot was said: "Il est plus Royalist eque le Roi." He retired from political life in 1830.

Roger made his first appearance at the Opera at Paris, on Thursday se'might, since the loss of his arm. The Emperor and Empress attended to greet him, and every seat in the theatre was filled Most extraordinary prices had been paid for places in many instances. A false arm, made by the great surgical instrument-maker, M. Cherrière, did duty s

The Journal du Loiret announces the setting at liberty of Captain Doineau from the prison of Tours. It may be remembered that he was condemned for having taken part in the death of an Arabian

Advices received from Algiers state that the formal opening of the railway to Blidah had taken place.

Official returns prepared at the Ministry of Marine report 409 shipwrecks of French vessels during the month of November.

SPAIN AND' MOROCCO.

The Spanish expeditionary army was reinforced on the 13th inst. by 4000 infantry and 6000 cavalry. "On the 15th inst.," a despatch from Madrid informs us, "15,000 Moors attacked the left redoubt. General Ros de Olano surrounded them with his right wing and drove them back at the point of the bayonet. Our artillery inflicted great loss upon them. Our troops, as they invariably do, displayed great valour. Generals Gassit and Garcia particularly distinguished themselves. The enemy lost 1500 men; we had 30 killed and 126 wounded."

The division of General Prim has taken a position two league from the general encampment in order to protect the works for opening a road to Tetuan. The division of General Ros de Olano has been placed to the right of this road.

The Cadiz journals announce that Marshal O'Donnell has declared Courts a free roat.

The Cariz journals sandance Ceuta a free port.

The Gibraltar Chronicle says the attention of the Government of Morceco has been officially called to the 14th article of the treaty existing between the United States and Spain, which prohibits the citizens of one country from accepting foreign letters of marque to cruise against the commerce of the other.

ITALY.

The Pays states that the opening of the Congress will definitively take place on the 20th of January. The same journal publishes the following as a definitive official list of the Plenipotentiaries who will represent the great Powers in the Congress:—Count de Rechberg and Prince de Metternich for Austria; Lord Cowley and Lord Wodehouse for Great Britain; Baron de Schleinitz and Count de Pourtales for Prussia; Prince Gortschakoff and Count de Kisseleff for Russia; Spain will be represented by M. Martinez de la Rosa and M. Mon; Portugal by Count de Lavradio and Viscount de Paiva. Cardinal Antonelli will represent Rome; and the Vienna journals give out that he is assured beforehand of "triumphant success." In an autograph letter of the Pope to the Emperor his Holiness declared that he is willing to be represented at the Congress, having full confidence in the loyalty and firmness of the Eldest Son of the Church, to whom God has intrusted the mission to protect the patrimony of St. Peter against illegal covetousness. Count Cavour will be First Plenipotentiary of Sardinia at the Congress. The Swiss Federal Council intends to ask at the Congress that the neutrality of Savoy may be guaranteed by the Italian Confederation, as it already is by Piedmont, in virtue of the treaties of 1815.

On the 9th instant an Austrian brigade crossed the Po in two columns, and took possession of the districts of Revere, Sermida, and Gonzaga, which, in accordance with the provisions of the Zurich treaties, form part of the Austrian dominions. An Imperial commissary accompanied each body of troops, and in the name of the Government summoned the National Guard and the people in general to deliver up their arms within three days. As the Imperial troops advanced the Italian tricolor was made to disappear; and on one or two occasions a black-yellow flag was hoisted in its stead. Great crowds of people were assembled on the right bank of the river to see the Austrians cross. There was no opposition to the advance of the troops. The Pays states that the opening of the Congress will definitively

the troops.

Letters received from Naples state that during the night of the 12th instant numerous arrests, including several eminent persons, were made. The persons arrested are accused of having clandes-12th instant numerous arrests, including several eminent persons, were made. The persons arrested are accused of having clandestinely printed journals, and of having supported a subscription in behalf of General Garibaldi, several documents concerning which have been seized. The police were searching for the distributors of the photographic portraits of Agesilano Milano. The Sardinian Consul had been momentarily arrested by mistake, but was set at liberty.

AUSTRIA. resolved that in the next budget a reduction of 38 millions of florins

resolved that in the next budget a reduction of 38 millions of florins shall be made in the expenses of the War Department. It is stated that Austria is about to proceed to a complete disarmament.

The report of an intended abdication of the Emperor is totally unfounded. The statement that the Archduke Maximilian would be absent from Austria two years is likewise incorrect. The journey of his Imperial Highness to the Brazils will occupy only six months. We have further accounts of political agitation in Hungary. The police have invaded several houses at Comorn and made many arrests. The 5th corps of the Austrian army, now in Italy, has received orders to march for Hungary immediately.

PRUSSIA.

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The States Intelligencer says that but little change has taken place in the condition of the King. His Majesty has, however, generally slept well, but his appetite does not improve, and but little increase in strength has taken place; so that the Royal patient continually rests either on a bed or a sofa, and consequently there is no longer any prospect of the King being removed from Potsdam. It is stated that the Prince Regent has given up an intended journey to Carlsruhe on account of the absence of improvement in his Royal brother's health. The two gentlemen attached to the Court who were commissioned to find a suitable residence for their Majesties in England have been recalled. They had fixed upon a country house near Torquay.

The opening of the Coblentz and Bingen Railway took place on Thursday week in the presence of Prince Frederick William of Prussia (representing the Prince Regent, his father, who was detained in Berlin in consequence of the illness of the King of Prussia), and several Prussian, Austrian, and other general officers, railway directors, and authorities from the adjacent districts.

Prince Frederick of the Netherlands has left Berlin for the Hague. The Marquis de Moustier, recently French Ambassador at this Court, who has been on a visit to Compiègne, arrived in Berlin a few days ago from Strasbourg, and after a short stay will leave for his new post at Vienna.

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The Prince Regent has conferred a great number of Orders of the Red Eagle, of the first, second, third, and fourth classes, on Austrian officers, at Mayence and other places.

UNITED STATES.

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There is no fresh news respecting the San Juan dispute, except a statement that Governor Douglas, in his reply to General Scott's proposal, declared himself satisfied with its terms, but unable to accept them without communication with the Imperial Government. Captain John Brown, the leader of the Harper's Ferry outbreak, was hanged at Charleston, Virginia, on the 2nd inst. There was no attempt at rescue. The incidents of the execution are thus detailed in a telegram from Charleston:—"The prisoner was brought out of gaol at eleven o'clock. Before leaving he bade adieu to all his fellow-prisoners, and was very affectionate to all except Cook. He charged Cook with having deceived and misled him in relation to the support he was to receive from the slaves. He was led to believe that they were ripe for insurrection, and had found that his representations were false. Cook denied the charge, but made little reply. The prisoner then told the Sheriff he was ready. He looked round and spoke to several persons he recognised, and, walking down the steps, took a seat on the coffin box along with the gaoler, Avis. The waggon moved off, flanked by two files of riflemen in close order. On reaching the field the military had already full possession. Pickets were stationed, and the citizens kept back at the point of the bayonet from taking any position but that assigned them. The prisoner walked up the steps firmly, and was the first man on the gallows. He was swung off at fifteen minutes past eleven. The body was several times examined, and the pulse did not cease until thirty-five minutes had passed. The body was then cut down and conveyed under military escort to the dépôt, where it was put into a car, to be carried to the Ferry. The general conviction everywhere entertained was that the excitement about the rescue was an egregious hoax." The execution gave rise to great excitement throughout the Northern States. In both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature a motion was made to adjourn, out of respect fo of respect for Brown and the cause for which he suffered. Warm debates ensued, but the motions were both negatived. At numerous towns in New England bells were tolled, and other demonstrations of respect for Brown were tolled.

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The Governor of South Carolina had sent a message to the State Legislature, in which he recommends the establishment of a southern confederacy, in the event of a Republican President being elected. In the House of Representatives of that State there were pending resolutions inviting the immediate formation of such a confederacy, and asking for official information as to the condition of the arsenals of the State, the strength of the militia, &c.

Congress met on the 5th instant, but the President has not delivered his Message, delaying, probably, the sending of it until a Speaker shall have been chosen by the House of Representatives. The Senate has been solely occupied in discussing a resolution moved by a Southern Senator, Mr. Mason, for a searching inquiry into the circumstances of the Harper's Forry outbreak, and the measures requisite to prevent a repetition of such an attempt. The House of Representatives made one fruitless attempt to elect a Speaker, no one of the sixteen candidates having obtained the necessary majority, and then proceeded to discuss a resolution declaring that no member who has given his approval of a publication entitled "The Impending Crisis" is fit to be Speaker. This work, which relates to the Harper's Ferry insurrection, is said by the New York Herald to have been approved by most of the "republican" members.

The funeral of Washington Irving took place at Tarrytown on the lat instant, with every demonstration of respect.

At Savannah, Georgia, a tradesman resident there for many years, but born in Massachusetts, had been tarred and feathered for having extressed abolition sentiments.

Mr. Fernando Wood has been elected Mayor of New York, after a fierce contest, the "republican" party having declined to join the more educated and wealthy section of the Democrats in opposing him.

The Royal Palace of Fredericksburg, Copenhagen, was destroyed by fire on the 16th inst.

THE TREATY BETWEEN FRANCE AND JAPAN.—The exchange of the ratifications of the treaty concluded between France and Japan the 9th of October, 1858, took place on the 22nd of September last, we great solemnity, at the palace of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Jeddo.

An enthusiastic demonstration of the citizens of Stockholm in favour of the Italian people took place on the 17th inst. The Swedish Diet has unanimously resolved to present an address to the King requesting his Majesty to defend at the Congress the right of the Italian people to decide their own affairs.

Danubian Principalities.—A letter from Jassy states that a modification has taken place in the Ministry; the only new Ministers, however, being M. Rolla for the Interior and M. Nuklesco for Justice. By another letter from Jassy, dated the 18th instant, we learn that the National Assembly, after having received a message from Prince Couza, has been dissolved.

RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA. - The capture of Schamyl has been RUSSIA AND CHROASIA.—The capture of schamyl has been followed by the submission of another leader of the Caucasian tribes, Mahomed Amine, and of the large tract of country over which his influence extended. The Russian Government has shown its sense of the importance of the successes recently obtained by General Prince Bariatinsky, the Commander-in-Chief in the Caucasus, by raising him to the rank of Field Marshal. Other tribes are, it is said, preparing to submit themselves to Russia

Marshal. Other tribes are, it is said, preparing to submit themselves to Russia.

GARIBALDI TO THE LADIES OF ITALY.—General Garibaldi has just addressed the following proclamation to the ladies of Italy:—"When the ladies of Milan, Venice, and other Italian cities, asked at evening parties, their children, friends, or lovers, if they were not going to the holy war, and in this way increased the ranks of the liberating array with the young, the brave, and the illustrious, then I say they gave to the character of this epoch the brilliant stamp of female patriotism, which, according to history, hears witness to us of the valour of the Roman, Spartan, and Carthaginian women. Well, these ladies, these women, worthy of the times of ancient Italy, who sent to us their beloved ones, to us their brothers by blood, will they now refuse to throw their superfluities into the balance for the redemption of Italy? The ladies Cairoli of Pavia, Martinez, Deorchi, Sinori, Biancardi of Como, Pallavicino, Speri, Pepoli, Salvi, have they no comrades in heart in the hundred cities of Italy? Are there not thousands of wemen, like the Verri, Casani, Mantegazza, Araldi, Adamolo, Lomellino, who will throw in the face of those who wish to oppress us their superfluous ornaments, their jewels, their hair, their children even, as a holocaust for their redemption of this people which does not choose to be slaves to the caprice of foreign Princes, but desires to be placed on the same footing and to take its seat by the side of the other nations of Europe, who are our sisters, and of whom we feel ourselves worthy? One lady, then—one woman of every Italian city, town, and village—must invite the fair sex, invigorated by the consciousness of having achieved a solemn and vital act for the country, and this woman must say to all the rest—Do not come and offer collars or tresses (it is not yet come to that), but offer your superfluities to this Italy, which we can form in one day. Do it without stant, for the powerful ones of the earth will how befo

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Lieut.-General Nicholas Hamilton, K.H., died on the 12th Inst., at Lower Baggot-street, Dublin, aged seventy-eight years.

THE FROST.—Mr. E. J. Lowe, of Highfield House, states that the intense frost which set in with a rough N.N.W. wind on the 14th inst. reached a degree of cold, both Saturday and Sunday, greater than has ever been recorded there in the month of December since 1841. On only two occasions has the temperature at Highfield fallen lower than it was on Monday morning—viz, on the night of the 2nd and morning of the 3rd of January, 1854, when it descended 4 degrees below zero at 4 feet, and 6 degrees below zero on the grass; and even to 8 degrees below zero in the valley on the grass; the second occasion being the 18th of February, 1855, when it was 6 1 degrees at 4 feet, and 0.5 degrees on the grass.

COUNTRY NEWS.

We understand that Henry Garnett, Esq., of Wyreside, M.P. for Lancaster, will be High Sheriff of Lancashire for the ensuing year.

An old woman named Scarr, in proceeding from York to Newton-on-Ouse, on Thursday week, missed her way during the storm, and was found buried in the snow and quite dead.

At a crowded meeting held at Sunderland, on Thursday week, a motion to establish a free library was rejected. The opponents of the proposal objected to any increase of the local taxation.

Sir John William Ramsden, M.P., has been entertained at a banquet given in his honour by the principal inhabitants of Huddersfield, with which the honourable Baronet is so closely connected.

Mr. Edward A. Goodall has been unanimously elected Drawing Master to the Royal Naval School, New-cross. There were thirty candidates.

The Rectory of Cattistock, Dorset, having become vacant by the death of the Rev. Henry H. Still, the parishioners have unanimously petitioned the patroness of the living for the appointment of the Rev. John Kingston, the present Curate of the parish.

The Durham Chronicle announces that, in consequence of the deficient crop and the general low prices of farm produce, the owner of the Acton Hall estate, Mr. Robert Adams, has made a return of full 30 per cent upon his last half-year's rent.

During the night of Thursday week a bridge over the East Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways, at Bootle-lane, erected by the Earl of Derby, fell to the ground. No one was injured by the accident, which is supposed to have been occasioned by the action of the frost upon the mortar

GREENWICH TIME AT DEVONPORT.—The Town Clerk of Devonport has communicated the following letter to the local newspapers:—Sir, I have been officially apprised that directions have been given by the Lords of the Admiralty to keep Greenwich time, from the first proximo, in the Dockyard, Keyham; the Royal William Victualling Yard; and at the Royal Naval Hospital."

CONGRESS OF CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE.—At a meeting recently held, in London, of representatives of Chambers of Commerce, it was resolved that a conference of delegates from various Chambers of Commerce in the United Kingdom should be held yearly in London, during the first week of the Parliamentary Session, in order to discuss and consider various questions affecting Chambers of Commerce. The first congress was appointed to be held in the first week of the next Session.

SEVERE SNOWSTORM BETWEEN WORTHING AND CHICHESTER.

SEVERE SNOWSTORM BETWEEN WORTHING AND CHICHESTER.—Railway communication between Brighton and Portsmouth was closed for the greater part of Monday, owing to a heavy fall of snow between Worthing and Chichester, and it was not till the afternoon that the first up-train from Portsmouth arrived in Brighton, although due at half-past eight o'clock in the morning. The snow was so thick that it required the exertions of more than 100 men to clear the lines in or to reopen the regular traffic.

A Relie of the "Royal Charter,"—A curious relic of this ship was exhibited yesterday week in the Underwriters' Rooms, Liverpool. It consisted of a piece of j-inch plate iron, into the centre of which had been forced a bar of gold, with a piece of shattered wreck. The sheet iron was completely pierced through, the end of the bar of gold being visible at the back, as was also a piece of wood, into which a sovereign was pressed, the coin apparently having suffered but little injury, the "milling" only being slightly bruised.

Great Profeon Show at Hallfax —A great show of pigeons

slightly bruised.

GREAT PIGEON SHOW AT HALIFAX.—A great show of pigeons took place yesterday week at Halifax, under the auspices of the Halifax Fancy Pigeon Association. The exhibition was open to the United Kingdom, and there were five hundreds pens, containing from eight to nine hundred specimens, exhibited. The collection included birds from London, Birmingham, Kent, Edinburgh, Lincolnshire, Sheffield, Manchester, and Liverpool. Mr. Morgan, of Manchester, bore off the first prize (a silver cup), and prizes were also awarded to Mr. Smith, of Halifax, Mr. Edon, of Manchester, and Mr. Cumin, of Bradford.

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On Tuesday se'nnight Mr. Robert Chambers delivered the first of two lectures at the Philosophical Institute, Edinburgh, on "The Phenomena of the Superficial Formations." Mr. Chambers described the phenomena existing in this country, and in Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and America, on which the glacial theory, of which he is a well-known exponent, is founded. At the close Mr. Chambers exhibited a number of sketches showing the peculiar glacier ridges, hollows, and markings observable in the Queen's Park, on Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, the Castle Rock, the Corstorphine Hills, and other places in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

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Killing a Little Girl.—John Quins, a toffee and spice seller, was tried at the Liverpool Assizes last week for the manslaughter of Mary Crock, a little girl, ten years of age, at Burnley, on Sunday, the 11th of September. The prisoner was returning home on the night in question, when he was followed and annoyed by a crowd of little boys and girls, who were calling after him, and continued to do so after he had entred his house. He suddenly opened the door, and threw a knife out amongst the crowd. It struck the deceased on the head with such violence that it out through the skull into the brain. The child died in thirty six hours. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty;" and he was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

Destruction by Three or the "Sea Relle" — Early, last

months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE "SEA BELLE."—Early last Saturday morning a fire broke out on board the American ship Sea Belle, 9(0, tons register, lying in the Floating Harbour, Briskol. The Sea Belle was in Bristol harbour repairing damages sustained in one of the gales of last month while outward bound for New York, from Cardiff, with coals, up wards of 1000 tons of which have been discharged since her stay here, and about 300 tons remaining in her hold. The operation of scuttling her proved one of considerable difficulty from the coals lying above the water-line, and several hours elapsed before the Sea Belle could be sunk to any depth. Meantime the fire raged with unabated fury, and the vessel is now a complete wreck, having been burnt down to her water-line.

ALTRINCHAM AND ROWDON LUMBER OF THE SEA BELLE."—Early last

several hours elapsed before the Sea Belle could be sunk to any depth. Meantime the fire raged with unabated fury, and the vessel is now a complete wreck, having been burnt down to her water-line.

ALTRINCHAM AND BOWDON LITERARY INSTITUTION.—The anniversary meeting of the members and friends of this institution was held on Monday evening in the Townhall, Altrincham. Tea was provided by lacies resident in the neighbourhood, and about 150 persons were present. The room was tastefully decorated. The Hon. Wilbraham Egerton, M.P., occupied the chair, and, in opening the proceedings, expressed his gratification at having such an opportunity of identifying himself with the cause of education in this part of the county. The Rev. John Kingsley moved a resolution recognising the efforts for the moral and intellectual education of the people as a cheering sign of the times. The proposition was seconded by Mr. Alfred Neild, and unanimously carried. Addresses were also delivered, chiefly on the means of raiging the tastes of the working men, by the Rev. H. T. Robjohns, Mr. McCail, the Rev. G. London, and Mr. John Kingsley. A choral party agreeably varied the evening's entertainment, and the proceedings closed shortly after nine o'clock.

FATAL ACCIDENTS AT LIVERFOOL.—A fire broke out on Monday mening at the spirit-rectifying establishment of Messrs. Preston and Co., at Vernon-street. A pipe of the distillery burst, owing, it is believed, to the effects of the frost—causing an escape of spirit, which, getting into contact with a light, instantly burst into flame, and set the whole stillhouse in a blaze. One poor fellow whose clothes were on fire threw himself into the worm-vat, which was full of water, and was drowned. Another man, named Richard Wilkinson, was scriously burnt, as was likewise Thomas Warbrick, and they have been taken to the hospital. The stillhouse of the company has been completely destroyed, a large quantity of spirit burnt, and the machinery and premises otherwise materially damaged.—In three houses the k

A collision took place in Harwich harbour, on Wednesday week, between the schooner Rover, of Goole, and the smack Diligence, of Marwich, the latter sinking in a few minutes from the effects of the injuries she had sustained. A man named Bowen, one of the smack's crew,

The dry dock at Mauritius is now open. The Sarah Sands was the first hip that entered it. A ship 365 feet in length can be accommodated there. The dock is eighty feet wide at the top, and forty feet wide at the bottem. Its depth from surface of high water is twenty-three feet. The water is pumped out in two hours and a half.

At a meeting of flax-spinners, linen, flax, and yarn merchants, held in Belfast, a resolution has been adopted in favour of the establishment of a company, with limited liability and a capital of £50,000 in £10 sbares, for the purpose of obtaining a supply of flax and other fibres from India; and a committee was appointed to carry out the objects of the receiving.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c. AMERICA-why not England as well?-has just lost Washington Irving. The Addison of America, as our New-World friends some what affectedly called him, has gone from among us. He died ripe in years, having enjoyed the highest honours he cared to covet. American literature his name will always stand high; in English literature—much as he has delighted and instructed us—his name must be put in a low compartment, and his statue in an obscure niche in the Temple of Fame. He was, indeed, a very pleasant writer of essays after the British essay ists, and rendered good service to his country by writing in a good style, using on all occasions the best word in the best place. It has been said of him that he was in memory a complete Concordance to Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith. There is truth in the saying. But Washington Irving had extended his reading beyond the Augustan age of Anne; he has carried it, and carefully, into the Shakspeare age of Queen Elizabeth. We remember the man with pleasure. We met him but once. It was in good company. It was with John Murray, "prince of publishers in his time;" | and it was in Albemarle-street. Our talk, and in such a spot (dedicated to literature), naturally turned to literature. He was communicative, inquiring, and willing to listen. He led off, after a time, into a favourite subject with his countrymen-London and its associations. He referred, most pleasantly to our Elizabethan recollections, to a most exquisite passage in one of Thomas Haywood's plays. It is that infantine death-scene of King Edward V., in the Tower of London, where the two young Princes say a last good night in princely, boyish, sensitive, fearful, and religious prattle. Mr. Irving pointed out its many beauties with the delicacy of an Addison. One little aneedote connected immediately with himself on this Murray-Albemarle-street occasion will not be out place. "I love London," he said, "and, after I had done homage to Roscoe at Liverpool, I made for London. I devoured London, well-in-its, its tree of the contract of the contrac devoured London-walking its streets, its alleys, its courts, and its squares with no common man—I was with Leslie. Leslie, I need not tell you, was as in quisitive about London as the best-informed Londoner could be about London. sketched-he sketched. What I did in one language, he did by a pencil which speaks all languages. Those were happy days." "But where," we asked, "are the English notes and the universal drawings?" "Leslie has some," he replied, "and I have some." "Why not publish them," we rejoined, "and additionally oblige the present and the to-come?" "I have not," he continued, "lost sight of what you suggest—and may do so—but I am no longer young." Thus, after many compliments and personal inquiries, the interview ended. Where are the Irving

notes? where are the Leslie sketches? De Quincey dead! If England was quick in recognising the genius of Washington Irving, from America, America was far more prompt in recognising the genius of Thomas De Quincey. London, in Old England, put well-deserved guineas into the purse of Washington Irving when young. Boston, in New England, put well-deserved dollars into the purse of Thomas De Quincey when old. Old England gave to New England the first collected edition of the works of Washington Irving; New England gave to Old England the, as yet, only collected edition of the works of De Quincey. And De Quincey is dead! We remember when a boy to have seen De Quincey. He was then in his opium-days-adding night to day and Sunday to the week-full of opium-full of the London Maga zine (that prince of magazines), prompt to come and slow to leave His conversation (ask Barry Cornwall, that sole survivor of the Taylor and Hessey magazine—Mr. Taylor, the publisher, himself excepted) was especially engaging. And shall we never hear that winning voice again? Never.

We have seen-particularly privileged in this instance—the first number of the Cornhill Magazine. Mr. Thackeray has given his many admirers a full sheaf-strong in the stalk; better still, in the ear. It is so cheap and good that it might be called the Cheapside Magazine. Mr. Thackeray, who writes undefiled English, is in his best trim. His two sorts of claret—to which he has pleasantly alluded-have put his staff in excellent writing order. We have articles smacking pleasantly of claret fit for the regal mouth of King Richard of Bordeaux. We have articles full of that vintageflavour of claret that would please and reconcile those quarrelers about claret-David Hume the historian and John Home the dramatist, who made "My name is Norval" what it is-European and everlasting. But panegyric is not our forte, though truth is. Let us, then, continue. If Mr. Thackeray has done his part well, his publishers in Cornhill, Messrs. Smith and Elder, have done full justice to Mr. Thackeray. A better shilling's-worth has not yet been given, and a better shilling's-worth it would be difficult to give.

The magic hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson has turned the late Lord Northwick's collection of "coins" to a good executors' and heir-at-law account. It was a fine, intellectual pleasure to see men curious from all countries neglecting their brides or wives to purchase an Otho, or run up an Alexander into a fabulous price. That fine-hearted old Christ's Hospital boy, Mr. Brown, late Longman, Brown, and Co., of Paternoster row, was, as usual, in spite of the weather, vigorous in his biddings. It is not true that Mr. Brown has in his will bequeathed his well-deserved earnings to a society for the relief of decayed authors. Why should he?

We had a treat in Westminster Hall the other night. The civil servants of Queen Victoria were in drill there; and very well, so martial men assured us, they did their work. It was gratifying to see Mr. Tom Taylor, a favourite with the public, and deservedly so, forgetting farces and five-act pieces to learn, in Dugald Dalgetty manner, the discipline of war. His step and not unmartial air reminded us of the illustrious author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" doing duty as a Hampshire militiaman, and learning in what he did a better knowledge of the services of the tenth legion so attached to Cæsar. Cannot we get up an authors' volunteer corps? Would jealousies arise? Or would a Royal Academy of Arts Rifle Corps lead to a success? In full array—we mean no pun-an A.R.A. would certainly remove with his Enfield from among us a full R.A.

The annual dinner of the Royal London Yacht Club took place at Willis's Rooms, St. James's-street, the Commodore Mr. Arcedeckne presiding. Nearly one hundred and fifty gentlemen were in attendance.

The adjourned inquiry into the conduct of Mr. Mouldin-Walmeley, the Governor of the Blackburn Union Workhouse, was resumed in Wednesday, and, after hearing further evidence as to the charges contained in an anonymous letter which had been sent to the Poor Law Board, the inspector found that the governor had not given the paupers their proper allowance of butter.

SUPERIORITY OF FEMALE KVIDENCE.-At the Liverpool Assizes, SUFERIORITY OF FEMALE & VIDENCE.—At the Liverpool Assizes, lately, Mr. Russell, one of the barris'ers engaged in a case which involved some poculiar and interesting female evidence, observed:—"The evidence of women is, in some respects, superior to that of men. Their power of judging of minute details is better, and where there are more than two facts, and something be wanting, they supply the deficiency. Wherever there is room for their imagination, which is more powerful and active than that of men, they in mediately bridge the thing over and supply the gap."

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHIN

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY FITZROY.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY FITZROY.

THE Right Hon. Henry Fitzroy was the second son of George Ferdinand, second Lord Southampton, by his wife, Laura, daughter of the Hon, and Right Rev. Dr. Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, and was the only brother of Charles, the present Lord Southampton. He was born on the 2nd of May, 1807, and was educated at kton. He entered Parliament in 1831, as M.P. for Great Grimsby, and has since, from 1837, represented Lewes & Ho has filled with high credit various official appointments. He was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1845, and Under Secretary of the Home Department from 1852 to 1855, when he was made a P.C. He was in the present Admiration Chief Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings, an office he held at the time of his demise. Mr. Fitzroy married, in 1839, Hannah Meyer, second daughter of the late Baron Nathan Meyer Rothschild, by whom he has had two sons, who are both deceased, and three daughters. The able and lamented gentleman, who was helr presumptive to the barony of Southmpton, died at Brighton, on the 17th inst.

THE REV. RICHARD BOARD, B.C.L.

This venerable and respected elergyman died on the 5th inst, at his vicarage, Westerham, Kent, in the ninety-sixth year of his ago. The Rov. Mr. Board, who was a B.C.L., has held the living of Westerham with Ednbridge for sixty-seven years. He came of an old and honourable stock, being until the birth of his son, the present John Board, Esq., the only descendant in the male line of the ancient family of Board, of Board Hill and Paxhill, in the county of Sussex, of which house was Andrew Borde, Physician to Henry VIII.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and six codicils of the Right Hon. George Child Villiers, the fifth Earl of Jersey, P.C., G.C.H., of Berkeley-equare, London, Osterley Park, near Brentford, and Middleton Park, near Bicester, Oxford, were proved in London, on the 17th of December, by the Right Hon. Sarah Sophia Child, Countess of Jersey, the relict, the surviving and sole acting executrix. The personalty was sworn under £50,000, The will was made in 1848; the fifth and sixth codicils on the 26th of September, 1859, a week previous to his death. He had attained his eighty-sixth year. The estates, farms, and land at Middleton and Upton he bequeathed to his son, then viscount Villiers, who only survived his father twenty-one days. His estate at Briton Ferry, Glamorganshire, he has bequeathed to his Countess. Amongst the legatess there is a legacy of £1000 to Dr. Wadham, and a like sum of £1000 to be a gent Mr. W. Scamman. The residue he leaves to his Countess. All the forniture, statues, plate, pictures, household effects, carriages, &c., at Middleton, Osterley, and Berkeley-square, were the separate property of the Countess, and purchased out of her marriage cettlement.

The Right Hon, George Angustus Eredealth, the circle September 1.

The Right Hon. George Augustus Frederick, the sixth Earl of Jersey, who succeeded to the titles and estates on the death of his father on the 2rd of October, 1859, died on the 24th of the same month, aged fifty-one, and without making a will. Administration was granted to the Right Hon. Julia Countess of Jersey, the relict. Personalty £20,000. His son, Victor Augustus Frederick, Viscount Villiers (to whom her Majesty stood sponsor) Augustus Frederick, Viscount viniers (to whom her analysis) should be who is in his fifteenth year, succeeds to the title and estates, and is now the beventh Earl of Jersey.

The will and two codicils of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, of Hookwood Limpsfield, near Godstone, Surrey, were proved in London, on the 15th of December, by Viscount Hawarden, the Rev. Hay Macdonald Errkine, M.A., the nephew, and William Cunninghame Bontine, Esq., three of the executors, Lord Elphinstone, G.C.H., his nephew, also an executor, having a power reserved to him to prove hereafter. The personalty was sworn under £30,600. There are liberal legacies to his nephews and nices, to the widows of his deceased nephews, and to the widow of his late brother. He has left to his reader, Mr. W. Revess, a legacy of £1000; to his servant, Joseph Le Beauvois, £750, free of legacy duty; and legacies to all his servants and labourers. His library, plate, furniture, and the rest his property and effects he leaves to his nephew, Lord Elphinstone. The will is dated in 1856, first codicil in 1857, and the last codicil the 11th of October, 1859.

A Christmas Giff.—A little gift, instead of money, to poor wimen at this reason of the year is recommended by a correspondent who has practised this act of good-fellowship for years with the happiest effect. The following is his recipe, which, it will be observed, need not be restricted to Christmas times, though at this period of the year its use is perhaps, specially appropriate:—20x of tea, 4lb. of sugar, 1lb. of coffee. This does is to be repeated as frequently as the inclination of the donor prompts and his means permit, and we venture to hazard the opinion that it may be administered in larger quantities without injury, and to men as well as to women.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Illustrated from designs by G. H. Thomas; engraved by W. Thomas and H. Harral. W. Kent and Co.

In a rich garb of leather and gilding, and interspersed with numerous elaborate illustrations, we have Longfellow's great poem of Indian life. We best show our appreciation of the edition by extracting two of the pictures as subjects for engraving in our present Number. The first is the pictorial rendering of the following lines:—

The first is the pictorial rendering of the following lines:

At the doorway of his wigwam,
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing-water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

The other Sketch is descriptive of the moment when
Hiawatha, hurrying homeward, finds Minnehaha dead, and
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing-water,
At those willing feet that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered;
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight and the darkness.

COMMON WAYSIDE FLOWERS. By THOMAS MILLER. Illus-strated by Birket Foster. Engraved by Edmund Evans. Routledge and Warne.

Routledge and Warne.

Among the ornamented books of the moment, most gorgeous and luxuriant, stands out this volume—gilding, painting, leather de luxe, enamel, everything that goes to make up book-splendour is here lavishly dispensed. In the subject of the letterpress which accompanies Mr. Birket Foster's charming illustrations Mr. Miller is quite at home, and a more pleasant pilgrimage among wild flowers than is to be found in this publication it would not be easy to find. In the dreariness and severity of the present season we may in imagination wander among all the varied products of the spring and summer, and lay up stores of knowledge which may help our eyes, and assist our ficral researches among hedges and waysides six months hence.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

The literature of the Christmas holidays has been for

JUVENILE BOOKS.

The literature of the Christmas holidays has been for some little time in course of issue, and we have before us a goodly collection of books especially adapted to the young. These do good service to families, as they are instrumental in keeping the minds of their youthful members in just such a state of book discipline as serves to link the commencement of the vacation and the return to school together by a pleasant and airy chain. Messrs, Griffith and Farran, owing to the specialty of their publishing business, claim precedence in any notice of the nice books in attractive bindings which are bidders for juvenile favour. Amongst the selection we are inclined to place foremost "The GRIL'S OWN TOYMAKER, AND BOOK OF RECREATION," which has come from the hands of Mr. E. Landells, who has been assisted by his daughter, Miss Alice Landells. This is a pendant to a previous publication by Mr. Landells, entitled "The Boys' Own Toymaker,' which achieved a very great success. The idea of teaching by toys has become nationalised in this country, and the attempt to blend amusement, with instruction is admitted now to be a principle of education This principle is carried farther by the system laid down and illustrated in Mr. Landells' book; for employment is added to amusement and instruction, and one great defect of child-life is met and combated—namely, dostructiveness. Here we have an easy and practical guide to the construction of toys by children for themselves out of the simplest and most accessible materials, and the result is exceedingly probable that the little workmen will be more inclined to preserve playthings which they have built for themselves than those ready-made productions which, like promises and piecrust, seem made only to be broken. Everthing which can contribute to the design which is a command of far higher aim and purpose than its title or even its contents would lead one to suppose.

"Funny Farlles For Little Folks," by Frances Freeling Broderip, bears an interest with it apart from

cally illustrated by Absolon.

We no rise a step higher in this bibliography, and arrive at "THE WHITE ELEPHANT; or, the Hunters of Ava and the King of the Golden Foot," by a tried minister to youthful reading, Mr. William Dalton. By means of the autobiography of Harry Oliver, and with the genial illustrative aid of Mr. Harrison Weir, he gives, in the pleasantest and most attractive of forms, a description, which is stated to be substantially exact, of notable persons, places, animals, plants, as well as the manners, customs, and superstitions of the semi-barbarous inhabitants of the Burmese Empire. This incursion into Asia, opening, as it does, a new field for juvenile research, will, we think, be eminently popular. "FRANK AND ANDREA" is a still greater stride in this department of literature, for it contains the adventures of two youths of sixteen or seventeen, any of which might have partment of interature, for it contains the adventures of two youths of sixteen or seventeen, any of which might have tested the qualities of any man of mature age and travelling experience. The scene, being laid on the island of Sardinia, and the principal moving characters being outlaws and brigands, of course the incidents are romantic enough, although Mr. Elwes, the author, assures us that they actually befell certain travellers in the island shortly before the wear 1832

year 1832.

In the story entitled "WILL WEATHERHELM" we have a sea story from Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, who may safely be designated as the Marryat of boy literature. In this tale the purpose would almost seem to be to deter lads from indulging their hankering after sailor life, for it starts with a delineation of the wilfulness of the hero in adopting that profession; and his hairbreadth escapes, privations, and sufferings are multiplied to an extent which can only be justified by the recognition of the purpose above alleged. But as, somehow or other, young "Will" survives and surmounts all that he has to encounter, and ends a happy and prosperous man, it is probable that the deterring effect, even if intended, will fail. The story is capitally told, and the illustrations, by G. H. Thomas, are in excellent keeping with the narrative. We light on Mr. Kingston again in the

"Annual for Boys," published by Bosworth and Harrison, whice is full of varied and interesting matter, tales, biographies, natural history in all its branches, and everything that goes to combine the useful and practical with the amusing. Then, once more in the exercise of his healthy vocation, we have Mr. Kingston following, and not with wholly unequal steps, in the path of the author of "Tom Brown," and giving us "Ernest Bracebridge; or, School Days," which, illustrated with spirit by G. H. Thomas, will probably enable the publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., to take their rank in this class of timely publications.

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh, are also in this



THE ARROW-MAKER AND HIS DAUGHTER.

field, and they have offered to the boy public "A CLASS-BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE," which, carefully produced by Mr. Robert Demaus, M.A., Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland, and head of a school in Aberdeen, comprehends specimens of the most distinguished prose writers from Chaucer to the present time, with biographical notices, explanatory notes, and introductory sketches of the history of English literature. This is a companion volume to Scrymgeour's "Class-Book of English Poetry," and has been compiled upon similar principles. It is a step, and in some sense a wide one, in advance of the time-honoured "Enfield's Speaker," to which so many a man owes his taste for reading. The same publishers give us an excellent edition of "Robinson Crusoe," got up in a style which entitles it to shine among the Christmas Books, and illustrated by C. A. Doyle. Although probably not intended exactly as a Christmas book, the edition of "Bruce's Travels AND ADVENTURES IN ABYSSINIA" just published by Messrs. Black may, by a very slight stretch of phraseology, be included among them. How it may be with the precocious youth of the present day we cannot say; but this we know, that in our youth "Bruce's Travels" followed, in our appreciation, interest, and delight, very close upon "Robinson Crusoe;" and we are not at all sure that in after years we did not hold a lingering belief that one was quite as much a romance as the other. For perusal by the young this edition, which has been produced under the care of Mr. J. Morison Clingan, is peculiarly adapted. It is an abridgment of the larger work; and, on the principle that a traveller's story is best told in his own words, it is written in the form of a personal narrative. The constant recurrence of such phrases as "Mr. Bruce" and "our traveller" which quaintly garnish the original work is thus avoided, and the book is likely to be at once more readable and complete than it would have been if the usual plan had been adopted. The aim has been to give the work as much as possib



HIAWATHA AND MINNEHAHA.

edition of these travels consists of four large quarto volumes of from 500 to 600 pages each, with a fifth volume by way of appendix, it may be supposed that considerable freedom has been taken with their contents in order to bring the narrative within the compass of the compact, handy, and handsome volume before us. Some parts have been necessarily passed over and others have been much condensed. The annals of Abyssinia, for example, which occupy the whole of the second volume of the original work, are here given in a single chapter of thirty-two pages. Nevertheless, no essential portion of Bruce's work has been omitted or unduly condensed, and every credit is due to the editor for having presented, as fairly as can

be done in an abridgment, the substance of the traveller's bulk, volumes. Several illustrations are given in its pages which add to its title to be included in our present catalogue.

Mrs. H. M. Carey has produced a little book (published by Hall and Virtue) which, we think, is likely to be very much in request during the coming festive season. Under the head of "Menny at arranged for drawing-room acting, which will be invaluable to the managers and directors of this species of dramatic enteriarisment.

"The CHRONTOLES OF AN OLD ENGLISH OAK," by Emily Taylor (Groombridge), is an emiagred and corrected version of a series originally published in the Monthly Facks, and presents us with aketches of English life and history extending back. A boy siting beneath an old cak hear to live in the content of the persons who passed beneath its shade during its existence of nine hundred and twenty-five years, an age to which, we believe, cake have been hubbled by James Blackwood. It is a volume of instruction and amusement for all young people, and is an attempt to attain the happy medium between books of a very childish and those of too abtruse a character to be fairly included in the literature of youth. The contents are varied, as a content of the content

sidered opportune in its appearance is on the whole made out, even if the matter was less readable and sound in its tone.

"SEVEN TALES BY SEVEN AUTHORS." Edited by Frank Smedley. (Hall and Virtue.)—We have closed our notices of Christmas books with this volume, not because it comes strictly within the category of the publications which are intended to minister to the amusement and instruction of the season, but because it comes before the public in a shape which will enable every one who purchases a copy of it to assist in the performance of one of the main duties of the season. Its origin is this:—A lady, herself an authoress, was some years ago introduced as a contributor to Sharpe's Magazine, at that time conducted by the editor of the present volume. Owing to circumstances, the precarious income of a magazine-writer was the chief resource on which the lady had to rely for the support of her young family, although there was good reason to hope that, if the effects of an immediate pressure could be averted, a brighter prospect lay before her. The fact of this lady possessing the advantage of Mr. G. P. R. James's friendship suggested to the editor the possibility of raising a sum of money for her by the sale of some such work as the present. Mr. James entered warmly into the scheme, and contributed one of the stories; Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Pardoo, Mr. Martin Tupper, Miss M. B. Smedley, Mrs. Burbury, and Mr. Fank Smedley himself, contributed the other six; all of them doing so solely on the merit of the case, and the project succeeded beyond the expectations of its originator. A second edition has been published in consequence of the exhaustion of the first. The twofold merits of the book—namely, the reputation of the authors who have written for it, and its object—will, no doubt, ensure the success of the existing edition.

A Gossip About Christmas And its Folk Lore.—

A GOSSIP ABOUT CHRISTMAS AND ITS FOLK LORE.—
Once upon a time a fisherman wished on Christmas-day to give the Spirit of the Waters a cake; but, when he came to the shore, lo! the waters were frozen over. Unwilling to leave his offering upon the ice, and so to give the Spirit the trouble of breaking the ice to obtain it, the fisherman took a pickare, and set to work to break a hole in the ice. In spite of all his labour he was only able to make a very small hole, not nearly large enough for him to put the cake through. Having laid the cake on the ice a tiny little hand, as white as snow, was stretched through the hole, which, seizing the cake, and crumpling it up, withdrew with it. And in this legend we have the origin of the compliment so often paid to a Norwegian lady, "Your hand is like a water-sprite's!"—Notes and Queries.



HRISTMAS IN THE BARONIAL HALL IN THE OLDEN TIME.-BY J. GILBERT.-SEE PAGE 600.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 25.—Christmas Day.

MONDAY, 26.—St. Stephen.
TUESDAY, 27.—St. John.
WIEDNESDAY, 28.—Innocents.
TRURSDAY, 29.—Legislative Charter granted to New Zeeland,
FRIDAY, 30.—Marmontel died, 1799.

[1847.
BATURDAY, 31.—St. Sylvester. Boerhaave born, 1683.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1859.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Monday, Dac. 23, and during the Week, the Comedy of THE EVIL GENIUS, as performed by Mr. Bucketone and the Haymarket Company at Windoor Castle in November last, by command of hat Majesty. After which the new Haymarket Pantomime, VALENTINE'S DAY; or, Hardquin and the Fairy of the Trustover. Knot. The magnificent scenery painted by Frederick Penton. The Pantominiats the unrivalled Lecters e. Box Office open daily from 16 tills.

NEW ADELPHI THEATRE ROYAL.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. B. WEBSTER.—On Christmas Eve, Esturday, December 24, THE CHRISTMAS CAROL, and by desire, ONE TOUTH OF NATURE: Mr. W. Panholog, Mr. B. WEBSTER. DINORAH UNDER DIFFICULTIES. On Monday (Boxing Nigot) and all the Week, a Grand Spectacular Extravaganza, by H. J. Byron, Ev., entitled THE NYMPHS OF THE LUKLEYBERG; or, the Knight and the Naladea.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will READ, at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, on the Evening of Boxing Day, Monday, DEC. 86, and of Monday, January 2, 1860, each hight, his CHRISTMAS CAROL, and the TRIAL from "Pickwick"—Stable, 4a.; children, 7a. 6d. Centre Area and Balconies, 5a; Back Leats, 1a. Tickets to be had at Massra. Chapman and Halls. Publishers, 193. Ficadilly; and of Mr. Headland, 8t. Marcin's Hall, Long-a re. The stall plans are now ready.

MR. ALBERT SMITH with his CHINA REPAIRED and Tue day and Saturday At Eight o'clock, and Tue day and Saturday Afternoons at Three o'clock.—Stalls, is, which can be taken at the Box-office, Egyptian Halt, daily from Eleven to Five; Area, 2a; Gallery, 1a.

PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—Polygraphic Hall,

Ring William street, Charing-crees. Atternoon Performances, at Tarce, on Monday,
Wedne-day, and Friday; and Revery Evening, at Eight, during the Christmas Week. Several
Novelties will be presented at each Performance. ENTESTAINMENT IN PHYSICAL AND
NATURAL MAGIC. For a few weeks only. Positively Professor Frikeli's Least Season in
England. Amplitheatre, 1s.; Area, 2s; \$talls, 3s.; Frivate Bozes, One Guinea. Places
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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.

JAN. 9. Mr. SIMS REEVES will appear at the Seventh Concert on MONDAY EVENING,

CT. JAMES'S HALL.—CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.—
Arrangements for the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—MONDAY, DEC. 24 (Boxing Day),
GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE, commencing at Three. On Monday Evening the
CAMPBELLS will appear in the GRAND HALL.—Teackay, Dec. 27, Morning Performance,
commencing at Three; Evening at Eight. Wednesday, Dec. 28, Morning at Three;
Reveing at Kight. Thurday, Dec. 39, Evening at Eight. Beding, Dec. 30, Evening, at Eight.
Saturday, Dec. 31, Morning at Three; Evening at Eight. Doors open at half-past two and
half-past seven. Stalls, 3s. Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Stalls may be secured one week in
advence upon application to Mr. Austin, at the Ticket-office, 28, Piccedity, or Meser, Chappell
and Co., 56, New Bond street. Special, Notice—The engagement of the Campbell's Minstrels
at the Crystal Palace, will in no way interfere with their regular performances as above.

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The South Kensington Meseum, with the British pictures presented by Meers. Sheepshanks, Vernon, Tavast, Jacob Bell, and ethers, together with the Art Schoo's for male and funale the letts will be open free every faw, [16 11 4] and evening [7 111 10] from the 26th of December to the 8rd in

POYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarleteret.—The WEEKLY EVENING MEETINGS of the MEMBERS of the ROYAL INSTITUTION will commonce for the Season on FRIDAY, the 20th of JANUARY, 1880, at Eight of Clock, and will be continued on each succeeding Friday evening at the same

Twelve Lectures ON FOSSIL EIROS AND REPTILES, by RICHARD OWEY, Esq. 10, 1800, at Three o'Clock; and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday at the same

hour.

Twelve Lectures ON LIGHT, including its Higher Phenomena, by JOHN TYNDALL, Req., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.L. To commence on Thursday, January 12, 1860, at Three o'Clock; and to be continued on each succeeding Thursday at the same

hour.

Ten Lectures ON THE RELATIONS OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM TO THE INDUSTRY
OF MAN, by EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S., Superintendent of the Animal and
Food Collection in the South Kensington Mu cum. To commence on Saturday, January
S. 1860, at Three o'Clock; and to be continued on each succeeding Saturday.
Subscribers to the Lectures are admitted on payment of Two Guineas for the Season, or
One Guinea for a Single Course. A Syllabus may be obtained at the Royal Institution
Dec. 24, 1859.

J. Barlow, M.A., V.P. and Sec. R.I.

POYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle-Vacation, a Course of SIX LECTURES, consisting of Illustrations of the various Forces of Matter-ie, of such as are called the Physical of Illustrations of the various Forces of their relations to each other, intended for a juvenile auditory, on the following days, at Three o clock — Tuesday, 7th; Tumuday, 29th; Saturday, 3th day of December; Taeslay, 3rd; Thurday, 5th; Saturday, 7th of January, 1890. Non-subscribers to the Royal Institution are admitted to this Course on the payment of One Guines each; and children under eixteen years of age, Paif-s-Guines. A Syllabus may be obtained at the Royal Institution. Subscribers to all the courses of lectures delivered in the seasion pay Two Guiness. Dec. 24, 1859.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

THE execution of Captain Brown will mark the commencement of a more powerful agitation against slavery than has ever yet been known in the United States. It cannot be denied, even by the most zealous opponents of the "peculiar institution," that the project of the unhappy man was wild and hopeless from the beginning. Having been defeated and captured, his life was justly forfeited to the outraged laws of the State of Virginia. Whether the citizens of that State, and of the whole south of the Union, do not themselves more flagrantly outrage the still higher law of God by degrading their fellow-men to the condition of chattels and of brute beasts, is a question which there is no occasion to argue, unless it be for the purpose of raising John Brown from the rank of a criminal and a felon to that of a martyr. On this ground the question has been and will continue to be raised; and, in so far as it can be a satisfaction or a pride to his unfortunate family and relatives, he has attained that posthumous glory in the estimation of all the friends of negro freedom in the United States, and in every other part of the

It is, nevertheless, exceedingly unfortunate for the State of Virginia, and for the whole of the slave-holding South, that means of escape from the disagreeable necessity of hanging this man were not discovered; that some properly-instructed gaoler did not "accidentally" leave a bolt unfastened, or that some sympathising friend was not admitted into his dungeon to change clothes with him, or by some other mode to facilitate his escape. To execute him was the very worst possible dénouement for the slaveowners that could have happened, and especially under circumstances which betrayed an amount of terror on the part of the authorities but too suggestive of the utter rottenness of southern society. The annual message of Governor Wise to the Legislature at Richmond, delivered subsequently to the execution, makes the matter still worse, and exhibits an amount of alarm as well as of vindictiveness that will but encourage the Abolitionists of the North to make renewed onslaughts on the "institution." The message is a direct provocative to civil war. It speaks of the spirit of fanaticism which has maddened whole masses at the North, and which enters into their religion, education, politics, prayers, courts of justice, and legislation, and which has trained up three generations in moral and social habits of hatred to the masters of African slaves in the United States. It declares that unless the numerical majority shall cease to violate the confederate faith and cease to disturb the peace of the South, and to destroy the lives and property of slaveowners, the South will take up arms. And yet, while the Governor talks in this bellicose manner, he asserts in the very same message that "there is no danger from the slaves or coloured people. The slaves captured by Brown refused to take arms, and the first man killed was a respectable free negro, who was running away from the philanthropist who came to liberate the black race." It is difficult to reconcile the terror expressed in one part of the message with the boast of safety in the other; or to avoid coming to the conclusion that Governor Wise is as unfortunate in his words as in his acts, and that he is damaging the cause he has at heart by zeal utterly untempered with discretion.

His threats of a rupture of the Union are but idle breath. The South knows its own interests too well to separate from the North, even if the Middle and Western States would consent to a policy so suicidal. The North had long been growing weary of the "Nigger Question." Brown—the fanatic and the martyr of the cause—has given it a new vitality, less by his own daring, great as that was, than by the blundering impolicy of the Virginians and their Governor. It will be many years ere the "question falls back into the safe state in which it lay when Brown took up arms. The Governor states "that other convicts await execution, and will be executed unless the General Assembly (or Parliament of Virginia) orders otherwise." We believe that the General Assembly will order otherwise; that it will content itself with the first mistake, and make no more martyrs.

THE address of the Roman Catholic laity of Great Britain on the subject of the temporal powers of the Pope, and of the duty that devolves upon British Roman Catholics in the present crisis of the Papacy, is a singular document. If we could look at it from their peculiar point of view—that all rulers are appointed

by Heaven, and that no people have any right to change the dynasty that governs them—the manifesto would be logical enough; but seen from the point of view with which every Protestant Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman will regard itthat every nation has an in alienable right to change its dynasty and Government, and that the welfare of the people is the supreme law-it becomes a mere tissue of selfish absurdities. In the enjoyment themselves of the fullest civil and religious liberty, they coolly assert that it is necessary to the dignity and security of their spiritual Sovereign that he should possess temporal power, dignity, and emoluments, and that he should rule over the Romagna and the other States of the Church in opposition to the all but unanimous wishes of the people. It is a pity that a little bit of barter cannot be arranged with his Holiness. If he could but give Great Britain his discontented Romagnese, and take in exchange for them his faithful adherents (speaking English) who have issued the document in question, a great difficulty would be smoothed over. The Romagnese would have their civil and religious liberty, and the good govern ment for which they pine, and the British Roman Catholics would have the satisfaction of carrying [their principles into practice, and of giving up their liberty for the good of that Church which they seem to consider as something far better than the blessings they enjoy under the mild and enlightened sway of a constitutional Sovereign. What say the British Roman Catholics to the project for seating the Pope at Jerusalem instead of at Rome? That would be the best solution of the difficulty, for it would leave them their logic, such as it is, and would not interfere with the liberty and good government of the Romagna.

THE COURT.

The Queen and the Prince Consort, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, and the younger branches of the Royal family, returned from Osborne to Windsor Castle yesterday (Friday) for the Christmas holidays. A large and distinguished party of visitors are expected to arrive at the castle on Monday to partake of the Royal hospitality during the festive season. The Royal dramatic performances will be resumed on Wednesday next.

The Prince of Woles arrived at Osborne on Saturday last from Oxford. On the same day the Prince was presented by Baron de Loewenfels, on the part of his Royal Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, with the insignia of the Order of the Ducal Houses of Saxony.

On Sunday last the Queen and the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, Princess Helena, Princess Louisa, and Prince Arthur, attended morning service at Whippingham Church. The Rev. George Prothero performed the service. The Queen and the Prince Consort, accompanied by their

service at Whippingham Church. The Rev. George Frontier performs the service.

The Queen and the Prince Consort, with the members of the Royal family, have taken their usual driving and walking exercise during the week in the vicinity of Osborne.

His Excellency the Swedish Minister and the Countess Platen arrived at the residence of the Legation in Grosvenor-place on Saturday, from visiting Sir William and Lady Middleton, at Shrublands Park, near Ipswich.

The Duchess of Atholl has left the St. George's Hotel on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Derby, at Knowsley Park, Lancashire.

The Earl and Countess of Dalkeith have left Boughton House, near Kettering, and joined the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn at Brockett Hall.

Frances Countess Waldegrave and Mr. Harcourt, M.P., left Strawberry Hill yesterday for Nuncham Park, where they intend to receive company during the holidays.

Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston left London on Saturday afternoon for his Lordship's scat, Broadlands, Hants.

Viccount and Viscountess Combermere will receive a select circle of visitors at Combermere Abbey during the holldays.

Lord and Lady Londesborough and family are sojourning for a few weeks at St. Leonard's-on-Se

Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., has left Whitehall Gardens for

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has left town for Hawarden

Last week Mr. L. C. Wyon was honoured by her Majesty with sittings for her portrait for the new bronze coinage.

A correspondent of the *Times* urges the introduction of military training as an essential part of our public school system. The *Observer* names £10,000,000 as the sum which will probably

required for carrying out the recommendations of the National Defences mmission, and argues in favour of raising the money by means of a loan.

The Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the management of Greenwich Hospital have adjourned till after the Christmas holidays. olidays.

The sale of Lord Northwick's collection of coins and medals

the sale of Lord Northwick's collection of coins and medals

Last Saturday were published two blue-books containing a list and index to the sessional printed papers of the Session of 1859, and the title and contents to the said sessional papers.

A milkman at Klosterneuburg, a town in the neighbourhood of

Vienna, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for speaking disrespectfully of St. Leopold, the patron saint of this province.

Mr. W. T. Davids, more familiarly known in the theatrical world as Mr. W. T. Davidson, died suddenly on Thursday week. On the previous night he was engaged in writing a farce.

previous night he was engaged in writing a farce.

The Government has conferred a pension of £100 a year upon Miss Pardoe, the well-known authoress; and an annual pension of £50 to Mrs. Janet Teylor, of 104, Minories, author of "An Epitome of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy," &c., for her services in the cause of navigation.

A lawsuit between MM. de Rothschild, of Paris, and the Swiss North-east Railway Company, has just been decided in favour of the former, to whom the company has been condemned to pay an indemnity of 73,000f., with six per cent interest for several years.

The barque Arthur Wellesley has been lost on her passage to England from the Black Sea, in the entrance of the Bosphorus; the master, Mr. Graham, the chief officers, and all the crew but one, have perished with the vessel.

ICEHOUSES IN PARIS.-The icehouses which the city of Paris has built in the part of the Bois de Boulogne cut off by the fortifications, on capable of storing 50,000 tons of ice.

Notice has been given by the Treasury, through the Bank of England, that all bills of exchange accepted at the office of the Paymaster-General or at the Admiralty which fall due on Monday, the 26th, will be paid, if presented, on Saturday, the 24th (to-day).

A statement appears in a Dublin paper to the effect that Kirwan, who was condemned to death for the murder of his wife on Ireland's Eye, and whose sentence was commuted to transportation for life, has been et at liberty

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY LITERARY SOCIETY .- In the description given in our last Number of the conversazione of this society it should have been stated that several of the beautiful specimens of gold and silver electro which adorned the rooms were sont by the Messrs. Elkington. Mr. H. Rennie is the hon. secretary of this society.

A number of vessels which sailed from Poole for Newfoundland that year have been obliged to return without making the voyage, after being at sea for a considerable period, some of them as long as fifty or sixty days; contrary winds and bad weather detained them, and, provisions running short, they were obliged to return to the port whence they sailed.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley has contradicted the assertions of the Americans that he missed the large game in his first prairie essays; and states that he not only killed the first buffulo he ever fired at, but singled out an enormous bull from the herd, and, mounted on his good steed Taymouth, fairly rode him down.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

The Committee of the Stock Exchange have decided that a liday shall be kept at that establishment on Monday next. holiday shall be kept at that establishn

The deliveries of tea in London estimated for last week were 4,823lb.—a decrease of 24,821lb., compared with the provious statement.

DESTRUCTION OF ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH, BETHNAL-GREEN, BY FIRE.—Early on Monday morning a fire broke out in St. Matthew's Church, Bethnal-green. Numerous engines shortly arrived and got to work, but the fire was not extinguished until the church and tower were burnt out.

The Britannia Theatre, Hoxton Old Town, was used on Sunday night for the celebration of a special Divine service for the benefit of the working classes. The building, which can accommodate 4000 persons, was crowded to overflowing, and multitudes went away unable to obtain admission. The Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, delivered an earnest discovered.

At the Westminster Police Court, last Saturday, Elizabeth Jemes, a woman between fifty and sixty years of age, was charged with being drunk—this making the 107th time that she has made her appearance at this court. Defendant was ordered to find one surety to keep the peace and be of good behaviour, and in default she was committed for a month.

The National Portrait Gallery exhibits three additional pictures this week. One is a portrait of Chantrey by Phillips, a present from Lady Chantrey. The second, Dr. Brusmus Darwin, painted by Wright, of Derby. The third accession is a delicately-pencilled miniature of the colebrade caricaturistGillray, by himself. The Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Bagot was the donor of this little treasure.

The December adjourned Sessions for the county of Surrey commenced on Monday. The calendar contained the name of thirt one prisoners for trial—twenty-five for felony, and six for misdemeanous and the degrees of education were as follow:—eight could neither read nurrite; thirteen, imperfectly; seven could only read; and only three couread and write well.

A DRINKING-FOUNTAIN was opened last Saturday morning in the centre of the cross-roads facing the north-east side of the E ephant and Castle The fountain, which was presented by Mr. Ambross Boyson to the inhabitants of St. Mary, Newington, has been erected at a cost of £120, from a design by Mr. Jarvis, of Trinity-square, Southwark; the style is Byzantine, the pediment being of Aberdeen granite, and the four pillars supporting the cupola of Irish marble. A large trough for dogs and sheep is attached to it.

Is attached to it.

THE ICE IN THE PARKS.—The severe frost at the close of last week, and the early part of the present one, was the means of filling the parks with skaters, sliders, and lookers on. Soveral immersions took place. Yesterday se might Mr. Richard Dix, a young gentleman of the City, broke through the ice on the Serpentine, and was drowned.—An accident on a large scale happened on Sunday afternoon at the Regent's Park, though happily unattended with loss of life. Whilst a great number of persons were amusing themselves by skating, and sliding the ice snapped asunder, and nearly fifty persons—men, women, and children—fell into the water, and got under the ice. James Davis, one of the Royal Humane Society's icemen, rescued five boys; one of whom had received a fracture of the leg. Other accidents of an unimportant character occurred. On Tuesday night a thaw set in.—As an indication of the unusual severity of the weather in the early part of the week it may be mentioned that several seagulls were skimming about the river between Waterloo and Hungerford bridges, occasionally taking long sweeps over Waterloo-bridge and hovering about the chimney-pote of Somerset House.

The Kensington-Gore Garden (says the Gardeners' Chronicle)

THE KENSINGTON-GORE GARDEN (says the Gardeners' Chronicle) is now fairly started. Her Majesty's Commissioners for 1851 have begun forming the ground levels, according to a plan proposed by Mr. Nesfield and sanctioned by his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Mr. Eyles, the new superintendent, enters upon his duties on the 2nd of January. The great areades will soon be commenced, and it is anticipated that the whole establishment will be approaching completion by the end of next year. The subscription list is so full that the council of the Horticultural Society have found it necessary to decline receiving any further applications for debentures. Life members are presenting themselves daily, and on the 20th of January some hundreds will be elected fellows. Mr. Nesfield is engaged in preparing a design worthy of the supporters of the new garden, of its site, and of English garden architecture.

LONDON ORDINATION .- On Sunday morning the Bishop London held a general ordination in St. Paul's Cathedral, being assisted in the ceremony by the Very Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's; the Very Rev., William Hale Hale, M.A., Archdeacon of London; the Rev. J. H. Coward, M.A., Rector of St. Benet's, Paul's-wharf; the Rev. W. H. Milman, M.A., Rector of St. Augustine and St. Faith; and the Rev. Edward Parry, M.A., Rector of Acton, his Lordship's Chaplain. Full choral service was performed, the prayers being beautifully rendered by the Rev. J. H. Coward, M.A., and the lessons read by the Rev. W. H. Milman, M.A. The Rev. Dr. Goulburn, Probendary of St. Paul's, late Head Master of St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians, 6th verse. The Bishop was attended by Mr. J. B. Lee and Mr. Hassard, his secretaries. The service throughout was extremely solemn and impressive, the arrangements made being of the most judicious character.

Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—The first annual general meeting of this society took place on Thursday week, at their new rooms, No. 9, Conduit-street. The council, in their report, read by Mr. W. H. Ottley, the hon. secretary, and chairman of the evening, congratulated the members on the position and prospects of the society, which actually numbers 218 members, including 20 new ones elected for next year. The council regret that, owing to circumstances almost inseparable from new undertakings of this kind, but a small portion of the large scheme of operations contemplated, had been carried out in the first year; but (considering the attractions of the pictorial and musical arts) six conversaciones had been given, which had been well attended, besides some other matters accomplished in the interest of art. Next year there would be regular forthightly meetings of the society, at their new rooms, besides the conversaciones at the principal galleries, which are kindly lent for the purpose; and prizes of honour would be given—two in painting, and one each in sculpture and architecture. The financial statement showed a small deficit (£51) to be carried to next year's account; but next year, through the improved economical arrangements adepted, it was estimated would show a surplus of £90.

South Kensington Museum.—The number of visitors at this SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

estimated would show a surplus of £90.

South Kensington Museum.—The number of visitors at this museum last week was as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday (free days), 2544; on Monday and Tuesday (free evenings), 4120; on the three students' days (admission to the public, sixpence), 1102; one students' evening (Wednesday), 593: total, 8359. From the opening of the museum there have been 1,166,822 visitors.—There was a large and notable gathering at the South Kensington Museum yesterday se'nnight of members of the Fine Arts Club and their visitors. This club is a society of some 150 or 200 collectors and connoisseurs in matters of art and virth, which includes all the best-known of the class in London, under the secretaryship of Mr. Robinson, of the department of Science and Art. Besides the magnificent resources of the museum itself, there was exhibited on Friday week a selection of priceless masterpieces in majolica, ivory, the precious metals, ironwork, porcelain, and enamels, from the Maguire and Barker collections; and the pictures in the National, Vernon, Turner, and Sheepshanks Galleries were lighted up.—The South Kensington Museum, with the British pictures presented by Messrs. Sheepshanks, Vernon, Turner, Jacob Bell, and others, together with the Art Schools for male and female students, will be open free every day (ten till four) and evening (seven till ten) from the 26th of December to the 3rd of January, both inclusive.

Fraud On A Blank Bill.—The case of Oaklev v. Musseehood.

Fraud on a Blank Bill.—The case of Oakley v. Musseehood-Dean, which was an action to recover the sum of £6500 on a bill of exchange, occupied the Court of Common Pleas for three days last week, concluding on Saturday. The plaintiff was a young man possessed of considerable property in Yorkshire, and the defendant was the Moulvie of the late King of Oude, whom he accompanied into England in 1856 for the purpose of pressing his Majesty's claims on the English Government. Amongst other persons who obtained access to the embassy was Mr. Henry Chard, the drawer of the bill in question. The Moulvie being in want of money, Chard advanced various sums amounting to £1100. Chard produced five stamped papers, which the defendant signed in blank, and some time afterwards was apprised that Chard held an acceptance of his for £6500. The plaintiff was informed by an agent named Roy that the defendant was auxious to raise money for the purposes of the embassy, and it was arranged that the plaintiff should advance the sum of £6000 upon a bill of exchange to be given by Chard, who was represented as the sgent of the embassy. The loan was negotiated by Mr. Roy, who went with Mr. Chard to see the Moulvie on the subject. Chard produced the bill before the Moulvie, and said, "A client of ours has agreed to advance £5000 on your acceptance for £6500." The Moulvie, who was smoking his cigar, looked at the bill, and made a gattural recound, which Roy took to be an approval of the terms proposed, and gave Chard a cheque for £5000. The jury found a verdict to the effect that the bill was fraudulently obtained; and that Mr. Roy took it under circumstances from which he ought to have known that it was tainted with fraud. FRAUD ON A BLANK BILL.—The case of Oakley v. Musseehood-

The engraving in our last week's Number, "Laying the Foundation-stone of the Victoria Railway Bridge across the Severn," was from a sketch by Mr. J. G. Elger, a pupil of Mr. Bridgeman, the resident engineer of the Severn Valley Railway

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OUR grandfathers and grandmothers, assembled round the fires of the Christmas that "saw out the Fifties" of the eighteenth contury, had something to talk about as they tried back through the year then closing. They did not know, of course, that George II. had but ten months to live, and that a reign which so very few of them would "see out" was about to begin; that Canada would shortly be entirely surrendered to us; that Lord Ferrers would kill Mr. Johnson and be hanged in Connaught-terrace, Edgware-road; that the three City gates-Aldgate, Cripplegate, and Ludgate-were coming down; that Blackfriars-bridge would soon be begun; or that Berlin would surrender to the Russians and Austrians. For these events they had still to wait a few months. But they could say that among the incidents of 1759 had been the beheading and strangling of Jesuit assassins who had sought to kill the King of Portugal, and that one of the assassins, Duke Antonio Alvaros Ferreira (an unlucky name), had been burned alive. What an account of the scene we should have now, with a graphic description of the ducal culprit's look as the pile was fired! But they had very minute information too, which Mr. Horace Walpole called "horrid." And they did know, for Mr. Secretary Pitt (not Lord Chatham for seven years to come, nay, his wife was not yet created Lady Chatham) had told the country that, by convention between King George and the Elector of Hesse Cassel, we were to take 19,000 Hessian troops into our pay; and, perhaps, some of our grandfathers growled about German mercenaries. Our pretty grandmothers might look back to the fun they had one evening about the end of January, when, in compliment to the birthday of the King of Prussia, Frederick the Great, there were rejoicings and illuminations all over London, and a serenata at the Opera, beginning Viva Georgio e Frederico viva! (says Walpole), and the ladies were taken to see the sights, and did not get back until ever so late, and with some of their shoes lost, to drink the King's health at supper.

But there were grand wars in hand, and in March the Marquis of Granby and Lord George Sackville had set out for Germany to take their commands in the English army under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. The expedition to Quebec, under Wolfe, had gone out in February. "The French talked of invading us," but they did not. Mr. Pitt, however, thought that they were coming. But there was a great spirit in motion. "Everybody was raising regiments, or themselves;" and Lord Shaftesbury was a Colonel of Militia and a Brigadier-General. France had notified to the Dutch that she meant to surprise us. Then it was said that she was coming with 50,000 men. But Rodney had set Havre on fire with his bombs, and there was great animosity against the French; and even the pococurante Walpole thinks that few of them, if they came, "could expect to return." Sir Edward Hawke was to take care of them till winter, and by that time our land forces were to be considerable. Much money is voted for fortifying Plymouth, Portsmouth, and other places. All the country squires were in regimentals, much to their honour. Then came the grand victory over the French at Minden, the glory of Lord Granby, the disgrace of Lord George Sackville our victories in the East and West Indies, and then—glory on glory, Sir Edward Hawke was taking care of the French. Their flects fled before him, but Hawke was faster than they, and he took, sank, and burned the Admiral's ship, and the Formidable. the Theseus, the Superb, and the Hero. Later, our grandfathers heard of the Quebec affair, the splendid achievement of the Heights of Abraham, the death of the noble Wolfe. Admit that when they filled their glasses, or, in their own words, wreathed the flowing bowl, in honour of the arms of England, our grandfathers had something worth toasting in the year of Minden and of Quebec.

A kind-hearted godfather or a grandfather has just given a young mamma a present for her boy. It is a £10 note, quite new, for in this year such representatives of such a sum were first issued by the Bank of England. She receives it with all gladness; but women do not like "newfangled" things (except in the fashions), and she privately owns she wishes it had been guineas, and begs her husband to transmute it at his earliest convenience. The ladies had hoped that General Wolfe would have had a splendid military funeral, but he was privately buried in the family vault at Greenwich. One grandmamma, who does not like the Roman Catholics (a lover of hers was killed at Prestonpans), is not sorry to have to note among the events of the year that the Catholic Chapel in Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, has been burned down. Another, who loves Lincoln's-inn-fields, has been burned down. Another, who loves sacred music, reminds them that the greatest composer who ever lived has died this year, and they all raise a glass to the memory of Mr. Handel. And then they say something about a little earth-quake at Liskeard, in Cornwall, and another at Brussels, and an awful one that nearly destroyed Tripoli, and about the tremendous eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and most of them agree that the Government were quite right in putting an end to the exhibition ("moving view, with machinery and figures," the advertisements called it; which some one had get up of the fearful earthquake of Lisbon in '55, as such things were too serious for imitations of it to be made; whereat a rather sarcastic godfather smiles, and asks whether Mr. Handel had a right to imitate with fiddles and drums the effect of the plagues of Egypt, to which the ladies reply that that is quite a different thing, which being undeniable they pass on to talk about the British Museum, which has been opened in that year. The ladies like the Indian curiosities, but the gentlemen rather turn up their noses at the whole idea. What is the use of such a place? Women had better be at home minding their households, and men must be in their counting-houses at the time the Museum is open. A gay young dog of a grandfather pulls his cravat and says that it will be a capital place for "sweethearting," whereat he is scolded by the ladies, but not very mercilessly. Then they decide upon seading a subscription to the fund for distribution among the infantry who fought at Minden and Quebec, and for the relief of the widows and orphans of the slain; and a statistical grandfather, apropos of deaths, wonders how many people have been born or died within the bills of mortality that year. Another happens to have copied out the account, up to the lith of December, from a newspaper, and states that 14,256 have been born, and 19,604 buried. "Lor!" says a gentle grandmother (who is engaged to be married), "why, then, there were sacred music, reminds them that the greatest composer who ever lived has died this year, and they all raise a glass to the memory of



CHRISTMAS MASQUE AT THE COURT OF CHARLES 11 .- BY J. GILBERT .- SEE CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT, PAGE Q.

THE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS.

(See Illustration.)

From under the boughs in the snow-clad wood
The merle and the mavis are peeping,
Alike secure from the wind and the flood, Yet a silent Christmas keeping. Still happy are they, And their looks are gay, And they frisk it from bough to bough;

Since berries bright red Hang over their head, A right goodly feast I trow.

There, under the boughs, in their wintry dress, Haps many a tender greeting, Blithe hearts have met, and the soft caress Hath told the delight of meeting. Though Winter hath come To his woodland home, There is mirth with old Christmas cheer, For 'neath the light snow Is the fruit-fraught bough, And each to his love is near!

Yes! under the boughs, scarce seen, nestle they, Those children of song together; As blissful by night, as joyous by day,
Mid the snows and the wintry weather. For they dream of spring, And the songs they'll sing, When the flowers bloom again in the mead, And mindful are they Of those blossoms gay Which have brought them to-day Such help in their time of need! HARRISON WEIR.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT. BY W. DUFFIELD.

A PASKET of game at Christmas, with the compliments of the season, is, after all, the most seasonable and acceptable contribution to the general festivities which our country cousins can make to their friends in town. We hope some of them may take the hint; and, by way of guide, beg to recommend to their notice the very gay and varied assort-ment brought together by Mr. Duffield, in the admirable painting ment brought together by Mr. Duffleld, in the admirable painting which we reproduce in our Coloured Supplement—pheasant, partridge, blackcock, wild duck, woodcock, there they are in attractive array, waiting for the honour of being trussed, that they may as ist to "fashion forth" the Christmas banquet. Mr. Duffield's still-life painting is of a very superior order, combining in a high degree all the essentials of texture and colour with an accurate feeling for the character of the object represented. Though here restricting himself to the feathered tribe, he is equally successful in fruit and other garden produce, which with him displays a pulpy softness of structure indicating something more than mere manual dexterity in surface treatment. dexterity in surface treatment.

"THE SHEPHERD'S CHRISTMAS."-BY E. DUNCAN.

THE Shepherd's Christmas presents little variety to the dull monotony of his every-day life. He has still his flocks to tend, spreading over the wide downs or cowering beneath the welcome shelter of bank or clump of trees; and indeed it is at this time that they demand an especial amount of care and attention at his hands. Mr. Duncan, who so admirably realises every feature of our Eaglish landscape scenery, and every phase of English rural life, appears, in the picture before us, to have had Thomson's lines in his view when

The bleating kind

Eye the bleak heav'n, and next the glist'ning earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then sad, dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for from the bellewing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole winter's plains
At one wide watt; and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms. The billowy tempest whelms.

Our shepherd in the Picture before us, having well attended to these instructions of the poet, appears to be taking care of himself, being well supplied with creature comforts from the hospitable homestead in the bottom just to the right. He wears a sprig of holly in his hat, jauntily bound with a bit of red ribon; and all his equipments seem good and new. His faithful dog, his constant companion and zealous aide de-camp, grins an unusual grin as he comes in for a share of unaccustomed dainties.

Declaration of the Roman Catholic Lairy of Great Britain.—The Tablet publishes a lengthy document under the above heading. The declaration commences thus:—"We the undersigned Roman Catholics of England and Scotland, mindful of that inviolable fidelity to the Holy Father and the Apostolic See which we have inherited from our fore-fathers, together with a devoted loyalty to our gracious Sovereign, and a sincere attachment to the constitution of our country." A long statement of the wrongs inflicted upon the Holy Father follows, and the whole is brought to a close with the following protest:—"We protest against the wrong done to the Holy Father by depriving him of his territories—we protest against the excrise of the Pope's spiritual power, of which his temporal sovereignty is the safeguard—we protest against the rebellion of a portion of his subjects in the Romagna as unjustifiable, and against the aid given to them by foreign incendiaries, and by invaders from neighbouring States, as well as by European statesmen and rulers, as injurious to religion and dangerous to the peace of the world and to the security of all Governments. Further,—We protest against every infraction of the Holy Father's rights as an independent Sovereign—we protest against any assumption on the part of any other State or Ruler, or of any Congress of States, to dispose of the Holy Father's territories, or to impose upon him any conditions against his own will, being persuaded that both justice and expediency dictate that any changes in the laws or administration of his dominions should be left to his own unfettered judgment and unquestioned benevolence. Especially,—We protest against the power or influence of our country being used—whether in a Congress of European States or separately—in favour of the Holy Father's rebel subjects, or to despoil him of his dominions, or to interfere with his independent sovereignty by imposing any conditions upon him. And we hereby make known our determination to resist and resent, in the epirit of the cons

WHY PEOPLE LIKE TO BE WELL PAID .- We like to know that we are well paid, not merely because we have so much money to spond, or so much to invest, and therefore so much to carry home when the old horse is growing weak in the loins; but because every man feels a just pride in knowing that his services are highly valued. He looks upon a high sealary as a personal compliment to himself. And everybody knows how much better we work when we know that our labours are appreciated.— CHRISTMAS EVE.—THE WOODMAN'S COTTAGE.

(See Christmas Supplement.)

(See Christmas Supplement.)

THE weary woodman's muffled tread
No sound of his return hath spread;
And yet, beneath that snow-capped thatch,
Are ready tongues his step to greet;
The clicking of the lifted latch
Shall stir the sound of children's feet,
Shall stir the gude wife's cheery voice,
And bid the father's heart rejoice.
For, ruddy in the firelight glare,
His little ones await him there.
Exulting will the youngsters show
Their treasure-stores of mistletce;
Then crowd to spread the plate and mug,
The porridge hot, the foaming jug.
Perchance the wife may crown the board
With dainties from her Christmas hoard,
And smile to see the joyous grapple
At present of a russet apple.

At present of a russet apple.

Dearer than all the world beside,
That cottage to the woodman seems
His spring of hope, and joy, and pride—
No brighter vision fills his dreams.
That lowly cot in forest wild,
Each merry face that round him smiled
The fireside where, at close of day,
He cheered his toils with infant play;
The dear loved wife whose constant mood
Shared all his foad solicitude;—
These treasures in the woodman's view
Outweigh the Indies and Peru,
And all the joy such treasure brings
He deems above the reach of kings.
And, wherefore? say upon what ground
"Tis matter easy to expound.
All needless 'tis for werds to roam—
One word will do—it is his Home!

GOING TO THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

(See Christmas Supplement, page 622.)

Lightly they go
Over the snow,
Little they need for spur or whip;
Toby has got
To his holiday trot,
And the ponies know 'tis a Christmas trip.

Hark to it, hark!
The dog's brisk bark
Rings through the air in its merriest tones;
Each canny beast
Seems scenting a feast,
And hopes, happy dog, to come in for the bones.

Fortunate chap
In four-wheeled trap,
Folding your toes in a railway rug;
Family round you,
Now, I'll be bound, you
Feel as you look, uncommonly snug.

Don't they seem cosy, And jolly, and rosy,
Spinning along to the Christmas party?
Never a dearth
Of genial mirth
Where life is young and spirits are hearty.

Puddings are bubbling,
Cooks are troubling
Turkey and chine to turn round at the fire;
Holly-leaves sparkle,
Flame shadows darkle
When blazes the yule-block yet higher and higher.

Speed, Toby, speed!
You'll get your meed
Of corn ready crushed by that method so artful;
Fondly you'll gloat
Over bean and bruised oat,
And rich clover hay you may eat by the cartful.

Speed, then, along,
Hie to the throng
Of the blithe-souled folk at the festive board;
Work and no play,
Wise people say,
Is more than this toil-burdened life can afford.

Laughter and cheerfulness,
Rather than tearfulness,
Suit the good people who long life seek,
And oft they may,
When locks turn grey,
Keep a bloom on the heart that is gone from the cheek.

CHRISTMAS IN THE BARONIAL HALL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his introduction to the sixth canto of "Marmion," dwells rapturously on the joys of Christmas time, when, as he sings:—

The feast and holytide we share, And mix sobriety with wine, And honest mirth with joys divine.

He conjures up with a poet's necromantic skill, and flashes upon us frem his magic glass, a brilliant reflex of Christmas as kept in the Baron's hall in the olden time, full of life and reality. With a happy audacity Mr. J. Gilbert has seized on the theme in the very spirit of the poet, and the result is the racy Illustration of bygone times which we have on the preceding page. We give Scott's lines in order that the reader, glancing from the poem to the picture, may see how happily they are matched:—

And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had roll'd, Loved when the year its course had roll'd, And brought blithe Christmas back again, with all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite Gave honour to the holy night; On Christmas Eve the bells were rung; On Christmas Eve the bells were rung; On Christmas Eve the mass was sung: That only night in all the year Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen; The hall was dress'd with holly green; Forth to the wood did merry men go, To gather in the mistletoe. Then open'd wide the Baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf, and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside, And Ceremony doff'd his pride. The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose; The Lord, underogating, share The vulgar game of "post and pair." All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight, And general voice, the happy night, That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down.

A letter from Rome says:—"No strangers are coming this winter Only 400 passports have been verified. There were 10,000 at this date last year"

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE addition of a Giulio Romano, and a very fine one, to the national collection is an event of sufficient interest to call for a passing notice. The Roman school in its days of greatness has been hitherto but very slightly represented in Trafalgar-square—depending simply upon three performances by Raphael, by no means illustrative of his higher powers, and two by Giulio Romano, from which no idea could be formed of the quality of his talent, either in freezo or oil-painting. We therefore hall with satisfaction any pictures of a class which may worthly exemplify the workings of the great school perfected under the immediate and joint influence was fresh and directly applied. And no artist, perhaps, has displayed the combined result of impressions derived from those two great masters to a more remarkable extent than Giulio Romano, though the proportions of the influence of each, relatively, differed at different periods of his career. In early life, when under the immediate control of Raphael, he followed his manner so exactly as to decive many; but after the death of his great master his genius, left to itself, sometimes aspired to emulate the bolder flights of Michael Angele; he was often extragant in composition, whilst his execution was careless and coarse. Nevertheless, as the founder of the Manutana school he is entitled to a distinguished place in art, and the real extent and variety of his powers cannot be adequately judged of by those who have not seen his numerous works in that ducal city, and at Rome and Venice. The cessel pictures of Giulio Romano are few, and of various degrees of merit. That representing "The Youth of Jupice," recently purchased for the nation from the Northwick collection, and formerly in the Orloans Gallery, is considered to be the meet in this country. It certainly strikes at first sight by the contrast it presents in its general character to the major part of the pictures in this gallery. It is no on't he first application of painting to classical thomes,

PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLICATIONS.

We have great pleasure in calling attention to the evidences of artistic talent of no ordinary kind displayed in a print which has been forwarded to us, entitled "The Forge," "painted and engraved by Jas. Sharples." James Sharples, we are told, is an operative smith at the firm of Messrs. Yates, engineers, Blackburn. He is entirely self-taught both in painting and engraving, with the exception only of six months' teaching in ornamental drawing at the Bury Athenseum. His studies in art have been pursued assiduously during many years, in the evening, after the labours of the day. Among his first efforts were a "Head of Christ" and a portrait of his own father, both life size, and an emblem for the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, &c., this design carrying off the first prize. "The Forge" is his first attempt at Engraving. The painting, we are told, took the evenings of nearly three years in the execution. It is a composition of no ordinary merit, full of subject, treated with obvious truth, great vigour and correctness of drawing, particularly in the figures, and with an attempt at chiaroscuro after the manner of the early Dutch school. The engraving is laboriously and conscientiously executed, with a certain dryness of effect, which a little tuition would enable the artist to overcome. What renders this production the more curious is the fact, of which we are assured, that most of the tools with which it was engraved were made by the artist himself. We have no hesitation in stating that John Sharples displays talent which deserves encouragement, and which probably, encouraged or not, will work its way to eminence.

An engraving, by W. H. Eagleton, after Sir George Hayter's fine picture of "Latimer Preaching at St. Paul's Cross," has just been completed, and is on the eve of publication by Messrs. H. Graves and Co. This is one of the most interesting and picturesque of the numerous historical group-pictures which have been produced of late years—interesting and picturesque from the loc

teristic. Amongst those already issued are portraits of the Earl of Elgin; the Right Hon. Lord Loughborough, R. W., Substitute Grand Master Mason of Scotland; David Robertson, Esq., M.P., Colonel W. H. Sykes, M.P.; the Right Hon. J. Moncreiff, M.P., Dean of Faculty, Lord Advocate for Scotland, &c. The execution is bold and effective, and in every way satisfactory.

A subscription has lately been raised by old Rugbeians for the purpose of erecting a window of stained glass in the school chapel to the memory of those schoolfellows who perished in the late Bengal mutiny.

The second ordinary meeting of the Statistical Society for the session 1859-69 took place on Tuosdayweek, when a paper was road "On the Rate of Wages in the Cotton District during the last Ten Years" by Bavid Chadwick, Esq., treasurer, of Salford.

MUSIC.

The musical event of the week has been the production at the ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE of Mr. Mellon's new opera "Victorine." It is founded, as our readers are aware, on the melodrama under the same title which gained such extraordinary popularity at the Adelphi. This piece is so well known to the public, and the subject is so closely adhered to in the new opera, that any account of its plot and incidents would be quite superfluous. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Falconer has written a clever and interesting libretto, the dialogue of which, however, is too lengthy, and would be much improved by judicious pruning—a process to which it will probably be subjected.

Mr. Mellon, in this his first dramatic work, has been highly successful. On Monday, when it was produced, it was received with the warmest demonstrations of favour, and cannot fail to run a long and brilliant course. It has been got up with care and splendour, and has the advantage of an admirable performance. The part of the heroine is sustained by Miss Parepa, who displayed powers, both as an intelligent and impassioned actress and as an accomplished singer, of which the public hither's have not been fully aware. Miss Thirlwall also appears to great advantage in the secondary but clever part of Louise. She personates to the life the little Parisian grisette, and sings with much lightness and grace. Mr. Haigh, with a sweet but not powerful tenor voice, is a good musician and a sensible actor; and Mr. Santley, in a part too slight for a performer of his rank, gives it importance by his exquisite singing of the best ballad in the opera. We must not pass over Mr. Honey, who, as usual, is exceedingly quaint and comic, nor Mr. Corri, who threws a great deal of energy into his personation of a melodramatic ruffian.

The production of Mr. Vincent Wallace's opera "Undine" is expected to take place in February; but the time, of course, will depend a good deal on the run of the Christmas pantomime, which is to be on the capital subject of "Puss in Boats," and

THE THEATRES, &c.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.—In addition to the list of pantomimes and burlesques given last week, we are enabled to give the title of that of the Surrey—namely, "Harlequin King Holiday; or, the Fairies of the Enchanted Valley, or the King that Once Killed a Cat," which, as usual at this theatre, will no doubt be magnificently produced. At the Marylebone Mr. Cave provides a pantomime entitled "The Little Man who Built a House in a Christmas Cake," in which industry and idleness will be contrasted. The Soho promises a burlesque-cum-pantomime, to be called "Billy Taylor and the Fairies of the Elfin Grove." At the Britannia an operatic extravaganza will be performed, entitled "Paul Clifford, the Ladios' Pet;" at the Queen's, "Harlequin Bluebeard, the Great Bashaw;" at the Victoria, "Herlequin, or the Magic Axe;" at the Standard, "Mary, Quite Contrary; How Does your Garden Grow?" at the Pavilion, "Little Tom Tucker Sung for his Supper;" at the Grecian a pantomime (unnamed); at Astley's, "Harlequin Tom Moody;" and at the City of London, "Young Norval on the Grampian Hills."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean at Cork.—The Cork Examiner. CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.—In addition to the list of pantomimes

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN AT CORK .- The Cork Examiner, MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN AT CORK.—The Cork Examiner, while noticing Mr. Kean's extraordinary success, contains a few good remarks on his performance of Hamlet. The character of the Danish Prince, it remarks, "is a creation that could have emanated only from a genius so profound and so universal as that of Shakspeare. While he is our hero he is yet a man." His doubts and fears, notwithstanding the grandeur of his intellectual and moral character, bring him within the range of human sympathies. The critic professes to indorse the opinions of the London critics, and praises the artistic completeness of the actor's conception. He speaks also in high terms of the performance of "Much Ado About Nothing," and bestows some discriminating criticism both on the Bestrice of Mrs. Kean and the Benedick of her husband. The theatre has been crowded, and the attendance of the rank and fashion of the city and neighbourhood numerous and remarkable. The progress of these excellent artistes has been so far satisfactory.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The directors promise a Christmas festival next Monday, under the direction of Mr. Nelson Lee. There is to be a fancy fair, which will be continued throughout the holidays, and conducted in the naves and great transept, which afford excellent accommodation for such an exhibition; a large Christmas-tree being placed in the centre of the building. In the evening the scene will be illuminated with varied gas devices. Mr. Pepper, also, is preparing a series of lectures, to be illustrated with a succession of dissolving views and photographic accompaniments. The Campbell Minstrels, a ballet troupe, Mr. Mackney, and Sam Collins are engaged, with athletic performers, who will appear on the stage in the great transept.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Nothing was cared about at the Corner on Monday but the decision

Nothing was cared about at the Corner on Monday but the decision of the Brunette affair, and the case had hardly been in doubt during the last few days, for 10 to 1 was offered that the investigation ended in favour of the mare. After all, every body should rejoice that the objectors could not prove the charge against Kendall, for, hal it been sustained, a sad shur would have been east on the already fallen sport of steeplechasing. There was really a dead-look in the Dorby betting, and, beyond the gradual advance of Restess, who really ought to be at a much shorter price, the sparse list of quotations was devoid of any feature. Umpire is still returned with 3 to 1 "taken and offered," and a dark animal, Brownstown (whose sire, Kingstown, was second for the Dorby in Wild Dayrell's year), has made his way into the list of "closing prices" at 1000 to 12. Messrs. Tattersall were quite busy, for the time of year, in knocking down blood stock on Monday; and Mr. J. Dawson's six lots realised upwards of 498, and Mr. J. Johnston's seven lots 225, guineas. Broadlands fetched 280, and Backsworth only 100, guineas.

Those racing men who are of a statistical turn of mind can now enjoy their whim to the full. According to those copious returns collated by Messrs. Wetherby, and epitomised by the Life, Newminster heads the sire list with 65½ races, of the value of £18,620, which is divided among twenty-three winners; while Orlando, The Dutchman, West Australian, Cossack, and Toddington, all of them "blue ribbon" wearrers, are the next five, but at a very modest distance. Musjid contributes £7150 to Newminster's score, and The Druid's winnings place Mountann Deer at the head of the poll in Ireland. The Bero, who was latterly quite foundered, and could hardly crawl about his paddock at Danebury, has been shot in his sixteenth year. John Day, junior, ended his own career as a jookey by winning the Goodwood Cup on him in 1847; and he was the horse which first brought Alfred Day prominently into notice. Another of the old school of

well attended at Lincoln, and £600 a year was, we are told, promised in the room towards the £1000 subscription, which is all Lord Henry Bentinck asks for hunting the country six days a week! The hunt lost a good friend in the late Mr. Chaplin, of Blankney, but still the sinews of war are not likely to be lacking.

Coursers have now ample time to reflect on the puppy forms of the first eleven weeks of the season, and to think out what will be their most likely nominations for the Waterloo. The Brougham and Whimfell Meeting was stopped midway by "winter's icy chain," and Sunflower by Sunbeam divided the Puppy Stakes with five others. The principal meetings advertised for next week are The Home Park and Pembrokeshire Club, on Tuesday; Kenilworth and Scorton, on Tuesday and Wednesday; Caledonian (open), on Tuesday, &c.; Hordley, on Wednesday; and Chillington, on Thursday and Friday.

TESTIMONIALS.—A magnificent silver candelabrum has been recently presented by the Mexican British convention bondholders to Loftus Charles Otway, Esq., O.B., late her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary in Moxico, in consideration of the signal services by him ron lere it to them whilst he was discharging that office.—Yesterday week, at the Palatine Hotel, Manchester, the shareholders of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company presented Mr. William Henry Hornby, one of the members for Blackburn, with a splendid service of plate of the value of £500, in recognition of his services to the late Blackburn company, of which he was the chairman.

which he was the chairman.

MR. JOHN BALL, late Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and some time member for Carlow, writes to the Times in defence of the Irish agitation in favour of the Pope. He says there is an opinion very general in Ircland that the two leading members of the present Government are influenced in dealing with Roman political affairs by aversion to the Church of which the Pope is the spiritual chief; and he states that "what reasonable Roman Catholics desire, and are entitled to demand of our Government, is, that the representative of England should appear at the approaching Congress, not to enforce personal or national theological antipathies, but to take thought for the general and permanent welfare of the entire community of civilised nations. Let him not imagine that he will advance either the influence or the internal tranquillity of this country by throwing into confusion the spiritual affairs of 149 millions of Christians."

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY. WOOLWIGH.—The Duke of Cam-

community of civilised nations. Let him not imagine that he will advance either the influence or the internal tranquillity of this country by throwing into confusion the spiritual affairs of 140 millions of Christians."

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWIGH.—The Duke of Cambridge, the General Commanding in-Chief, attended by a Staff of field officers, arrived at Woolwich at ten o'clock on Monday morning, for the purpose of conducting the Christmas examination of the gentlemen cadets at the Royal Military Academy, and reviewing the whole of the troops in garrison, including the Armstrong gun batteries under orders for China. His Royal Highness was greeted on his arrival with the usual salute of twenty one guns, and immediately proceeded to the Royal Military Academy, where he was received by Colonel E. Wilford, the Governor; Major-General Sir Richard Dacres, K.C.B., Commandant of the Garrison; Major-General J. Bloomfield, C.B., Inspector-General of Artillery, and other officers. The whole of the gentlemen cadets formed in review order on the lawn fronting the Royal Military Academy, under the command of Colonel Wilford; and, after a minute inspection by his Royal Highness, Gentleman Cadet Lacey, the senior under-officer, was called upon to put the whole of the company through a course of manual and platoon exercises, which was followed by battalion movements, in a manner which elicited the marked approval of the Commander-in-Chief. After fring a Royal salute, the gentlemen cadets proceeded to the spacious hall of the institution, in which it had been arranged to conduct the half-yearly examination, distribution of prizes, and award of commissions. The whole of the cadets of the theoretical and practical classes having taken their position in double-file order, Colonel, Wilford, the Governor, announced the result of the cadets of the theoretical and practical classes having taken their position in double-file order, Colonel, Wilford, the Governor, announced the result of the cadets of the theoretical and wished to im

MONETARY TRANSACTIONS OF THE WEEK.

(From our City Correspondent.)

The transactions in nearly all Home Securities this week, both for Money and Time, have been on a very moderate scale, and prices, notwithstanding that money continues very abundant for commercial purposes, have had a drooping tendency. The demand for discount accommodation, both at the Bank of England and in Lombard-street, has been steady, at about previous quotations. The leading discount houses are still taking full average quantities of prime short paper at 2½ to 2½ per cent, and four months' bills have been done at 3 and 3½ per cent. It is now pretty generally understood that the directors of the Bank of England will make no change in their minimum for some time hence.

Consols, for Account, have been done at 95½ ½; the Reduced and the New Three per Cents, 95½ ½; Exchequer Bills, 29s. to 31s., and India Bonds, 68s. to 10s. prem. Bank Stock has sold at 227.

India Debentures, 1558, have been steady, at 97½; Ditto, 1859, 97½ ¾; and the New Five per Cents, 104½ ½ 104.

On Monday next the Stock Exchange will be closed.

The total imports of bullion have amounted to about £300,000, and nearly the whole of the gold at hand has been disposed of for shipment to the Continent, although the exchanges still show very little profit on the export of bullien. The steamer for India has carried out £306,674, of which £269,097 is silver. The Government remittance is confined to £15,000 in dollars to Hong-Kong. No bills have been drawn by the Indian Council for transmission by the present packet.

The commercial advices just at hand from New York state that the Money Market was somewhat active, and that discount accommodation was worth 6 per cent, although the stock of specie in the banks was on the increase.

The transactions in the Foreign House have been somewhat limited. However, with the exception of a decline in Turkish bonds, no material change has taken place in the quotations. Mexican Three per Cents have been officially quoted at 22½; Peruvian Four-and-a-Half per Cents, 11½; Ditto Three per Cents, 66½; Sardinian THE transactions in nearly all Home Securities this week, both for Money

National, 60%; New South Wales, 91% Ottoman, 18%; and Other of Lohdon, 28% and 29.

All Miscellaneous Securities have been very flat. Crystal Palace Shares have marked 1%; Electric Telegraph, 106%; English and Australian Copper, 1%; National Discount, 4%; Red Sea and India; Telegraph, 15%; and Royal Mail Steam, 51%.

The dealings in the Rallway Share Market have been by no means numerous. Prices, however, have kept up tolerably well. The prospectus of the new Brazilian railway (San Paulo) has been issued. The capital proposed to be raised is £2,000,000, in £20 shares, with a guarantee of 7 per cent from the Government. Annexed are the leading quotations during the week:—

the week:—
ORDINARY SHARES AND STOCKS.—Bristol and Exeter, 102½; Eastern Counties, 58½; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 82; Great Northern, 106½; Ditto, A Stock, 95½; Ditto, B, 183½; Great Southern and Western (Irel ind), 112½; Great Western, 69½; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 100; London and North-Western, 98¾; London and South-Western, 95½; North-Eastern—Brewick, 95½; Ditto, York, 78½; North Staffordshire, 13½; Soottish North-Eastern—Aberdeen Stock, 80; South Devon, 44; South-Eastern—83½; Stockton and Darlington, 35½; Yale of Neath, 64½.

Lense Leasted at Fixed Rentals.—Chester and Holyhoad, 50½; South Staffordshire, 10½

PREFERENCE SHARFS.—Bristol and Exeter, Four por Cent Stock, 97½; Caledonian, Four-and-a-Half per Cent, 105½; Eastern Counties Extension, Five per Cent, No. 1, 11½; Ditto, New Six per Cent Stock, 125½; Great Norther Five per Cent, 192; London and Brighton, Seven per Cent, 195; Manchester, Sheffield, and Limoinshire, £6, 5½; Midland—Bristol and Birmingham, 141; Newport Abergavenny, and Hereford, Perpetual Bix per Cent, 12½; North Staffordshire, 24; Oxford, Woreester, and Wolverhampton, 1st Guarantee, 126; South-Eastern, Four-and-a-Half per Cent, 193; Bertish Possessions.—Atlantic and St. Lawrence, 86½; Bombay, Baroda, and Central India, 99½; Buffalo and Like Huron, 4½; Cape Town and Dock, 1½; East Indian, 103½; Grand Trunk of Canada, 42½; Ditto, Six per Cent Preference, 96; Ditto, Six per Cent Debenture, 73½; Ditto, Seven per Cent, 1867, 75½; Ditto, 1872, 74½; Great Indian Peninsula, 101½; Ditto, New, 5½; Great Western of Canada, 13½; Ditto, New, 10½; Madras, Fourth Extension, 4½; Scinde, 20; Punjaub, 4½; Bahia and San Francisco, 5; Copiapo Extension, 9½; Dutch Rhomish, 10½; Lombardo-Venetlau, 13; Namur and Liege, 20½; Recife and San Francisco, 12½; Royal Danish, 12.

THE MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE, Dec. 19.—Our market, to-day, was but mederately supplied with Hugilia wheat, coastwise and by land-carriage. For good and fine qualities there was a fair inquiry, and, in some interacce, prices were the first wheat, where compared with Monday last. Low and damp parcels moved off slowly, at late rate the first wheat, the above of which was by no means extensive, realised very full prises; but they wheat, the above of which was by numerous. Fine and inferior barley commanded extreme rates; lose in it were far from numerous. Fine and inferior barley commanded extreme rates; lose in it were far from numerous. Fine and inferior barley commanded extreme rates; lose in it were far from numerous. Fine and inferior more money. In the value of beams and peas no change took place. The flux trade was steady.

Wednesday, Dec. 21.—A very limited supply of Euglish wheat was on offer in to-day's market, in but middling condition. Fine dry asmples sold without difficulty, at Menday's currency. Otherwise, the demand ruled inactive, on former terms. The amount of business doing in all foreign wheats was very modera's; nevertheless, important were firm, and prices were well supported. Floating cargoes of grain were firm. We have to report a fair dumand for most kinds of barley, at full currencles. Now mait was quite as dear as on Monday; but old parcels were easier to purchase. The supply of cats was limited, and the oas trade ruled study, at extreme quotations. Beam and peas sold on former terms. The floor trade was forcient to the Week.—English even and relevant to the support of the week.—English even and relevant to the Week.—English even and relevant to the week.

English.—Wheat, 886; belley, 3390; and articy, 3390; malt, 1539; oat, 1359; floor, 439. Erogists. Wheat, 486; belley, at a supply of a supply of the supply o

Reconstructions.—The Iriah butter trade is firm, and the quotations have an upward tendency provisions.—The Iriah butter trade is firm, and the quotations have an upward tendency provisions.—The Iriah butter trade is firm, and the quotations have an upward tendency Provisions.—The Iriah butter trade is firm, and the value of English is well supported. Bason is dull, and the demand for lard and most other provisions is vary inscitive. Talloss.—Prices have further advanced, int and and most other provisions is vary inscitive. Talloss.—Prices have the further advanced, int (37.3 in 1837, and 18.7 in 1837, and 1837

Polatoes.—The supplies are incolorate, and the definite is the two average once. Brasts have noved off slowly at the lace decline in value. Otherwise, the trade has ruled strady. Beef, from 28, 2d, to 5a, i nutton, 2a, 4d, to 5a, dd, yeal, 4a, 2d, to 5a, 5d, pork, 3a, 5d, to 4a, 10d, per 81ba, to 5ink the 6f3l.

**Newgate and Leadenhall—Although the supplies of mest continue large, the trade's steady, as follows—Beef, from 2a, 8d, to 4a, 6d,; mutton, 3a, 2d, to 4a, 6d,; visl, 3a, 8d, 4a, 4d,; pork, 2a, 6d, to 4a, 6d,; mutton, 2a, 2d, to 4a, 6d, 5a, 6d,

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, DEC. 16.

WAR OFFICE, PALL-MALL.

4th Dragoon Guards; Cornet S. H. Child to be Cornet.

15th Light Dragoons; Liout. R. Penfold to be Captain; Cornet M. C. Broun to be Lieutenant.

15th Light Dragoons; Licut. E. Penfold to be Captain; Cornet M. C. Broun to be Licuterant.

Soots Fullier Guards: Licut. and Capt. W. Mure to be Captain and Licutenant-Colonel; Ensign and Licut. J. E. Ford to be Licutenant and Captain.

Ensign and Licut. J. E. Ford to be Licutenant and Captain.

Sond Fullier Guards: Licut. B. Ford to be Licutenant and Captain.

Garoon, M.B., to be Asistant Surgeon.

16th: Licut. B. H. Hayes to be Licutenant.

17th: Brevet Col. G. W. Francklyn to be Licutenant.

16th: Licut. B. H. Hayes to be Licutenant.

17th: Brevet Col. G. W. Francklyn to be Licutenant.

16th: Licut. B. N. Surplice to be Adjutant.

26th: Licut. B. N. Surplice to be Adjutant.

26th: Licut. B. N. Surplice to be Adjutant.

26th: Licut. B. W. Surplice to be Ensign.

26th: Sainsbury, J. B. L. Nevinson, to be Licutenant.

26th: Capt. B. L. Sainsbury, J. B. L. Nevinson, to be Licutenant; J. E. P. Barlow to be Edsign.

26th: Cuntermaster H. Hammond to be Quartermaster. Toth: Brevet Col. the Hon. N. H. C. Massey, Capt. A. Ryan, to be Majors; Licut. G. R. Greaves, H. Turner, to be Captains; Ensign.

1. Ensign. G. Garnis to be Licutenant. Licut. G. R. S. Menteath to be Adjutant. Tlat: Brevet. Licut. Col. G. W. Maley to be Captain. Trade Toth.

1. Licut. W. O. Maley to be Captain. Trade Toth.

2. Licut. W. O. Maley to be Captain. Trade Toth.

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2. Licut. W. O. Maley to be Licutenant. Licut. A. J. Flunkett to be Licutenant.

1. Licut. H. D. Maley to be Captain.

2. Licut. A. J. Honle Rogiment: Licut. A. J. Flunkett to be Licutenant.

1. Licut. H. D. B. Licut. A. J. Flunkett to be Licutenant.

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1. Licut. H. D. B. Licut. A. J. Flunkett to be Licutenant.

2. Licut. A. J. H. Licut. C. B. Licut. B. Captain.

2. Licut. A. J. H. Licut. B. C. B. Licut. B

be Lieutenant.
Li West India Regiment: Lieut, A. J. Plunkett to be Instructor of Musketry.
Cape Mounted Riffenen: H. B. Fasley to be Ensign.
Deror Barrai nor.—Brevet Col. H. D. Crotton to be Lieutenant-Colonel.
Hospital Brayr.—Surg. B. Nicholson, M. D., Assist. Surg. P. McDermott, to be Surgeons.
Brever.—Brev, Lieut.—Col. T. R. P. Tempest to be Colonel; Capt. R. A. Scott to be Major;
Rrev. Major R. A. Scott to be Lieutenant-Colonel; Major A. R. Manson to be Lieutenant-Colonel; Capts. G. M. Barrew, J. H. Champion, F. J. Oldheid, and A. R. E. Hutchisson, to be Majors; Second Capts, C. S. Le Marchand and E. P. Malcol at be Majors. The undermentioned promotions to take place consequent upon the dash of General Size. V. Trench on Dec. 6, 1869:—Lieut.-General J. Reeve to be General; Major General English Hon J. Feel to have the rank of Lieutenant-General; Major General English Edwichmant-General; Hey. Col. the Hon. E. Bruce to be Major-General English Brev. Lieut.-Col.
L. B. H. Regues to be Colonel; Major J. W. P. Audin to be Lieutenant-Colonel; Oapt. E. Carr to be Major.

ADMIRALTY.

Royal Marines: Capt. and Brev. Major C. J. Haddeld to be Lieutenant-Colonel; First ent. E. Bry' to be Captain; Second Lieut. R. A. Gorges to be First Lieutenant; First eut. P. Harrington to be Adjutant.

BANKRUPTS.

J. MASON, Pentonville road, furniture dealer.—J. B. WILLIAMS, Bristol, wine merchant. J. LATTIMORE, Sandridge, Hertfordshire, timber merchant.—T, and H. LEAH, Liverpost.

merchanta,

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

T. CHAMNEY, Edinburgh, bootmaker.—Rev. J. G. CUMMING (late of Birmlagham) now of Musselburg.—B. J. and W. THOMSON, Glavgow, wool-merchanta.—R. MENZIES, Glasgow, pilir dealer.—C. C. AIKMAN, Letth, merchant.—A. Shiff, Glasgow, millwright, A. M. KENZIE, Glasgow machinist.

JUESDAY, DEC. SO.

BANKRUPTOY ANNULLED.

J. L. GRORSE and J. T. BEAIDLEY, Moorgate-street, City, merchants.

C. MUSTON, Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, walch case maker.—J. B. LATCHFORD.

Regent-street hosier.—T. BUSS, Markes Harborough, Ledeestrubire, chemist.—S. MASON,

BASTOM, Nothinghamshire, lacemaker.—J. CARLYMEIGHT, Nottingham, Innkesper.—ELIZA PARRY, Liverpool, timber dea

PARBY, Liverpool, timber dealer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

W. NEILSON and D. KING, Glasgow, maileable from manufacturers.—A. CAMERON, Glasgow, commission agent.—A. KELSO, South Thunderguy, Isle of Arean, farmer.—E. NICOL, Dundee, brower.—W. DOUGLAS, Glasgow, wool merchant.—J. WOOD, Brochie, Forfarshire, drajer.—A. MACKAY, Milton and Barbaraville, Ross-shire, merchant.

** The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each Announcement.

BIRTHS.

On the 18th inst., at Deibury Hall, near Ludlow, the wife of Edward Wood, Esq., of a son.

[On the 9th inst., at Kilvington Hall, the Lady Cecilia Turion, of a son.

[On the 18th inst., the Lady Hester Leeke, of a daughter.

On Sept. 30, at Alton House, South Yarra, Molbourne, Mrs. J. Thomson of a son.

On Oct. 11, at Barrackpore, near Calcutts, East Indias, Lady Hearney, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst, at Etwall, Derbyshire, by the Rev. W. E. Mousley, William Sherwood, Eq., of Bysome Garth, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Str Henry Boynton, Bark, of Burton Agnes, Yorkshire.

On Oct. 12, at Sydney, New South Wales, by the Lord Bishop of Sydney, the Hon. Louis Hope, son of John, fourth Earl of Hopetoun, to Suram Frances Sophia, closest daughter of W. J. Dumareq, Eq., and granddaughter of the late A. MacLeay. Eq., for many years Colonial Secretary of New South Wales. MARRIAGES.

DEATHS. On Nov. 4, at Calcutta, Eleanor Maria, wife of Capt. E. Davidson, Bengal Engineers, and third surviving daughter of far G. H. Freeling, Bart., aged 35.

On Nov. 9, after a very short illness, at Point de Galle, where he was holding the Session of the Supreme Court, Sir W. C. Rowe, Chief Justice of the Island of Oeylon, deept regretted by all classes in the colony, aged 58,



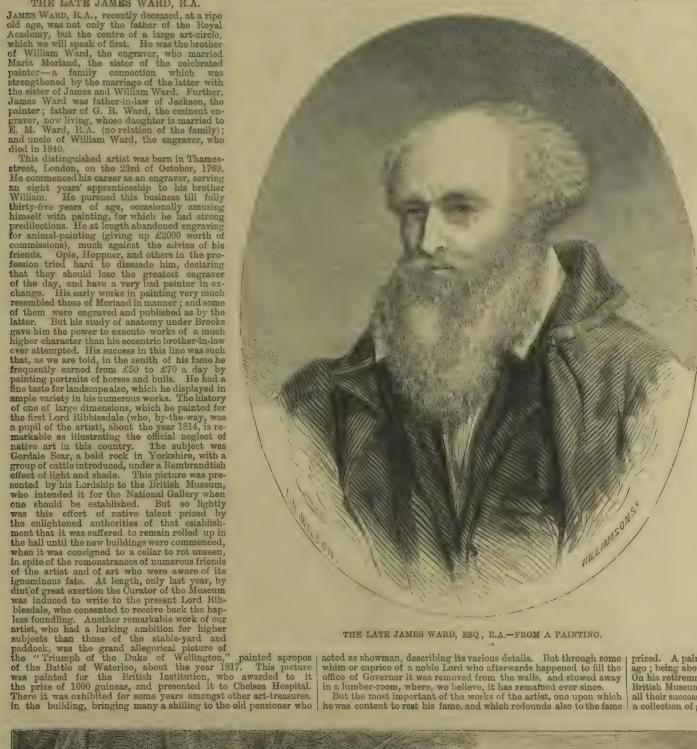
UTOPIAN CHRISTMAS.-BY MISS FLORENCE CLAXTON.- RISTMAS SUPPLEMENT, PAGE 607

THE LATE JAMES WARD, R.A.

THE LATE JAMES WARD, R.A.

JAMES WARD, R.A., recently deceased, at a ripe old age, was not only the father of the Royal Academy, but the centre of a large art-circle, which we will speak of first. He was the brother of William Ward, the engraver, who married Maria Morland, the sister of the celebrated painter—a family connection which was strengthened by the marriage of the latter with the sister of James and William Ward. Further, James Ward was father-in-law of Jackson, the painter; father of G. R. Ward, the eminent engraver, now living, whose daughter is married to E. M. Ward, R.A. (no relation of the family); and uncle of William Ward, the engraver, who died in 1940.

This distinguished artist was born in Thames-



of the school to which he belongs, is "The Bull Family," representing a noble bull, cow, and calt, in a rich and beautiful landscape. This picture was painted in the year 1821, in rivalry of Paul Potter's famous bull, which, however, Ward had never seen. It will be recellected as having been exhibited at the Manchester Art-Treasures Gallery, and is at present to be seen in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. We have great pleasure in giving an Engraving of so admirable and important a production, the distinguished merits of which have been admitted by common consent of contemporary artists and public opinion. Sir William Ross says of it, "If the choice of one of the finest specimens of that grand and picturesque animal the bull for representation on canvas—if correct drawing, rich, deep, harmonious colouring, and that quality technically called "texture' are desirable—they are found in this matchless picture to perfection." Mr. H. W. Pickersgill, comparing it with the Potter bull, writes—"With an eye equally correct and truthful as the Dutchman's, he (Ward) has surpassed him in boldness of design and bravura of treatment seldom found in any other master." Mr. Charles Landseer refers to "its extraordinary brilliancy, hardness, and impasto," which "must in some measure be referred to the vehicle with which it was painted," and expresses a hope, that the artist would leave on record what it was he used for this purpose. Finally, we may agree with Mr. J. P. Knight that "the subject is national, the painter national, and it ought to find a place in an institution assuming to be national." All the animals in this picture were painted from originals in the grounds of Mr. Allnutt at Clapham. The fine, fiery expression of the bull, we are told, was soized at a peculiarly happy moment, when the "sitter" was oxasporated at an insult offered to him by a bovine rival.

In that portion of the national collection temporarily located at the South Kensington Museum are two fine examples of this painter. "The Cawarity of the source

happy moment, when the "sitter" was exasperated at an insult offered to him by a bovine rival.

In that portion of the national collection temporarily located at the South Kensington Museum are two fine examples of this painter—"The Councile Horses," and "A Scenein Lord De Tabloy's Park," both being amongst the pictures bequeathed by Mr. Vernon.

Mr. Ward was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1807, and a full member in 1811. He was an early risor, an indefatigable worker, and continued to exhibit his six and eight pictures every season at the Royal Academy, till his eighty-sixth year, when an attack of paralysis stayed his hand. During the last thirty years he resided at Roundcroft Cottage, Cheshunt, where he died of decay of nature on the 16th ult., in the ninety-first year of his age, James Ward was a man of gentle manners, amiable disposition, and varied accomplishments. His piety was unaffected and profound. During the latter years of his life the Bible was his constant solace, and its revolutions of hope and mercy never failed to bring a beam of joy and gratitude into his still lustrous eye. He was twice married—first, to a Miss Ward (belonging to a distant branch of the same family); and, secondly, to Miss Fritche, of Derby, a most amiable lady, who survives him.

Ward's works in engraving are justly and highly prized. A pair of them fetched forty guineas at a sale many years ago; being about ten times the price at which they were published. On his retirement from this line of business he presented to the British Museum a complete set of all the plates he had engraved, in all their successive stages, amounting to three hundred impressions—a collection of great interest and value both to artist and amateur.



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No. 1009.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

[Vol. xxxv.

UTOPIAN CHRISTMAS.

GLORIOUS Christmas weather !- a phrase which in England usually stands for a bright, clear, frosty day; a day upon which acquaint-ances exchange greetings with a smile brighter than usual on their ances exchange greetings with a smile brighter than usual on their so delightful to these, does not wear so cheerful an aspect for those that favoured land there is no hearth on which a fire does not burn-faces as they pass, hurrying on under the exhilaration of rapid whose hearth is desolate, and whose children starve. The muggy no board, on Christmas Day, on which a pudding does not smoke.

change from the frosty atmosphere; a hearth bright with the blazing coal and Christmas logs heaped high upon it — brighter still with the happy faces smiling round. But this bright frost,

exercise, yet stll looking forward to a bright fireside as a pleasant | day, when their thin-clad babes suffer less from the cold, and outdoor

work is more easily obtained, finds more favour in their sight.

But in Utopia rich and poor (for there also the distinction of classes exists) would alike give their vote in favour of the frosty day, for in



CHRISTMAS EVE.—THE WOODMAN'S COTTAGE,—DRAWN BY E. M. WIMPERIS.

should a suspicion arise in the minds of the wealthier citizens that such might be the case with any of their poorer neighbours, there would be a greater rush to remedy the deficiency than to obtain tickets for the benefit of a fashionable prima donna. But it seldom happens in Utopia that the poor stand in need of such assistance, for they have many savings banks, and no strikes.

With regard to great scientific discoveries, and practical adaptations of the same, the Utopians, as a people, are but little in advance of the English. But a stranger spending his Christmas Day in the Utopian metropolis would soon observe many points of difference between the two nations, We will suppose that he goes from his hotel to visit a friend in a distant suburb. If he walk, the ease with which he progresses will at once suggest to him that the Utopian youth are not addicted to constructing slides on the pavement. If he take a cab, he will be immediately struck with the extraordinary coincidence of the driver's views with his own with respect to the amount of the fare. If he go in an omnibus. he will be equally surprised at receiving assistance from the other passengers in getting in and out and also by finding that the ladies' dresses do not occupy an inordinate share of the vehicle. Whatever carriage he take, he will be astonished that none of the principal streets should be in a state of blockade, on any pretence whatever. He observes also that the public buildings are grand, and that the finest are located in the best situations.

When he arrives at his host's he is welcomed with kindness and hospitality, and he does not overhear any one use the word "foreigner" as an expression of contempt whilst inquiring who he

We learn from the notes of an English traveller, with a sight of which we have been favoured, that the entertainment on Christmas Day in Utopia did not differ much from some that he had shared in England on the same occasion; but he funcies that it resembled more the Christmas dinners of his boyhood than those of his later years. There is the roast beef and the turkey, the plum pudding and the mince pies, the wassail-bowl, and the lamb's * wool, punch and snapdragon; nor are holly and mistletoe forgotten. We find that he is pleased, too, with the rising generation, of whom a very fair sample are scattered round the table. He is glad to find that Adolphus, though nearly fourteen, has no idea of smoking yet, and, when he hears him speak of his parents, is delighted that there appears to be no expressions in the Utopian language which can fairly be translated by "governor," "missis," or "maternity."

But his interest centresupon a young couple—the eldest daughter of his host and her husband-and his astonishment culminates when he is told that, though both belonging to families holding a good position in Utopian society, they have married on an income of less than three hundred a year. And, more than all, he is assured that the match took place with the full consent of the lady's parents. As he is aware that the scale of prices in Utopia does not differ materially from the English he is unable to conceal his incredulity. His informant then proceeds to clear up the mystery. Instead of taking a house in the neighbourhood where their parents resided, whose income numbered more thousands than theirs did hundreds, which the Englishman had considered a matter of course, they were actually residing in furnished lodgings, in a cheaper part of the town. Our traveller could not help insinuating the impossibility of the lady being happy without the luxuries to which she had always been accustomed, but was immediately routed by being asked if he thought she looked wretched, and being compelled to confess that she did not.

The next person who attracted his attention was a graceful lady who seemed to take much interest in the sports of the younger children, and about whom they twined like climbing plants round a forest tree. The hostess consulted her frequently about the programme of amusements for the evening, and she appeared to be one whom all delighted to honour. Imagine our countryman's surprise upon being informed that this was the governess!

Our traveller found his host an intelligent gentleman, and ready to discuss in an impartial spirit the diverse characteristics of the two nations. In the course of conversation he hinted that he thought it possible the agreeable position this lady held in the family might interfere with her usefulness in her own particular sphere. replied that in that country the office of educating the young of either sex was held in the highest estimation, and that the Government reserved some of its chief honours for those whose efforts in this respect had been attended with the highest success. "We do not forget," he said, "that to our schoolmasters Utopia looks for the formation of the character of her citizens; nor that the words of the governess are spoken to future wives and mothers. All instruction loses its effect if we have no respect for the teacher, and wherever we wish our children to show reverence we should begin by setting them the example.'

At this moment the host was called away, the servant informing him that "Miss Pallas was come from the office." When he returned, in apologising for his absence, he explained to our countryman that Aliss P. was one of his confidential clerks. In answer to further inquiries he said that in Utopia the education of woman was such that she was fitted for a great many employments which he understood were confined to the other sex in England; also that, where they were not occupied by the duties of wife or mother, it was usual for ladies to undertake these and similar duties. By this means, he said, they never became burdens to their friends of small income, or unnecessarily drew upon the resources of any of the numerous charitable institutions of Utopia.

Reflecting upon what he had heard and seen, our traveller was inclined to fancy that there must be something to counterbalance some of the advantages which, on the surface, Utopia certainly appeared to possess. He thought that in so eminently practical a country there must be some sacrifice of the softer feelings and affec-

tions in producing these results.

He turned then to the group of younger children, who were busy at snapdragon before the fire; but the Utopian system of education has certainly had no depressing effect upon their spirits. Ever and anon the fitful glare of the blazing spirit lights up a circle of faces whose smiles reflect still brighter rays. A happier family it has never been his good fortune to look upon. Even amid the excitement of the sport their love for one another is still evident. The schoolboy of ten seizes the blazing fruit for the little sister, who shrinks from the forked tongues of flame; and there is no shadow of jealousy to cloud the affection of the two elder sisters who are watching them, though Clio has come out and Melpomene has not yet been to her first ball.

Besides the affection which he observed amongst the children, our traveller was led to the conclusion that much importance is attached to all family ties in Utopia; for after the most careful examination he was unable to recognise any of the guests as coming properly under the denomination of "poor relations." There were certainly some members of the family present who were not so well off as others, but still, according to an Englishman's idea they did not occupy the conventional position which the term implies; for they were not assigned seats at the bottom of the table, nor were they expected to act as clacquers to the jests of the host or the accomplishments of the children; and even the servants were as attentive to them as they were to anybody else. Indeed, the individual whom our traveller fixed upon as appearing to answer to the character, from the seat he occupied and his applause of Miss Melpomene's singing, proved to be a rich uncle, from whom they had expectations, but who had selected his seat in order to be near the children.

Perhaps, however, there was nothing which caused our friend so much astonishment as the fact that the younger children did not consume an inordinate quantity of fruit at dessert, but actually appeared to know when they had had enough. On being questioned closely on this point, he stated that he did not know whether or not they received a private signal from their mamma, but confessed at last that, even in Utopia, he thought it was extremely probable.

As the evening drew to a close, before he made his adieux, he availed himself of the friendly terms on which the host had conversed with him to put rather a delicate question. He explained that in England, while everybody looked forward to the festivities of Christmas with a certain amount of pleasure, its advent was not hailed by all with feelings of unmixed delight, from its being accompanied by a number of missives denominated bills. He was anxious to know whether any means had been devised in Utopia for escaping this infliction. His curiosity was soon set at rest, for the host informed him that, for household and personal expenses, they were quite unknown, it being customary always to pay ready money. Cristmas boxes also, he said, were quite exploded.

It was a beautiful night, and as our countryman walked back to his hotel, pondering over what he had seen and heard of Utopian manners and customs, he heard the notes of a Christmas carol borne upon the breeze. It was sung in tune.

How far is it to Utopia? Is it possible to reach it in time to spend Christmas Day there? Will the journey involve a sea voyage this stormy weather? Has Bradshaw noted down the best route and the What does Murray say about the hotels? Are return-tickets issued, or are there any excursion-trains, having special reference to the Christmas vacation? If any "Constant Reader" should feel inclined to put any or all of the foregoing questions, we can inform him at once that he need not go through the painful ceremony of packing; for neither the square-mouthed bag nor the trunk in fifteen compartments, all opening separately, will be called into requisition. Indeed, whatever preparations he may make, or whatever route he may follow, we cannot ensure his ultimate arrival in the favoured land. But, on the other hand, we can offer a few suggestions which may enable him to approach its confines without a change of residence

Let him, as he looks forward to "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year "-that dear old English phrase, which rests so lightly on a thousand lips, and may mean so little or so much-let him look around him upon the outer world, and see what there lies in his path for him to do. Then, whether it be an evil to redress or a good cause to aid in its upward struggle, let him manfully put his shoulder to the wheel. Let him look also upon that inner world which he carries in his own breast, and search whether there lurk in it any feelings to his fellow-men which match not with the hoary Christmas-tide, and root them out forthwith; and yet, before he give himself up to the joys of merry Christmas, let him think once again what he has done to make it a happy season for others.

Then let the carol pierce the frosty air, while merry bells usher in the Christmas morning; let the yule-log crackle on the hearth, and the hospitable board groan beneath the weight of the lordly baron let the holly shine in its green glory, and let rosy cheeks wear a deeper red beneath the drooping mistletoe; let the wassailbowl sparkle in the midst of the dear friends the season draws together, and "the merry toast go round."

If, amid all this, a remembrance should rise of those things which he could wish altered, but yet has no power to change, let him place before his mind's eye the rosy, double lens of good temper and love for others, and, looking through it, he may imagine, whilst that short season lasts, that his Christmas is spent in Utopia.

HERBERT VAUGHAN.



LEAVES FROM A CHRISTMAS TREE;

OR, THOUGHTS THAT HANG ON PLAYTHINGS.

PLEASURE is but a ball that a child runs after so long as it keeps rolling, but which he kicks away from him the moment it stops.

The character that has holes pierced in it isn't worth a pin, and you

can say the same of a child's drum.

soldiers, for "they never know when they're beaten."

The child takes a pleasure in blowing its trumpet. What is music to itself is discord to others; and yet it will persevere for hours. The man becomes often as great a nuisance when he allows his vanity to be incessantly pushing him before others to blow his own trumpet!

A gong that is sounded too loudly only startles people. So, in sounding your praises, you cannot do it with too light a hand. If you sound them too thumpingly persons will only run away from you, or else put their fingers in their ears, to prevent their being bored with such empty noise

The performer on a tin fiddle reminds one of the prosperous fool who is always beasting of having accumulated a large fortune.

We generally make the most of any little danger. We shrink one moment and laugh at our fears the next, like young ladies pulling bonbon crackers. Most apprehensions have a ridiculous or a pleasant

termination. The end is generally a motto or a sweetmeat.

A good book is like travelling. The memory is sure to make some

agreeable passage.

The doll that speaks too frequently ends badly. The possession of its gift is the cause of its destruction. To find out the secret of its inspiration it is picked to pieces. It is the fate of genius all over.

At Christmas-time, in the society of children, every one is presentable; but more especially he who comes laden with presents.

Whipping may make a humming-top go spinningly enough; but it is thrown away on boys. Xerxes, after his ships were wrecked, flogged the sea; but we never heard of the sea having taken a moral turn from that moment. In the same way many boys are wrecked at school, and the schoolmaster in his rage flogs the boy for it.

The full mind, like a money-bag that is full, makes no noise: but the empty mind, like a money-bag with only two or three coins in it, keeps up such an incessant rattle that its emptiness soon betrays itself

CHRISTMAS;

AN ODE JUBILANT.

TO OUR READERS.

(See heading.)

HAIL, Christmas! hail! Rain, if you will, and snow. Let cold and fogs the buttoned breast assail, Let savage Boreas deal his hardest blow: They'll not avail

To quench or pale The kindly fire, the genial spirit-glow, Of Christmas time,

The time for festive meetings, For social gatherings and friendly greetings. We weave the pean rhyme

To MERRY CHRISTMAS! The Briton's home-spent holiday for ever! The institution, like the Suez isthmus, You cannot sever-

The festival of unity and peace, When jarring world-strife finds a brief surcease, When feuds and discords, cares and peccadilloes, Are laid amidst Oblivion's tombs and willows. A merry Christmas! then, our legion friends; Though scattered to the world's remotest ends, In thought we reach you.

When to your far abode this broadsheet wends, That our best wish its distant path attends, Think we beseech you.

Gentle peruser, On bleak Septentrion shores your eye we meet, The icebound cruiser. 'Midst arctic gloom, may scan our pictured sheet; We greet you where Canadian settlers roam Through forest wilds to make their lonely home; We greet you where the plumy shadows fall From clustered palms o'er roses of Bengal; We greet you 'midst the Anglo-Saxon bands On broad Australia's fair and fertile lands;

There, gentle reader, Beneath gnarled giant gums or stately cedar, Screened from the northern sunbeams' Christmas heat,

Your eye we'll meet.
The bushman's bark-roofed house our volume holds, The digger's tent our varied sheet unfolds; The shepherd's hut, in solitude forlorn, Our page hath cheered, and pictures yet adorn.

We greet Old England's warriors, far away In lifeless solitude, when camped and tented, Perchance some soldier lad may bless the day.
That printing-types and woodcuts were invented. Some tempest-buffeted but jolly tar On lone mid-ocean o'er our volume lingers; By lamplight glimmer, like a foggy star, We meet his horny palm and pitchy fingers: Perchance we stir his rugged breast within Some gentle dream of country, home, and kin.

From Patagonia to the Polar regions, From Western Indies to the vaster East-We hail our readers-hail their nomad legions, Each year increased.

Now from our press as papers swiftly pile, By steam compelled (Aladdin's lamp of movers); One sheet is destined for Van Diemen's Isle, The other for Vancouver's!

A pigtailed newsman, in that flowery land
Which reared the wondrous wall to baulk the Tartars,
In Canton's crowded highway takes his stand, And for "Celestial" coin our broadsheet barters: The mighty Brother of the San and Moon,

On porcelain throned and silks of dainty tissue, Twinkles his almond eyes at each cartoon We weekly issue.

And through the island-empire of Japan, That famous spot for earthquakes, soy, and varnish, Clairvoyant Fancy's view prophetic can See our bright page their lacquered tables garnish.

Dusky Egyptians,
Midst ruins robed in mystery eternal— Midst temples shattered, sculptures and inscriptions, Peruse our Journal.

All round the world, from Temple-bar to Pekin, We waft each kindly wish the time inspired All round St. Paul's, round Skiddaw, round the Wrekin-All round our English homes and Christmas fires.

O, gentle friend, Our Christmas greeting in this verse we send, Where'er you are, Beneath the Southern Cross or Polar Star,

Whether in lands like this-cold, damp, and murky, Or in some softer clime, blue-skied and sunny; Whether you languet on reast beef and turkey, Or share a Hindoo feast of fruits and honey Whether you dine with Saracen or Saxon,

Quall Moslem sherbet or the British malt, In broad-cloth coat or jacketed in flaxen, By sea-coal fire or 'neath the azure vault;

Where'er your Christmas board Chance to be spread, or howsoever stored, Our warm good wish in thought sincere attends Hach dwelling of our far world-scattered friends Our Yule-time salutation—health and mirth To all our million readers round the earth.

CHRISTMAS AT THE MANOR HOUSE. CAROL-SINGING.



T seems to me that I look forward to spending Christmas at Oakshade Manor House more and more each I am sure that I should find it hard to sleep Christmas Eve in any but the old room at the end of the south wing, which is always reserved for me; although it is so exposed that the north wind howling round it, raking its way through the tall avenue trees, and dashing great handfuls of rain and snow against its crazy windows often keeps me awake half through the night. I hope to spend many other merry Christmases yet to come there; and I pray Heaven it may be long before that unbidden guest who rides a

hale horse and waits for no invitation shall dismount at the old house and break up the pleasant country family that offers a hearty welcome to all its homeless kith and kin at this festive Christmas season.

You do not want me to describe the Manor House, I am sure. You see at a glance that it was built at the time when society was beginning to feel secure under Elizabeth, although an uneasy afterthough of darger drew a most about it, so that, the drawbridge up, the old house might, if need be, cast off from the land, and stand away from its perils. The most has long ago been filled up, but the wide avenue of noble trees that formed a sort of gangway to it still stands, and is tenanted by the same ancient family of rooks who have held political meetings far into the night, and jangled in parties of right and left and changed sides noiselessly, these three hundred years at least. Nor can you want me to describe the oak-paneled hall of the Manor House, with its rusty suits and scraps of armour and old weapons, dinted, perhaps, at Naseby and Sedgemoor fights; its more modern curiosities—the cuirass worn by one of the family at Waterloo, the brave steel dinted, not pierced, by the French bullet that tumbled its wearer out of his saddle before the orchard-fence of Hougoumont; the cases of rare birds shot in the coverts or caught in the decoys; and its wide hearth, on which a huge log smoulders in a heap of grey ashes, and at each draught of wind kindles into a glowing live heat,

the colour of which painter's pallet has never yet held.

Most old country houses are attached to the past by some historical association, and this one is no exception to the rule. .The old housekeeper, who shows you over it when the family are away, gives you the impression that she has been on intimate terms with good Queen Bess' Court, and was alive and serving in her present capacity when the virgin Queen made her memorable visit to Oakshade. She shows you the crimson couch on which Gloriana reclined, the old spinet from which she drew music, and glibly repeats the fantastic verses composed by the then heir of the house upon the auspicious occasion. She shows you the heir in the oak-paneled dining-room—a handsome fellow with a face which, for all its quaint-trimmed beard and stiff expression, has the broad, honest brow and bold daring eye of our lads who ride to hounds and canter into the valley of death as gaily as ever he and his comrades cheered on the hart or faced the Spaniard. The old housekeeper and you feel quite sure that she nursed "the heir;" will tell you how brave and handsome he was, and that when he was presented at Court the Queen chucked him under the chin and asked him if he were married, and, when he coloured and said yes, boxed his ears in a reaction of virgin indignation. The recollections of this period of her life are always given by the old lady with considerable fire and animation, and, although she duly takes you through the other family portraits, down to that of its present representative, her voice and manner are subdued, and you see quite plainly that her mind dwells most pleasantly on the memories of her youth.

What do you expect the master of the Manor House to be like, I wonder? A stout, high-coloured, loud-voiced squire, who breakfasts on October ale and raw beef, who mounts his horse with a volley of oaths at the yelping dogs and clumsy varlets about him, and who kills his for every winter's day and drinks his friends under the table every night? Not exactly. The Squire is a delicate-featured gentleman, refined in mind, and fastidious in speech and manner, almost to a fault; who would inevitably contract a bilious attack if he were to drink malt liquor for breakfast; who keeps a good stable more for his friends' use than his own, and expects his guests to accompany him to his wife's teatable. He is one of the six hundred and odd craw of the great ship of state, and is very properly impressed with the responsibility of his position. He is inclined to murmur at the management of the great ship sometimes, and is generally uneasy unless the officers in charge are chosen from among his party; but he has a strong English sense of duty, and will always be found ready at his post be who may at the helm. The Squire's study table is quite hedged about with Blue-books, charts which a thoughtful country provides for his guidance. He has them bound as they come out, and intends to read them all some day. He is a liberal landlord, very popular with his tenants, and a good, shrewd man of business; and, it ever he should be advanced to any share in the command of the great ship, I believe he will discharge its duties well and ably. In private life the Squire is a capital fellow, whose only fault is that he is a little too thorough in his political convictions, and prone to force them upon his friends unreasonably. Unfortunately for us, he has lately succeeded in posing an adverse Chancellor of the Exchequer upon his own financial ground, and he has just adopted a, for him, new theory, that when the great ship gave up circulating small notes, at some remote period of its policy, known only to Mr. M Culloch and Sir Archibald Alison, she got out of her bearings, and that her ultimate break up is a mere question of time. The cheerful confidence with which he propounds this startling conviction over his claret is, beyond description, humorous.

You may form your own opinion of the Squire; but, if you will not admire and love lus wife, I am not at all sure but I must make a personal matter of it, and resent it emphatically. She is one of the prettiest, best-hearted little women in the world. All the young people who know her run to her in those troubles which are sure, sooner or alter, to overtake them. She must know half the love secret; at least of Mayfair and Belgravia, and is one of the busiest conceivable instruments for perfecting those matrimonial arrangements which are supposed to be originated elsewhere. But to value her aright you must know her in her country home. The household alore her; the by the old white-haired fiddler who heads the choir at church. He

village people worship her at a more reverent distance; the Rector's palpable admiration of her ought to make the Squire a jealous and a wretched man. A few words of the Rector, by the way, whose church you may see peeping above the treetops. He is a perfectly good fellow, most sound in his theology; thinks the Squire, although he will sometimes speculate, palpably above the Manor House pay; and, what is Law afraid of many convenients at some of us, he will give what is, I am afraid, of more consequence to some of us, he will give you as hearty a welcome and as good a cigar as are to be found in any rectory in England. He is too much valued and respected to be very popular in his parish, but he is note the less the right man there, I can assure you. Ebenezer Chapel preaches at him sometimes, and is fond of likening him to Dives and other unpleasant characters in secred history. To be sure, the Rector has private property in addition to his living, but his parish is a very large one, and he is as poor as any of us; tithes and dividends flying from his coffers as swiftly as the gifts from Pandora's box, although on perfeetly opposite errands. After all, rich and poor are terms somewhat difficult of definition, and maybe the miser who hoards a few coins in the heel of an old stocking resembles more closely Dives than the richest and most liberal pluralist in England.

Returning to the Squire's family, we have Frank, the eldest son and heir apparent, who is just now worthily sustaining the family reputation at Oxford. Young England scorns exemption from labour, and the Rector tells me Frank will take a double first at college; and for myself, I know no young fellow of my acquintance who rides straighter to hounds - and Blankshire is a stiff country, min1 you or who carries a surer double-barrel over the purple moors and brown stubbles. Frank and the Rector are great chums, for all their disparity of age, and very often, when the Squire supposes that the parson is giving Frank a theological lecture out of term time, the two are talking college slang over the Rector's rare cigars and whishytoddy. Next to Frank comes a young fellow, an Eton boy, an universal favourite, whom even the variable seasons cannot help humoring, but must needs instruct Jack Frost to harden the lake, and the east Harry is his wind to bring over the wildfowl for his pleasure. mother's pet, and she thinks him ever so much more clever than his brother, but I do not think the Eton had takes kindly to study; and I suppose he will have to help to maintain the family reputation in the face of his country's foes. He is a light-hearted, high-spirited lal, game, he assures us, to ride his cob, Bonny Mary, against the Squire's stable, and to back his gun at pigeons and sparrows against any of us. He was one of the Eton eleven who gave Westminster such a licking at Lord's last summer, on which memorable occasion he brought out his bat amid a perfect storm of applause from the onlookers. His mother refers to Harry's ovation with just pride, and she is very anxious to impress upon you the fact that the boy is not so strong as he looks, and that the excitement of victory was too much for him, because certain ill-natured people would have it that the lads celebrated their triumph after the fashion of their clders with an outrageously-extravagant champagne supper, and the Squire at one time inclined to believe the absurd report

I have left the most important member of the Manor House family to the last, but from no disrespect to her, I assure you. This is that only daughter of the house, Rosa, known among her friends by the more familiar name of Rosy. A young lady of such a charming figure that if any one should ask you whether she were short or tall you must inevitably fail to reply, and be forced upon the general assertion that her height is perfect, with features so delicately and perfectly chiscled that, when they are in repose, you literally fear lest any expression should disturb their perfect harmony, and get so facile that each fresh expression presents a new and faultless combination of beauty, with hair of that golden hue that contrasts with, and sets off, every nown colour. You hear and join in a great deal of criticism anent the absurdity of fashion nowadays; looking at Rosy, who you may be quite sure dresses at its height, you hasten to retract it, and you feel confident that Rosy would look as perfect in any other of the millinery devices that have been invented by her sex from the blue paint of the ancient British belle to the redundant costume of our modern English beauties

You may be sure that Rosy is as busy in her country home as a good English girl should be. She spends a great deal of time in the village school, and, with the housekeeper's aid, puts the girls out to service as they grow old enough; and she has a long list of old pensioners, whose ages she cheers by kind thought and substantial She is not a model young lady by any means though, I am glad to say. She is too happy to be always saying long prayers; the Rector's sermons often make her sleepy, and she would not take at all kindly to Lord Shaftesbury's recent definition of recreation

You know now who is the real governing power of the Mauor House, don't you? It would not do to let the Squire hear us, for he holds somewhat strong notions of his prerogative; but, between ourelves, there can be no doubt but Rosy is the mistress of the Manor House. It will be a dull day for it when the right man comes and carries away from the old house its light and joy. The member and his wife dare not think of Rosy marrying, and put off its consideration as we do any fear which is vague and indefinite. But we all know it is certain to come about in time, for a score of fine fellows are hankering after Rosy; and some day, I suppose, the pretty lips which curl so disdainfully at their homage now will relax their severity, and the bright eyes which lighten with mischief will grow soft and luminous, and the darling daughter of the house will become an honest wife and happy mother. When that time comes the Squire and his wife will know that they are growing old, and will bow their heads submissively to the autumn sleet that precedes the winter snows of age.

I intend to describe but one of the Manor House guests this

Christmas Eve. He is a soldier cousin; one of those who helped to hold the Residency of Lucknow, with its rare treasure of English women and children, against an empire in revolt. For the months that that unequal contest raged that pale-faced lady by his side put up her prayers for her only son, distinguished by his daring where all alike were heroes; and Heaven heard her, and sent her back a maimed and shattered invalid for the brave bold lad she had given to her country a few short years ago. How devotedly she nurses him, and how gradually but surely the flush of health and happiness returns to her poor, pale cheeks! We all note with admiration and gratitude this Christmas Eve. Rosy and the Captain are great allies, and she is very cleverly drawing some incident of the stirring siege from him, when there is a sound of steps and voices on the terracewalk outside, and in a few minutes the latter break into an old-fashioned Christmas carol, simple as words should be which treat of grave subjects, and touching as such a song at such a time must ever be. Rosy is very particular that on no account shall more than one reef of the heavy curtains be taken in for us to see the carol-singers, for she says the right thing is for us all to be in bed, and for this Christmas message to awake us. I am much older than Rosy, and not on such good terms with sleep that I can aggravate him with impunity; but I dare say she is right.

bad a good voice ence, and in his youth absolutely started on foot for London, and fame. But at the nearest county town he met some strolling singers, who assured him that native talent was at a sad discount in the great metropolis; and so he came back to Oakshade. The village folk are very proud of him, and are quite sure that he would have got to fame if he had not been stopped thus on its first stage. Posy knows all the singers, and has anecdotes to tell of each:—That boy with his hands behind him can never be taught to remember his catechism, and sleeps so heavily during the Rocior's sermons that he has to be taken into the churchyard and his head thumped against a tombstone to arouse him; three of the chubby-faced youngsters are the old fiddler's grandchildren; while those two girls in the warm cloaks who seem to stand timidly aloof from the others are orphans, and owe more to the Manor House than you are ever likely to hear from any of its good-hearted, modest inmates.

After the childish voices have ceased we all sit silent for a little while. The soldier is the first to speak, and his voice is low and very grave. "It reminds me," he says, "of the last time I heard little children sing. I was always very glad to steal away to them, and they would let me join them at their play. They had a very favourita game of siege, I remember, and they would take sides—red-coats and white-coats—and you may be quite sure the Pandies always got the worst of it, as in that sterner game that was being played with out. That was touching enough, mind you, but it was harder to bear when the women came to put them to bed, and I stood by and heard the little voices say their simple prayers and sing their pretty home hymns. God bless my little comrades! most of them have a larger, safer, playground now!"

WILLIAM J. STEWART.

CHRISTMAS ON THE SEASHORE



Fearful, to catch in thought the cry That cleaves and rends the blackened sky, Yet wins no mercy from its deepening frown; Where, 'mid the roar of breakers lashing, We know some noble ship lies crashing, And, full in sight of Christmas hearths, goes down.

Or, on some joyous New Year's morn, Roaming by barren shore forlorn, When the remorseless winds are fainting, gusping, To lift-too late-with reverent hand Unto the sweet, safe, silent land, Dumb relies, slipped from the dead fingers' clasping!

Alas! 'tis not the beating wind, Whose breath doth the bound waves unbind, Alone which drives its dead upon the shore; The parted hope, the love we gave In trust unto our youth's glad wave Return in living beauty never more.

Mourn not for those who bravely died Tossed on the lashing waters wide And knew no pausing on the shore of life, But, sudden, took the silent cup God gave, and meekly drank it up, Leaving the lost world to its drearier strife.

Beautiful waters! in whose sight The burdened soul itself grows light, Quickened to music by your dancing measures; We who have loved you well and long, We, by your very strength made strong, Unto your keeping trust our earth's best treasures.

To them, who know no Christmas cheer, Than unto us is God more near, While here we weep then, faithlessly regretting We are the drowning, they the drowned; What we are seeking, they have found,-Sweet rest, unbroken by the storm-wind's fretting.

So, back unto the hungry deep, Go bid the shivered timbers leav. That never more, all desolately lying, Rent mast, torn sail, or rudder crushed, Shall tell of how the mad sea rushed Over the fair heads of the dead and dying.

Though they shall wander never more With us along life's wreck-strewn shore, Under the waves HE walked, safe let them sleep : Though loosed for ever from our hold, Though never sod be o'er them rolled, Yet have they found "God's-acre" in the deep

But, hark! a joyous shout is waking The lands:—a hopeful light is breaking Where a strong ship the cruel rocks are rending: One moment brings the dreaded land, The next the ready human hand-The gallant life-boat with the surge contending !

They live-they live! snatched from death's brink! Then let the battered hulk go sink, And spread her tattered canvas for her pall; Unto the strong the weak are lashed, From the white lips the salt seas dashed; The everlasting heavens are over all ! ELEANORA L. HEBVET.



CHRISTMAS ON THE SEASHORE.—A WRECK.—BY E. DUNCAN.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



CHRISTMAS AT THE MANOR HOUSE.—CAROL-SINGING.—BY G. DODGSON.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



CHARADES. BY THE LATE T. K. HERVEY.



How my First sweet music made! Till there came my cruel Whole, Stained the one, the other stole. Ah! that First and Second e'er Lent their names to such a snare!

Call my Second, call my First, And you name my Whole accurst. Ah! to each, what cruel spite Pays for that baptismal rite, Ask the silence, where it grieves O'er a lost song 'mong the leaves.

From my Second summer rain Soon shall wash away the stain,-What is white shall yet be green Where my traitor Whole has been; But her heart my First shall pour Through my Second nevermore.

Nevermore, when sunshine falls Through my Second's leafy walls, Shall the answering anthem burst, 'Mid that temple, from my First, Ah, the song itself betrayed! Could they fear my Whole, who played In those sweet names of their own? Yet, both are wronged,-and one is gone.

No. 2.

When but a boy, just newly nursed, I stored my marbles in my First; Grown to a man, when dull or sad, My Second soothed and made me glad My Whole, through all my living years, Has been a horror to my ears.

No. 3.

I'm found beneath the ocean and the streams; I am the home of flowers,-the nurse of dreams.

No. 4.

My Second has saddled the palfrey white, And saddled the roadster brown, And drawn on his boots by the stable door, For a ride to the distant town. But why is my lady's cheek so pale, And why my lady's tear
As she sweeps through the lane with a loosened rein And my Second in the rear?

Ah, me! that the hand which clips the mane And trims the palfrey's tail, Should join my First's in the clasp of love When they reach the altar rail! My Second's First had been fitlier wooed Near the milking-pail and bowl, And my First is spoiling her Second good By making him my Whole!

No. 5.

We read of the days when some dreary old sinner Might come as a saint to be reckoned, By taking to berries and roots for his dinner, And quenching his thirst from my Second. Such a saint took it easy,—was freely supplied With enough for both hunger and thirst; Though his table was furnished, it can't be denied, With a very bad style of my First.

Then we read how some traveller gourmand and gay, When his way became lonesome or lost, Would put up for a night, and for once in a way, With a feeder like this for a host:-But he rarely, we find, took a permanent taste For such nurture of body and soul, And we quite understand, when the cock crew, his haste To help forward the hour of my Whole.

No. 6.

It swells, and dies! I lean to hear 'Mid the glooms of an old cathedral aisle: And my Second speaks to heart and ear Like the voice of the ancient pile; As if corbel quaint and rafter rare, In chancel stalled and in chantry fair, Had part in the choral hymn,-With the trump of stone that the angels bear At the shrine of the stone knight kneeling there;-While the carved saints seem all at prayer, As it flows through the cloister dim .-The prophet voice of the grand old pile, That my Second pours down the long-drawn aisle!

But it isn't a prayer that my Whole awakes, When it moans and shrieks in the tortured air,

Like a spirit choked by the sounds it makes,-As I would to the Lord it were! Its vagabond friend is the puppet-show, All box above and legs below,— And it swindles far and wide, With music filched from the shrines of song, That reels and raves for the rabble throng, As though it were drunk with drawing long From my First, in its own inside. How came such Whole, with its tipsy airs, By the stately name that my Second bears?

No. 7.

The lane was long, and the lady short, And the hour was getting late, So, to make the way more like herself, She passed through the meadow gate. Ah! the crooked way would have been the straight,-And why was there nobody by To tell her the glass was very low, And my Second very high?

She came where that Second "stopped the way," And she strove to pass in vain, And she felt at once the mistake she had made, And a drop of the threatened rain ; And she knew too late,—when she took to the right She had happened to take to the wrong, And the road by the meadows was only short To those who were rather long.

But the lady felt that an error, born, Need not be, therefore, nurst, And the wisest course she could follow now Would be, just to-do my First :-That to do my First was her chance at last To get home ere the drenching rain And the way to make matters square, in short, Was, at length, to go round by the lane.

So she did my First; but I can't deny That the lady came home in a pet, And her look, I must own, was uncommonly dry,
As she said, "I'm uncommonly wet!—
And all through my Second. Had that been my Whole,
As, for ladies, my Second should be, It had done my First, and, from bonnet to sole Would have saved from this drenching, poor me!"

No. 8.

My First you may know by the old brown coat Set off with a vest of red, In which he comes through the winter's snow, To beg at your door for bread. And never away from the door unfed Will the children let him go, Because of a pious deed he did To some children long ago. And so, when the children come abroad, And the summer eves are long, He pays back his debt, as a minstrel should, By filling their paths with song And the singer, still, that the child loves best Is the old brown coat and the crimson vest

A story lives, in the fairy lore On which the child is fed, Of a fair young maid whom love decked out In my Second, warm and red. But the little maiden's walk abroad Is a legend harsh to hear, And the moral wrapped in the scarlet cloak Is full of a cruel fear: And the child is chilled as he creeps to bed To dream of the maid with my Second, red.

'Tis ages long since last my Whole In the woodland ways was see With his bugle slung in his baldric broad,
And his coat of the Lincoln green.
No beggar he, for bed or board,
He crouched in the starlight clear,
And his larder, wide as the forest glades,
Was filled with the forest deer. His table was spread in the oak-tree shade, Wherever he cared to dine; And they netted his fish in the friar's pond, And his drink was the abbot's wine. The jolly churchman paid him tithe, And the burgher paid him tax; For his levies were made by his merry men With their long bows at their backs. His law was fashioned to the hour, And published through the wood, That he took because he had the power, And kept because he could. His logic grew on his own good sword, And his strength in the yew-tree strong, nd he did his wrong in the name of right, And some right by means of wrong; For an outlawed head and a gallant soul Met in the wild name of my Whole.

'TWERE well the bards who string their lyres in honour of my First, And paint her always at her best, should know her at her worst; I don't believe this pet of twelve such a beauty would be reckoned If they could but see her oft-sung face as she shows it to my Second.

Eleven sisters has my First: not one of them so fair As she with the roses round her feet and the rainbows in her hair; But she suffers from a chronic cold by my Second's side, 'tis said, And has always her feet in water, and a nightcap on her head.

The poets call her gentle, too: they've seen her when she smiled; But her temper can be sharp enough, and her manners far from mild. And there are who have seen her sulky in her home by my Second's

Because he refused a gown of green and roses to his bride.

Yet he built her a throne of crystal spars, and gave her robes of white And he crowded all the roof with stars to make her palace bright; He hung in her cars huge diamond drops, and her couch was

diamond too, But still my First looked chill on him whatever my Second could do. He bade the northern lights perform in honour of his guest And he laid the very winds asleep, that they might not break her rest; He chid the seas from dancing, and the rivers in their flight, But she never would pay him with the smile our poets call so bright.

As for my Whole, I rather think, if you followed with my First, And set it up, to do her grace, in my Second's clime accurst And tried our English pastimes there, you'd find it might be reckoned Just about as easy to climb my Whole as to clime my taller Second.

> No. 10. Pale, to-day, my lady lies, Very lape and wan, From the love-deeps in her eyes All the light is gone:— Lacking that whereon it fed, On her cheek my First lies dead.

Why is my lady's lip so cold? And why is her brow so white? And where is the love whose speech of old In that dim eye was light? Smite back this shadow of the grave, And save, oh! Virgin Second save

Too late, dull lover! all too weak Thy spell, that was so strong Since died my First, on lip and cheek, Of the chill of waiting long. My Virgin Second came to aid When out of the chill my lady prayed.

She took my lady to her breast,
And charmed the chill to sleeping; And she will not let thee break the rest That true love won through weeping. But bring sweet strewings of my Whole, And, though thy love's henceforth December Wear thou such strewings near thy soul, And, "pray you, love, remember!"

No. 11,

Kings, Lords, and Commons to my First repair And beggars sad and jolly harbour there, Should foreign foes invade us there would be My Second ready to dispute the sea, Without my Whole it may be truly said No honest woman ever yet did wed.

No. 12.

My First is made of iron, tough and bright;

My Second dims it often in a night; Yet of my Whole you've eaten times and oft, And, strange to say, have found it hard and soft.

THE ANGELS' SERENADE. BY THEODOR MINTROP.

GERMAN art, since the beginning of the present century, has applied itself to an elevated class of subjects, such as engaged the Italian artists in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and Dusseldorff is one of the principal seats of this development. Amongst the names of the labourers in this field who have earned a distinguished position for themselves is that of Theodor Mintrop, whose story is a romantic one, bearing strong resemblance to that of Giotto of old, who found a patron and instructor in the noble Cimabue. Mintrop, now one of the chief ornaments of the Academy of Dasseldorf, is the son of a poor peasant, having been born near Werden on the Ruhr, in the year 1814. Up to his thirteenth year he followed the humble occupation of a sheeherd and farm labourer. But even in his solitory wanderings. of a shepherd and farm labourer. But even in his solitary wanderings with his flocks his mind was directed to the contemplation of the beauties of nature, which his handattempted to realise, in connection with themes from scripture history. Some of these modest productions chancing to fall in the way of Edward Geselschap, the eminent genre painter, he recognised their extraordinary merit, and at once took the rustic artist by the hand, removing him to the academy at Dasseldorf. From that moment the advance of the shepherd painter was From that moment the advance of the shepheru-painter was repid and surprising; and he now ranks as one of the first artists of Germany. His representations of scripture subjects under a rural aspect are most charming for the devotional character and the fine reflex of nature displayed in them. He is particularly celebrated for the innocent expression of his angels and children, and for their graceful grouping, in the various compositions in which he is fond of introducing them as prime agents of Divine beneficence.

His latest work of this class, entitled "Das Engelstandchen" ("The His latest work of this class, entitled "Das Engelstandchen" ("The Angels' Screnade"), has been made more generally known to the world by the engraving produced of it by H. Nüsser, the talented pupil of Professor Keller, which is published, as respects this country, by Messrs. Adolphe and Co., of Bury-court, St. Mary-Axe, and which we have been favoured with permission to reproduce in our pages. This composition, by a fanciful arrangement similar to that adopted by the old painter-monks of Tuscany, Perugia, and Cologne, represents the Virgin and Child, with Joseph and the little St. John, assembled on a sort of balcony in an open country, overshadowed by relay trees; whilst beneath them and growding in fear shadowed by palm-trees; whilst beneath them, and crowding in from the sides are hosts of angels who do homage to them, some "Hallelnjahs!" others accompanying them on various instruments of music. There are passages in this work which we acknowledge to be of extreme beauty. The principal group of the Holy Family is of rather severe simplicity, and might be improved by the infusion of a little of the Italian fervour; but the bevy of angels below is most pretty in conception and arrangement. The group forms a circle, the back line of figures below in generally corrected with that in the forceround by a figure. being ingeniously connected with that in the foreground by a figure seen in a front view playing upon the violencello. The attitudes of these figures show life and feeling, and are full of variety. The faces, naturalistic rather than ideal, are full of thought and expression; the figures at the sides and in the background are of a wholly dissimilar treatment, and serve well to combine the upper with the under portion of the picture. The background, also, though but seen at a mere glimpse through a corner of the canvas, is picturesque, and skilfully introduced.

The engraving of this picture by Nüsser, which is copyright, is an admirable translation of the soft devotional character of the original, and will serve to enhance the renown of the arts of painting and engraving in Germany.

BONBONS FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.—Shakspeare



UST now we-and here we pause to observe that WE are an unassuming individual, "a poor relation," and consequently in great request as a layfigure at the Christmas parties of our wealthy kinsmen, where we are occasionally intrusted with all the duties, privileges, and responsibilities accruing to, or in connection with, the post of Magister Morum, or Master of the Ceremonies. Just now we have received numerous applications from the young folk, whom we so dearly love, for NEW GAMES—something novel in the way of pastime, some innovations upon the traditional routine "Blindman's Buff,"

"Hunt the Slipper," and "Kiss in the Ring." We confess that in response to these applications we have, on previous Christmases, exhausted all that we knew, or could hear of, as indigenous to Saxon England, and have even drawn to some extent upon our own weak fancy. But, foreseeing that Laura, and Kate, and Frank, and Edgar would be severely disappointed if we could offer them no fresh amusements for the evenings of the coming Yule, we have made an excursion to the gay land of France, and from its vines and garden-bowers have brought back certain Bonbons for the delectation of our juvenile friends.

Our share in the preparation of these bonbons is easily explained. We have taken up the raw French material, and adapted it to what we conceived to be the English taste. We have considerably altered the concection of some of the bonbons that they may not disarrange the digestive powers of English children. In other words, we have rendered the games we are about to describe much easier of performance, and have striven to give them something of a dramatic character, so as to make a slight demand upon the intellectual power of their performers.

I.-CECILIA.

A Ronde, and Game, from the French.

This lively game has a sort of family likeness to "Blindman's Buff," but is, we take it, an improvement upon that rather boisterons amuse-The players dance in a circle round one of their number, who is properly blindfolded, and holds in her hand a wand, while they the first of the following verses. They pause; then the blindfolded player points her wand to one of the circle, who is constrained to take hold of the end of it, and to repeat after her, "Good day, Cecilia!" in a sort of chant; "yes, yes, Cecilia!" If the blindfolded player recognises her voice and names her correctly, she, in her turn, assumes the wand and bandage, and the game recommences. If the blindfolded player is unsuccessful she has to try her skill again, and another verse of the song is sung.



E'en so they served Cecilia! The wild, the seething, fretting

The captain cruel,—he frowned at me, With a "Good day, Cecilia!"

"Yes, yes, Cecilia!" Loud roared the wind, wild was

Yet the captain cruel would frown

at me,-"Have you any siller for my fee? Have you-have you-Cecilia?"

My parents had no child but me. I looked at him, he looked at me: And as, alack! they could not "O, captain, I've but bawbees three,

I was soon dispatch'd o'er the briny Which I will render up to thee!" So sighed—so sighed—Cecilia! Yes-yes, Cecilia!

> But the captain smiled and whispered me-

"I never will take thy bawbees three;

But thou shall sing a melodie. So sing-so sing-Cecilia !" Then I sang amain, with a heart

of glee-"There is nae luck for you or me,

If we have only bawbees three!" So sang-so sang-Cecilia! Yes, yes, Cecilia !

II.-LA BELLE MARGUERITE.

(A Game, from the French.)

A young girl (MARGUERITE) kneels, surrounded by her companions, who hold a scarf or shawl above her head, so as to represent a bower;

tleman is chosen to personate the FRANK CAVALIER, who advances, singing the first verse of the following ronde. The Chorus reply. He sings again, and they alternate the verses until he sings "I'll bear away a bough," when he leads off one of the group. This is repeated until only one player is left besides MARGURRITE. The CAVALIER then inquires, "What have you there, sweet girl?" She replies, "A bower of leafiness," which he threatens to overthrow. Immediately MAR-GUERITE and her companion rise, and run off to their companions, pursued by the CAVALIER, who, if he catches either before she gains the circle, is entitled to a kiss; but, if they escape him, all join hands, and dance merrily round, renewing the game at pleasure. Note.-The CAVALIER, if unsuccessful, pays a forfeit.



1.P rilard the hour. the hour,

Solo: CAVALIER. What hast thou there, fair girl? Is it mine own, my sweet? I know that golden curl-'Tis La belle Marguerite!

is not

yet

MARGUERITE'S COMPANIONS. A bower of leafiness Is all thou seest here; Touch not one woodbine-tress, O daring Cavalier!

Solo: CAVALIER. I'll gather every flower, I'll bear each leaf away, Till Marguerite's secret bower Shall know the light of day.

(MARGUERITE and her companions rise and run off, pursued by the CAVALIER.) Chorus (if the CAVALIER is unsuc-

cessful). 'Tis not within thy power To gain the lady's seat;

Thou canst not scale the bower Of La belle Marguerite! Or

(If the CAVALIER is successful), It is within his power. He kneeleth at her feet; And his and hers the bower, Ah, La belle Marguerite!

Solo : CAVALIER. Where is fair Marguerite? I know she hides anear; Oh, bring me to her feet, Her own, her Cavalier!

Chorus. She dreams within her bower, The moonlight falling clear-It is not yet love's hour, O brave Frank Cavalier!

Solo: CAVALIER. I'll gain her calm retreat, My vows she'll stoop to hear-When kneeleth at her feet Her fond Frank Cavalier. Chorus.

Tis not within thy power To climb her seat anear; Thou canst not gain her bower, O rash Frank Cavalier! Solo: CAVALIER (leading off one of the group).

I'll bear away a bough

Until the path is clear-Soon shall she list the vow Of her Frank Cavalier! Repeat Chorus.

Solo: CAVALIER. I'll take another bough, Until the path is clear-O, Marguerite, listen now To thy sad Cavalier! [Repeat Chorus.]

III .- THE BRIDGE OF AVIGNON.

A Ronde, and Game, from the French.

This, to our fancy, is a very agreeable pastime, and bears some slight resemblance to an old game once popular among English boys. "Dumb Motions." To render it effective the leader ought to be a good mimic, with a quick appreciation of the ludicrous. The performers form a circle, with their leader in the centre, and dance round him singing the first four lines of each verse. Then they pause, and, while singing the last lines, imitate their leader, who dramatically or some laurel boughs may be wove together for that purpose. A gen- represents the person alluded to. Again they join hands and dance

round, singing. The game can be continued until the leader's powers of invention are completely exhausted.

Upon the Bridge of Avignon Song has a merry sound,

And lads and lasses, youth and age, Trip blithesomely around: Comes first the swell-ha, ho. And twirls his whiskers-so! And twirls his whiskers-so!

Upon the Bridge of Avignon Bells have a merry sound, And long the feet of happy folk Trip blithesomely around: Miss Fanny next : ha, ho, And sighs, and simpers-so! And sighs, and simpers- so!

Upon the Bridge of Avignon Harps have a birdlike sound,

vines Trip blithsomely around: Comes Lubin next: ha, ho, And reaps the harvest-so! And reaps the harvest-so! Upon the Bridge of Avignon Drums have a martial sound, And, lo! the banners and the spears Move blithesomely around: Now comes the soldier: ho, "Attention!" "Ready!"-so!

"Attention !" " Ready !"-so! Upon the Bridge of Avignon We hear the mill-wheels sound, And still the waters leap and dash, And still the mill goes round: The miller next: ha, ho, Who grinds the barley-so!

Upon the Bridge of Avignon Lutes have a tender sound, And still the peasants 'mid the And, link'd by garland-chains of flowers,

Who grinds the barley-so!

The happy feet go round ; The lover comes: ha, ho, To kiss his ladye-so! To kiss his ladye - so!

IV .- THE KING'S CHEVALIER.

A circle is formed and a player chosen to stand in the centre. Another remains outside the circle and personates the King's CHEVALIER. The dancers inquire of him, "Who passes by this way so late?" to which the CHEVALIER responds with the second verse, the circle still dancing round the player in the centre. The song, which is sung alternately by the CHORUS and the CHEVALIER, being finished, the dancers raise their arms, and the Chevalier enters and pursues the player in the middle, as in the old game of "Kiss in When the fugitive is caught both she and her pursuer occupy the centre of the circ's while the last verse is sung. A different selection of players is then made, and the game recommences.

THE RING'S CHEVALIER.



Who passes by this way so late, Comrades of the Majolaine? The guards will close the castle gate Upon the gallant train!

SOIO.

I am a herald from the King, Comrades of the Majolaine-His Royal commands I hither bring

With a chivalric train!

CHORUS.

We are all ear, and fain would heed, Comrades of the Majolaine, Whate'er our Sov'reign has decreed With a chivalric train!

BOLO.

You bave a maiden fair to see, Comrades of the Majolaine, Who shall his bride, his love-queen

And have a peerless train.

We have no maidens fair to see, Comrades of the Majolaine; Alas! where should such beauties

And where their peerless train? Nor all her peerless train

Nay, you have blossoms very fair, Comrades of the Majolaine, With curls of gold or raven hair, To charm an ardent train.

When bells chime forth the mid night hour, Comrades of the Majolaine,

Come, come, and pluck the fairest flower

In all our simple train!

The midnight clime an hour ago, Comrades of the Majolaine, Upon the winds swung to and fro, To wake your simple train.

What dower shall be the maiden's share, Comrades of the Majolaine, If she will to your King repair,

And lead his knightly train? Brave burning gems and tawny

Comrades of the Majolaine,

And rober in many a silken fold To charm her peerless train!

Nor gems, nor gold, nor silken dress.

C. mrades of the Majolaine, Can any truthful maiden bless

13.—Where'er I'm nurtured you will surely find, of peace and friendship I'm the deadliest blight; cut off my head and those who have been blind to your deserts will see you by my light.

14.—Add six to ten if you would know my First; the end of man my Second will disclose; my Whole of all created things the worst, as many a husband to his sorrow knows.

15.—My First is a fish, and by many is reckoned a very good dish when cooked by my Second; my Whole is a substance most fatal to man in a very close room and exposed in a pan.



CHRISTHAS-THE COTTAGE-DOOR.-BY BIRKETT FOSTER.-see page 617.



CHRISTMAS-THE HALL-DOOR-BY S. READ -or i on

THE LAST OF THE MISTLETOE

It is not generally known, I believe, that a dainty fairy sprite dwells in every spray of the mistletoe, and that when his leafy home is burnt on Candlemas Eve-as it should be, with all the holly and evergre that have decorated your homes at Christmas-he is released, and flies away, laden with the perfame of the kisses he has breathed, to nourish the germs of the good old plant he loves, and to make them green and hearty for the coming year. But it is true; true as that I, one of the thousand spirits of the mistletoe, tell it you.

We pass through two stages of existence: the first as a shrub, palpable to your touch and pleasant to your view; the second as a spirit, invisible as the air, unfelt, unthought of, but present, shedding mirth and happiness around every hearth throughout the length and breadth of "Merrie England" where Christmas-time is honoured.

Even in my first stage I could see, hear, and understand all that took place in my immediate vicinity. It was no ordinary event that elevated me to the rank of a Spirit, capable of looking into hearts and reading thoughts, and much that in my early career was dim and mysterious to me is now clear as daylight. Thus I am able to tell my story from the first moment of my life, including what passed beyond my ken during my inferior condition.

It was upon a warm May morning that a sudden pain darted through me, and made me feel that I was a living thing-what I was I knew not, and where located was an equal mystery. I was conscious of nothing, saving a craving desire to expand, so as to meet a something essential to my being, which instinct taught me was beyond my narrow cell. This something was the sunshine. It was, indeed, a joyous day to me when I burst forth, and the glorious sun's light flooded over me. I then perceived that I was growing out of a cleft in the bark of a mighty oak, which flourished upon the lawn of a stately mansion, situated (as I now know) in Sarrey, about ten miles from London, and called Beckstead Hall. Around the stem of the giant tree was a rustic seat, sought many a time by a fair-baired girl, on which to read over and over again in the summe: evenings a bundle of letters that she would draw from her bosom, weep over, kiss, and press to her heart of hearts, which the gullant young soldier then braving pestilence, treachery, and death amidst the jungles of imperilled India, whose honest love they breathed—had won.

Sometimes her little brothers and sisters gathered round the spot, and filled the air with their merry laughter. The stout old squire, their father, came also not unfrequently to smoke his matitudinal cigar; so that I saw plenty of life. At first, in the innocence of youth, I flattered myself that I was a portion of the favourite old tree, and gave myself airs accordingly. I had grown some four inches when Dr. Brady, my owner, Mr. Eglinton's brother-in-law, and a mighty botanist, came on a visit to Beckstead Hall, and then I found out my mistake. "Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed he one day, springing upon the seat, and poking me about with his eyeglass, "look here, girls! no occasion to buy a mistletoe for Christmas; here's one growing out of the oak."—"Hurrah!" shouted Jack Eglinton, a Harrow boy, of sixteen, at home for his summer vacation, "what a jolly lark, Fan! (Fanny was his eldest sister.) Here's a mistletoe; won't I kiss Lotty Claire under it at Christmas!

Fanny, as an engaged young lady, felt bound to look demure, and to discountenance such a proceeding on the part of her brother, stating that the time had gone by for kissing under the mistletoc. "Gone by ! exclaimed old Eglinton heartily, "deuce a bit! I would not give a fig for a young fellow who'd let a pair of pretty lips pass under it without paying toll; and as for the girls, bless 'em! they are their mothers' daughters, and they didn't sulk at a stolen kiss, did they, old woman?" This was addressed to smiling, comely Mrs. Eglinton, who blushed like a girl, and told her jolly spouse to "Hush! for shame! before the children!"

Time sped on, the summer passed away, and Christmas drew near at hand. I had by this time grown into as fine a plant as you could wish to see-strong and green and bushy, spangled thickly over with snow-white berries. The instant that Jack came home for the holidays he burned to cut me down and hang me in some convenient position within the house, so as to assist in his nefarious design upon our pretty Lotty Claire. "I tell you what it is, Jack," said his father, "if you lay a finger upon it before Christmas Eve I'll break your head." This was decisive, so I was permitted to grow on.

It would have been better for my peace of mind if Jack had been allowed to have his own way, for on the night of the 10th of December a gang of thieving costermongers paid a visit to our shrubbery, carried off a whole cartful of holly and evergreens to sell in the London markets, and, as ill-luck would have it, caught sight of me as they were departing with their spoil.

On the third day after my arrival in London, a dashing, bright-eyed gentleman drove up in a Hansom cab close to where I was hanging, and purchased me. He had a resolute way about him that struck me from the very first. He never seemed to me to think twice about anything, but did it straight off without hesitation. The quiet way in which he made cabmen, porters (he had carried me away to a railway station), policemen, guards, and even a fellow-passenger or two do exactly as he wished, amused me greatly. I afterwards knew that, while in India, by force of this same earnest, unflinching disposition, he had defended with a handful of English soldiers, against a swarm of bloodthirsty sepoys, an unfortified ruin, in which some forty or fifty trembling ladies had taken refuge during those fearful months when the fate they least dreaded was death. I also discovered to my delight that he was no other than Captain Leicester Maynard, the assianced husband of pretty, gentle Fanny Eglinton, that he had but just returned from Bengal and that Fanny and all her family were expected to spend Christmas at Craigleigh Grange, the country-seat of his father, Sir Robert, the

I saw little of the Christmas festivities in Craigleigh Grange, for I was hung up in Captain Maynard's bedroom far away from their scene; but when Candlemas Eve approached I began to be aware that something great was going to happen. I am speaking now from my knowledge as the Spirit of the Mistletoe. Whilst the plant remained undestroyed I knew nothing, guessed nothing, respecting what was at band.

Candlemas Eve at Craigleigh was Candlemas Eve and something more. It was Fanny Eglinton's birthday; on it she would reach her eighteenth year; and before another summer had passed over her head she was to become the bride of the heir. Open house was to be kept for rich and poor that day, and in the evening a grand ball was to take place—a ball for old and young. The grown-up people were to have the picture gallery to dance in, and the little folks were to enjoy themselves, unmolested and unrestrained, in the French drawing-room The eventful day arrived, and visitors descended, like an invading army, not only upon the Grange, but also upon the neighbouring village The "Maynard Arms" was full to the attics, and everybody who had a lodging to let soon found a tenant in some prudent bachelor who preferred a strange room to a long, cold drive home after the ball. Now did the genius of Sir Robert's buxom housekeeper, Mrs. Cleverley, thine forth in all its brilliancy. Garrets and other inaccessible

places became suddenly furnished. Young married men-lucky dogs, whose better halves were their passports to better quarters-crowed over elderly single gentlemen, who were billeted in sky-parlours, The grand staircase looked like a disturbed ant-hill. Servants rushed about in all directions, with portmanteaus, packing-cases, and bonnetboxes upon their backs. Keys were forgotten or lost, and ladies'maids, driven wild with excitement, got into each other's way, and quarreled dreadfully.

The picture gallery I have mentioned was to be the principal ballroom, and a capital one it was. The floor was of polished oak, was hard and bright, and the roof high and vaulted.

From the walls on each side hung grim-looking portraits of departed Maynards, all being dark and gloomy, as cross-grained a looking set as I should wish to avoid. How comes it that ancestors are always such scowling-looking ruffians? There were knights in armour, learned doctors, judges, shepherdesses with crooks and lambs, priests and bishops, small priggish-looking boys and demure little girls, dressed out like grandfathers and grandmothers with their wrinkles boiled down; old swords and pikes, rusty armour full of dents, with, in one or two cases, a small, smooth, round hole, through which a bullet had passed, were hung about here and there; and a ghastly old banner or two slapped moodily up in the roof. Perhaps it is because the swords and pikes are so dusty and rust-eaten, and because the little, smooth hole has warned the old armour that its use has passed away, and its turn come to hang upon the wall for ever, and because the old banners are so torn and cobwebbed that the ancient knights scowl so upon an age that cares so little for them or their obsolete trappings. Certain it is that they all looked as dark as a thunder-cloud; and when every atom of dust had been carefully expunged from about them, evergreens, holly, and brotherly mistletoe twined in graceful festoons over their heads, and a score of brilliant chandeliers pendent from the roof threatened more light than they had seen for ages, they looked more villanously ill-humoured than ever.

The French drawing-room set apart for the juveniles bore a very different, though scarcely less handsome, appearance. It was finished in the most florid style of modern decorative art, and, being the scene of the Illustration to this tale, needs no further description.

In a few hours all excitement, so far as the arrival of guests was concerned, had subsided. The ladies were busy superintending the unpacking of ball dresses, and talking about what they were to wear, giving mutual assistance in repairing the results of bad packing, forgets, and other similar disasters. Out of seventeen young ladies two had forgotten their white satin shoes, five had the right dresses but the wrong wreaths, one had forgotten the key (a Bramsh) of her dressing-case, in which all her trinkets were bestowed, and another had carefully packed up her younger sisters's dresses, &c., similar in hue and fashion to her own, but impracticable round the waist by a couple of inches. Nevertheless, thanks to their own ingenuity, and the contrivances of their maids, together with some assistance from Ada Maynard, they all entered the ball-room that night as if everything had gone couleur de rose, trinkets and all, for Jack Eglinton discovered that, though the dressing-case was massively bound with brass, with an unpickable lock, it had underneath the velvet a common deal bottom, which he removed with his penknife, thus abstracting its glittering contents, much to the joy of the fair owner. There are plenty of brass-bound, Bramah-locked cases of one sort or another in this world, I have found, with soft deal under the

Night came, and the morose ancestry began to wink in the unaccustomed light of the chandeliers. An orchestra had been raised in the centre of the gallery, into which by means of a ladder the band of her Majesty's regiment stationed at W--- were in the act of climbing, the commissariat under the command of worthy Mrs. Cleverley having just vacated the position.

Now, a ball in the country at Christmas and a London ball are two very distinct things. In the country people have not been dancing their lives out the night before, and have no prospect of doing so the night after. They don't come yawning in from somewhere else at two o'clock, or think themselves early at twelve o'clock; but are invited for nine o'clock, and generally have all arrived by a little after ten o'clock. You anticipate a country ball long before it happens, you enjoy it while it lasts, and you discuss it for a long time after it has passed. Moreover, you have come a long way to it, are determined to enjoy yourself, and you cannot do that without making other people enjoy themselves. Then, it is a general meeting of persons scattered about out of social distance of each other. If you are fond of shooting or hunting, and make yourself tolerably agreeable, you are sure of an invitation somewhere. If you are pretty, and dance well, you are sure to be found out, and have a long list of nice partners—or one or two-or one only, if it so please you. If you are good-humoured and merry, you are sure to find good humour and merriment. If you are blessed with unaffected, pleasing daughters, you will be sure to hear them admired. If you are fond of a glass of good wine, a rubber at whist, and a talk over county politics, you are sure to find some one to join you. But if you are grumpy and disagreeable you had better stay away, for no one will tolerate you.

The old gallery looked splendidly, and seemed to brighten more and more, in spite of the morose ancestry, as one by one the home division began to drop in. There had been a little confusion attending dressing, especially in the fastnesses; because, when lights were demanded all at once by seventeen young ladies, nine mammas, six papas, and ten other persons, there were not enough candlesticks to supply half the number required. In this emergency wine-bottles were pressed into the service, and if an unwary observer had visited the rooms the following morning he would have been bewildered at finding how much claret had been discussed by the young ladies, as evidenced by the number of empty bottles to be seen upon their toilet-tables.

However, if they had had Aladdin's Palace to dress in, and his Genii to adorn them, they could scarcely have looked prettier or elegant than they did—some gliding gracefully over the polished floor, others tripping it coquettishly, as if not liking to stand alone for admiration, but one and all wending their way to the far end of the gallery, where Sir Robert had stationed himself to receive his guests.

Some officers of the --- Regiment, with whom Leicester had been garrisoned in India, were amongst the first arrivals, and then began the ball in earnest. The grim old knights scowled a darker scowl than ever as the fair young girls flew over the polished floor, and the inspiring music and the merry laughter rose up to the roof, shaking the old banners in their faces. More and more arrivals, fresh revellers, poured in at every moment, and soon the old gallery was full-full of welcome, full of merriment, full of hospita lity.

It soon became clear that the notion of keeping the denizens of the two ball-rooms separate was impracticable. What! were the grown people to take no part in the forfeits, be shut out from the privilege of dancing with the rising belles, and be forbidden to see the conjuror? Perish the thought! Were the small boys to be denied the inesti mable honour of dancing with the largest partners they could find? Was a tall Guardsman to carry off Lotty Claire to waltz with him in

the picture gallery, and Jack Eglinton not to follow and de'y him? Such tyranny would have caused an émeute. No! Old and young mixed freely together, and it is hard to say which enjoyed themselves

After supper, when the jaded musicians had retired to have their innings at the good things, Jack Eglinton dragged the grand piano ont of a recess in which it had been stowed away, and Fanny (his sister) and Ada Maynard played a waltz for the impatient juveniles. It was then that my part in the festivities began. Leicester Maynard ran up to his room, seized me by the stem, carried me in triumph into the French drawing room, and hung me up to the knob of the great chandelier, under which all the merry dancers passed. Bless their pretty eyes, how they brightened! Bless their rosy cheeks, how they blushed! I shall hover over Mr. Godwin's pillow to night; and, if he can but remember on the morrow the dream I shall cause to pass before his eyes, what a picture will he give you of the scene that followed! There was Jack-handsome, honest Jack Eglintongreat in the renvers, figuring away with Lotty Claire in the centre of the room. He had private mistletoe arrangements of his own, and refrained from joining in the mélée that followed. Maynard (Leicester's younger brother) seized a sprig of berries from a vase, and gave the signal. Every available scrap of the magic plant was in instant requisition for a dozen of his friends and schoolfellows, and it was soon "turn round," "join lips," "up the middle and down again." Everybody kissed his own partner, and Tom Bright (the "funny boy." of the evening, who were the Knave of Clubs pinned to the lappel of his coat, in token of his twelfthcake rank) rushed about, kissing other people's-all but Charley Howard's. Charley was small, and no match for Tom in any less inspiring cause; but he fought like a young lion in desence of pretty Laura Steadman so Tom was bassled. I fancy Laura would have dispensed with his championship, for Tom was a great favourite. Had he not sung a comic song that had put the whole room in a roar? Did he not detect the conjuror in one of his cleverest tricks? Poor, brave little Charlie! When, half an hour afterwards, he made formal proposals for the hand of his offended partner upon the strength of his late achievement, he was called a stupid boy, and told to go away! Oh, the ingratitude of woman!

Leicester Maynard went to the pianoforte and chatted with Fanny. Lady Grace-dear, gentle Lady Grace-took baby Maude and danced her under me. What business had she to come brushing my berries with her soft, perfumed curls, when she knew that her lover-Cecil Deighton, of the Guards-Inkermann Deighton-was looking on, and that no one would dare to take advantage of her tantalising position? Why did that pudding-headed fellow Clogger go about trying to spoil sport, and to take Tom Bright's mistletoe away? I hope he got his shins kicked, and I think he did. But these little drawbacks were as a drop of rain compared with the bright wave of merriment that flooded the place, carrying away all unkindly feelings, all stupid restraint, upon

The ball had begun early, and so was brought to a conclusion in sonable time. The last guest departed; the inmates, tired out, sought their beds-all but Leicester Maynard and his friend Deighton, who adjourned to the room of the former to smoke their eigars. The ose ancestry scowled unseen in the deserted gallery, and the hospitable old house was still.

Neither Maynard nor Deighton had the remotest idea of going to bed, they had so much to talk and think about.

"Leicester," said Deighton, after they had sat for some time putting

away in silence, "what o'clock is it?"

"Only half-past four."

How light the mornings are getting! Is that the sun or the moon

shining through the chinks in the shutter? "Never mind the sun or the moon, old fellow. How about your

own particular star? What have you and Lady Grace been talking about all night? Is it settled at last, eh?"

"Don't chaff."

"No-but is it?"

"Well, she says so."

"By Jove! I wish you joy," cried Leicester, wringing his friend's and. "You're the luckiest fellow in the world—next to me."
"I wonder what she is doing now?" said Deighton gravely, gazing

"Repeating all your absurd speeches to Fanny, I'll be bound."
Do they eccepy the same room, then?" Deighton inquired.

"Yes; we are all packed as close as herrings in a cask to-night. They sleep in the west wing, right opposite our window."

"That light gets stronger and stronger," said the Guardsman, after a pause. "The sun must have risen. I'll open the shutters and

"Well, do if you like," Leicester replied, with a yawn.

Deighton unfastened the bar and threw the shutters apart. As he did so a red, lurid glare flashed into the room, and, uttering a cry of anguish, he sprang back and seized his friend by the arm.

The west wing was in one sheet of flame!

The alarm had already been given, and the friends saw by the blaze of the conflagration scores of labourers and servants hurrying from all directions to the scene of the fire. Leicester rushed from the room, followed by Deighton. They tore down the dark stairs, shouting "Fire! fire!" as they passed on towards the west wing. Deighton could but follow his friend, knowing nothing himself of the intricate corridors and passages that led to that portion of the old house, and when, on dashing open one of the doors, a hot cloud ot smoke burst forth in their faces, he lost sight of him for a moment, took a wrong turning, and found himself in the entrance-hall, a nidst a crowd of terror-stricken men and fainting women.

Fearful must it have been to those young girls-sleeping calinly and happily after the fatigues of their night's enjoyment, perchance dreaming over again some word or look earnest enough to have written itself upon their memories—fearful, indeed, to have their peaceful slumbers dispelled by the terrible cry of "Fire! fire!" No one knew how near it might be. Fire around her, and she in a strange room, the way to escape from which was unknown to her, or in her fear forgotten. Fire! and in her haste to fly she might unwittingly rash into the midst of the blaze! Fire! which, when safe herself from danger, was threatening those dear to her, who were still unrescued from the flaming building. "Fire! fire! "Mothers wildly seeking their children; children who could hardly be restrained from rushing into the flames to seek their parents. Of this dreadful scene Leicester Maynard saw but little, for he was thundering at the massive oaken portal that separated Fanny's apartments from the rest of the west wing. He dashed himself with all his force against the locked door: it was immovable! He shouted until his voice failed: no answer! He burst into a room where his father's lathe and carpentering tools were kept, and, seizing a broad axe, threw himselt once more upon the old door, and, between the blows that he rained thick and fast upon it, shouted, "Awake, Fanny! Lady Grace, awake! Fire! If is I, Leicester, who calls; unlock the door. Fire!" There was no answer; but the oak began to yield under the axe. One good blow, and the lock would part from the panel. It was

The head of the axe flew off!
With his bare hands Leicester tere away the splintered wood, and the heavy door, wrenching off the hinges in its fall, dropped with a loud crash into the passage.

The great rush of air caused by the falling mass drove back for a moment the flames and smoke from the staircase beyond; but he had hardly sprang halfway up when they closed behind him, roaring more furiously than ever.

It was then that Leicester heard Deighton's voice calling, in a wild, cheked voice, upon Grace to rouse herself and fly to him. Poor fellow, he knew not where to find her. Leicester shouted in return; told him that to follow was impossible, as the staircase was already

"Ladders and ropes to the window! quick, Deighton! See to it yourself; it is our only chance of saving them. Leave me here; I will do all that can be done."

When Lady Grace and Fanny had at last retired to their room they felt as little inclined for sleep as their lovers. Young ladies have generally quite enough to talk about after any ball to last till next morning. They chatted on, and never guessed how time had passed till a dull, heavy knocking startled them. They opened their door, and a sight burst upon their gaze well calculated to strike terror into bolder hearts than theirs. The passage was filled with smoke and flames, whilst the fearful cry of "Fire!" resounded throughout the

Bold and prompt in any emergency, as soon as she had in some degree calmed the fears of her more timid companion, Fanny ran to the head of the flaming staircase and cried for help. Help was nearer than she had hoped, for the next moment Leicester, emerging from the smoke, stood by her side.

Fanny was pale as death and fearfully calm. "I had so hoped and grayed that you were safe," she murmured in her lover's car, as she paused for a moment in her endeavours to restore Grace to consciousness; "and you are here."

"To save you, darling !"

"Ah! I fear it is to perish with me."

"Better so than to live without you. But we are losing precious

moments. For the love of life, Lady Graze, don't faint again! Do rouse yourself!" he cried in his wild agony.

"Hush!" said Fanny; "you are too impetuous. Dear Grace," she whispered, gently, in her friend's car, "we are all in great danger.

We depend upon each other for safety, under God. We must all be covered and the property of saved, or all-but, please God, we may all be saved. Be a brave girl, darling, for Cccil Deighton's sake."

It was enough. Fanny, with womanly tact, had touched the right chord. There was warrior blood in the gentle patrician's veins, which the name of her lover set in a glow; and the cowering, weeping girl of a moment before sprang to her feet, dashed the tears from her eyes, and was ready for anything.

Leicester then led the two girls into their room, and, closing the door against smoke and flame, threw up the window, sprang upon the outside sill, and shouted to the crowd below to hasten the movements of those who had gone in search of ropes and ladders.

"They are coming! they are coming!" he cried, in a tone of exultation, as though he were watching some vigorously-contested race. "Deighton is with them. They have a ladder strong enough to save fifty of us. They are here!—hurrah!—they are here!" and Leicester almost screamed with joy and excitement. On they came. Let the flames roar, and the old house crumble beneath their fiery tongues. What matter?—his darling would be safe. Oh, the wild joy of giving her scathless to her old father's arms!

Up rose the heavy ladder, foot by foot; but, oh, how slowly did it seem to rise; though strong arms and willing hearts were strained to the utmost. Up it rose, till it stood trembling on end in the air. Leicester could hear his own heart beating as the top was lowered slowly towards the window. It was full twenty feet too short !

A low mean rose up from the crowd collected below. Men looked into each other's faces, and spoke not. There was a deep silence, broken only by the rearing of the flames and the crashing of falling

What were Leicester's emotions now? The roaring of the flames became more and more loud; the room grew suffocatingly hot, whilst smoke began to creep under the door, and to curl about Fanny and Grace (who were kneeling in earnest prayer), as though it were a dim shroud enfolding them.

Then it was-when all seemed lost-that the remembrance of a Loyish piece of folly flashed across Leicester's throbbing brain. The window in which he stood was the very last on the third story of the vest wing. Within two yards of it were the capitals of those Corintbian pillars that ornamented that angle of the house. Beyond them, on the south side, was a ledge, similar to that on the west, near to which was a massive watersport. Below was a terrace, raised some twenty feet from the ground. Now, the ladder, though far too short to reach the window from the lawn, if placed upon this terrace would come up to a level with the window on the other face of the house, so that, if he could but pass his dear one and Grace round the capitals of the columns to the ladge beyond, they would be saved. His mind was made up in a moment. To remain was certain death, for the fire was crackling at the door.

"Do not attempt it! do not attempt it!" cried Deighton, as Leicester shouted to him to place the ladder on the terrace. "You could not "I have done so for a swallow's nest," cried Leicester, eagerly. "Do as I ask you, man! it is our only chance."

"It is indeed!" cried a voice from the crowd. "God help them!

Leicester locked down, and saw that the speaker was his father.

There was no difficulty in making the courageous girls understand the plan. The only question that arose between them was who should first brave the danger. This Leiesster soon decided. Fanny was calmly convageous-Grace unnaturally daring. Upon the bravery of the one he could depend as sure and lasting; he knew not at what moment that of the other might be quelled by the imminent danger. If Farny I assed in safety he would have no fear for Grace. With one hand firmly clasping her little waist, and the other holding on by the corner of the parapet above his head, with their faces to the wall-Leicester and his plighted bride passed inch by inch along the narrow ledge till they gained the summit of the pillars. Here there was a breader feeting, and Leicester paused. "Rest awhile, darling," he whispered; 'we are half round, but the worst half is to come. Five

minutes more, and, please God! we shall be safe."
"It would be so sweet," murmured Fanny in response, as he strained her close to his heart, "to be saved by you; but, oh! I fear! I

"Fear nothing, my own. Recollect Grace has to follow. Are you

ready?"

" Quite-quite ready." Still helding her frinly with one arm, while both of hers, widely

extended, embraced the slippery wall, they shuffled-I know of no other word—round the narrow ridge, rendered doubly slippery by half-melted snow, dislodging the portions of moss and rubbish that had accumulated there, and which fell at every step they took, making it appear to the breathless spectators as if the narrow path were crumbling beneath their feet. It was a fearful moment, every movement had life and death in it, every inch brought them nearer to the one or the other. The nerve and trust of the fair girl did not fail her, and moving along slowly and surely, as the first part of their transit had been passed, they doubled the angle, and gained the terrace front.

Here Leicester had anticipated that all difficulty would have ended but no. As Deighton stood on the top round of the ladder, his head was not quite on a level with Fanny's waist, as she stood in the recess I have mentioned. The ladder was still several feet too short. "Lower her down into my arms, and I will carry her," said Deighton, who was scarcely to be recognised but for his voice. His hair was singed, there was a red burn upon his forehead, and his face was ghastly pale. Leiccster trembled for Grace's senses when she should see him. "No, that will not do, you cannot balance the weight as you are; go down a few steps, and guide her feet, as I let her down.'

"Now, my darlings" said Leicester, "kneel with me; do not be afraid; I have firm hold of you. Now try if you can find the top step of the ladder with one foot; Deighton will guide it -so-there! can you put down the other and stand up? Cling to me, never fear; that's brave and well; now try the next step; can you reach it?"

"Not as you are holding me," she said.

He shifted his hold from her waist to her arms. She then gained the third step, and he only held her wrist. Clinging to the water-spout, he leant over the ledge till Fanny had descended far enough to be able to grasp the side of the ladder with her disengaged hand.

"Now, darling, you must release my hold; go down slowly and

She gently returned his parting pressure, and, with a look of ineffable tenderness, murmured something so softly that he could not catch the sound, but, from the motion of her lips, he formed it into a blessing. Descending slowly, preceded by Cecil Deighton, she looked up all the while, with the same sweet expression on her lips.

She reached the ground in safety, was caught to her old father's heart, and a great shout of joy arose, but was instantly hushed when it was seen that Lady Grace had begun the perilous route so fortunately traversed by her friend. Grace had heard all the directions given by Leicester to Fanny, and acted upon them promptly and silently, but her dress, which was much lighter than Fanny's, clung ard got caught in the masonry, so that Leieester had to leave her clinging to the wall unsupported for several moments whilst he disentangled it. They reached the recess, however, in safety, but Grace had not strength left to stand upon the ladder.

"Shut your eyes, Lady Grace," Leicester said, in as gay a tone as he could assume; "shut your eyes; trust to Cecil."

Kneeling as before, holding by the old spout, he lowered the now inanimate form till Deighton could fairly clutch his beloved burden without fear of losing his balance. He then rapidly descended the ladder, and Leicester knew from the shout which then arose that they had reached the ground in safety.

Maynard now determined on returning to Fanny's room, and, if the flames had not filled it, to save for her and Lady Grace as many of their little treasures as he could. There was a miniature of the mother of the latter, set in a bracelet, that he had noticed upon her arm at the ball, and which he determined to save at all events. The flames had not yet penetrated into the room, but the paint of the door was blistered, and the door itself so hot that he could not bear his hand upon it.

He soon found the miniature and Fanny's trinket-case, containing some valuable, old, family jewels. These he wrapped round in a blanket, and flung out of the window. He then pocketed everything of value that he could lay his hands upon, indiscriminately, and taking a burst of flame through the floor as a hint to retire, swung himself round the pillars, and soon had his foot on the ladder.

Leicester had heard a great deal of shouting, but as that had been going on all the time, except when Fanny and Grace were in danger, he took no notice of it; when, however, he had turned the corner, he perceived, to his dismay, that he had too rashly disregarded the warning cries, for a volume of smoke and flame was pouring from a window directly below him, threatening destruction to the ladder, his only hope of safety. There was nothing to be done but to make a dash for it. He did so; sliding, as he had often done when a boy, astride upon the ladder. It was too late. He felt a flash across his eyes, a heavy blow, and then—nothing!

Then followed a great roar and crash. A myriad of bright sparks shot into the air, and all knew that the roof had fallen in. The flames, which for a moment were smothered beneath the falling rafters, broke forth again with redoubled fury, and amongst them I, the Spirit of the Mistletoe, released by the burning upon Candlemas Eve of my leafy prison, soared aloft into the grey morning sky.

But I did not desert those whose story I have so far told. By almost superhuman exertions the fire was confined to the west wing, in which it had originated, and the rest of the old house was saved. No one was lost, but for many a weary day Leicester Maynard flickered between life and death. When at last he had recovered from the severe internal injury caused by his fearful fall, he still lay in silence and darkness, and only knew by a warm drop that sometimes fell on his brow that one he loved was watching over him. His sight was gone! He had been blinded by the flames through the midst of which he had fallen.

through the midst of which he had fallen.

One day, when Leicester had awakened from a sleep, he pressed the little hand that seldom left his grasp, and said, "Guess what I have been dreaming of, dearie. I fancied," continued he, not waiting for a reply, "that I was watching the rebuilding of the west wing that you have been telling me about, and wondering whether the room we used to call yours will be where it was before."

"Not exactly, Sir Robert says; but it will be finished exactly in

the same manner, so that you will scarcely see any difference.'

"I shall not indeed sec any difference," replied poor Leicester, some-"You must not think or speak so mournfully. You have been very

patient, dearest, hitherto; be patient a little longer.

"There have been very many 'little longers,' Fanny, but they have not brought what has been promised. No, dear one," he said; "sight has gone for ever, and I shall lever see your dear face again, save in

"Listen," whispered she. "As you will look upon the glo my side of things, I will humour you, and take the same view. With all this sorrow, however, have we not much to be thankful for? It is almost a miracle that you were not killed upon the spot where you fell. Of what value do you think my life would have been to me with the constant remembrance that yours had been lost in preserving it?
If it should be the will of God that human skill should fail in averting this calamity from you, have you not one to share your sorrow, whose life will be devoted to comforting you, to minister to your every wish? One whose eyes shall see for you faithfully and truly;

one whose very being belongs to you? Will not my love abate some part, at least, of the misfortunes you dread?"

Leicester told her that it could not be; that the sacrifice was far too great; that he had thought of this, and dreaded the time when it must come forth; that he must bear his calamity alone!

must come forth; that he must bear his calamity alone?

"You know not what you are doing," replied Fanny, vehemently.

"Sacrifice!" and her tone changed almost to bitterness. "Is the exercise of a love which the every-day monotony of a cold world chains down fruitless in one's heart a sacrifice? Oh! Leicester, when you cease to love me, speak those words again. Sacrifice! would you—oh! but hush! How wrong I have been, how thoughtless, how selfish! Hush! you must indeed not speak again. I have been sadly imprudent. You must be calm. If you attempt to speak. been sadly imprudent. You must be calm. If you attempt to speak, I will go. You must obey me now."

Days and nights were alike to the blind man; but I think it was about every fourth day that a strange step entered his room, and a strange hand removed the bandages, and examined his eyes. The lids were so swollen and blistered by the stames, which had burst forth full in his face, that they had remained closed. On one of those days Leicester felt the lid gently raised, and the great oculist, after a close

scrutiny and a lengthened pause, whispered in Fanny's ear, "I wish you joy, young lady; his eyes are safe."

They are perfectly safe. I, the Spirit of the Mistletoe, knew it all along. Leicester Maynard may have arrived at the dignity of spectacles a little before his time, and his handsome face have one more honomrable seen upon its but what of the table. honourable scar upon it; but what of that?

The Lady Grace and Cecil Deighton, Fanny Eglinton and Leicester Maynard, were married on the same day.

Time flies apace, and many other spirits besides myself hover over Sir Robert Maynard's hospitable hearth. It is Candlemas Eve again, and one more sprite is added to our number, for a fire has been lighted in the huge, old-fashioned fireplace, and the holly and the evergreens are consumed therein, amidst a hearty cheer for the Christmas that has passed. Four children crowd round Sir Robert's knee, making him repeat, for the hundred and first time, the story I have just told you.

It will not please the children unless the old man tells it properlythat is to say, does not alter one word or tittle of the original account, or he will be instantly corrected, and sent back again to where he had introduced the innovation.

When the story is quite finished, the little girl (very like Fanny Eglinton that was) who has been standing very quietly between grandpapa's knees turned her great eyes full upon his face-

"Grandpa!"

"Well, my pet?"

"Why did not Colonel Deighton run up to save godmamma when

papa went to save mamma?"
"Because he lost his way; and a stupid servant told him that godmamma was safe in the hall, my darling."

"But," said a handsome boy, with a proud toss of his head, "if my papa had been there, I should like to know who would have got her down the ladder?'

"So should I.'

ALBANY FONBLANQUE, Jun.

THE HALL-DOOR AND THE COTTAGE-DOOR ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Tis Christmas Eve, and, far and wide, The shining snow spreads o'er the plain; The fairy Frost has deftly dried Her crystal mosses on the pane; From grey church towers the Virgin Chimes * O'er hill and dale their sweetness pour, And children sing their carol rhymes Alike at Hall and Cottage door.

The eaves are hung with icy spars, Snow-wreaths fantastic forms assume; The moon shines bright, and golden stars In heaven's great garden burst to bloom. The mansion wide its portals throws, As in the merry days of yore; And Welcome sits amid the snows Alike at Hall and Cottage door.

The light that streams through lordly panes, And makes the painted windows burn, Is answer'd back from lowly lanes, Where children hail their sire's return. The wild bells ring with Christmas mirth, And tell their tale of holy lore,-Glory on High, goodwill on Earth,— Alike at Hall and Cottage door.

Ay! this the key-note Christmas gives To cheer us through the twelvemonth long, And tune the burden of our lives To echo back the angels' song. Oh! may we join that glorious band When, earthly joys and struggles o'er, Dwellers in Hall and Cot shall stand On equal terms at Heaven's door,-Cuthbeat Bede.

LADIES' NAMES.

(Initials downwards and Finals upwards give the name.)

In my First my Second was my Third and Fourth. You are trying after my Fifth .- Ellen.

My First I hope you'll never have, my Second I hope you'll always have, my Third (in French) I hope you will long be, my Fourth I hope you'll seldom take, and my Fifth I hope you'll never have to

My first is hot, my Second is one, my Third is sweetsand sours, my Fourth is the beginning and end of vowels, and my Fifth is what you are always wanting.-Susan

An American province, bivalves, the post's confidances, the same reversed, a classic poetess, and a sea officer.—Louisa.

The Isle of Man, an exclamation, what you ought to do, what you would be sorry to meet, a Queen's name, and the second of the pomophagi.—Margaret.

16.—If of my Second you had twelve feet square, you'd have my First, and plenty too to spare; the two combined describe a period Whole and leads the mariner from Pole to Pole.

17 .- Without those eyes of heavenly blue, my First, dear girl, you could not do; without those hundred teeth so keen my Second never would have been; my Whole hath given great delight to many a rustic maid and wight.

[&]quot; The old name for the chimes on Christmas Eve.



THE LAST NIGHT OF THE MISPLETOE, -BY J. GODWIN.-SEE PAGE 616.



CHAISTMAS AMUSEMENTS,—ACTING A CHARADE,—BY J. JACKSON,—SEE PAGE 620,



CERISTMAS IN THE SAXON TIMES; OR, A WELCOME TO KING WINTER-BY E. H. CORBOULD.-SEE NITT PAGE.

CHRISTMAS MASQUES.

CHRISTMAS MASQUE BEFORE CHARLES THE SECOND.
CHRISTMAS IN THE SAXON TIME.

The accient masque shaded beneath its broad wings entertainments of the most varied character. The modern "play" is tolerably comprehensive, but in this respect it must yield the palm to the masque; for, though there is a considerable difference between "Henry V.," as produced under the management of Mr. Macready, and a transpontequine melodrama, yet the opera of "Satanella," the advertisement-sheet of the Times, Punch, and a bal masque of M. Jullien may fairly be considered to present collectively still more salien' points of difference. Yet, as far as the two periods permit, we may find a parallel for all of these in the masque. It is quite certain that no libret's will bear comparison with the poetry of "Comus;" but, on the other hand, the music of Mr. Lawes does not occupy a similar pre-eminence. We may observe, at the same time, that it was rather hard of Milton, after he had written the best masque in the language himself, to speak so contemptuously of them as he does in "Paradise Lost," where, after defining where Love does dwell, he proceeds to state where it does not:—

nor in court amours, Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball.

And again, in his "Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth," he says:—"A thing must be adored as a demigod, with a dissolute and haughty Court about him, of vast expense and luxury, masks, and revels."

In the more elaborate masques the supernatural element was always introduced. When these masques were held or given in honour of some particular individual, we find the puffing element superadded. It is strange how this pervades the records of all ages. Homeric heroes it is very strong; and the most gentlemanly of the Roman poets has contributed the coolest specimen of self-eulogy upon record. But the ingenuity of the combination, to which allusion has been made in the masque, would have excited the envy of an advertiser's poet. After a plot which, not having the advantage of being taken from the French, was very unintelligible, into which Jupiter or June was most unfairly dragged (the sex of the deity varying with that of the individual whom it was proposed to honour), when the heavenly visitor had espoused the cause of justice, and aided in the overthrow of the inevitable villain of the piece; after having claimed some amount of merit for their valuable assistance, they proceeded to state that, though they (Jupiter or Juno) had previously entertained a tolerably good opinion of themselves, and thought they had made rather respectable Sovereigns of heaven than not, yet, on looking at the august personage opposite, they perceived their error, and therefore they would be happy to resign their easy chairs in Olympus, and make over their reversionary interest in nectar and ambrosia at once These masques, which partook of the organisation of a play, and were generally presented on grand occasions. "The Masque of Comus," for instance, was presented at Ludlow Castle, before the Earl of Bridgewater, on his being made President of Wales. The masques, however, which were more frequent, as requiring less careful preparation, were those which depended principally for their success upon the assumption of a variety of grotesque characters by the actors. These they would select according to their own taste, dragons and griffins, and all shapes of horror, being generally in great request, as shown in "Christmas in the Saxon Time," which represents "A Welcome to King Winter." The figure on the log is the Icy Monarch, followed by his faithful attendant, Snow. Behind comes the car of Venus, with her doves and Cupid; whilst a troop of ancient worthies bring up the rear. No advance had been made in the study of geology in the days when masques were popular; but if Professor Owen had been in existence there can be no doubt that the run upon Saurians on those occasions would have been something fearful. Some of the principal actors would recite verses, and the enter-

tainment would occasionally be varied by solos and part songs. Some of the verses were of a satirical nature, containing a little about everthing in general and nothing in particular; a faint fore-shadowing of Mr. Albert Smith's "Galignani." A a very wide licence of speaking and jesting was allowed to all the actors in these revels; and in this, probably, rested their great charm. For "shooting folly as it flies" is more sportsmanlike; and those who can hit the blot gain more applause than their brethren who take a sitting shot at it with the grey-goose quill.

In our last Christmas Supplement we treated of Masques at greater length, and to that account we refer such of our readers as are desirous of further information.

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT ON CHRISTMAS DAY. O who would be a bachelor?" I heard a husky groan, And, looking up, beheld the head of one I long had known; Stretched out before the fire with his legs upon a chair,

"O who would be a bachelor, and live in furnished rooms,
With landlady all innocent of brushes and of brooms;
Where all the effort seems to be to try as best she may
How little she can do for you, and how much make you pay?

And face of utter wretchedness, he sang this plaintive air-

"O who would be a bache'or? Just overlook my things: Hach shirt is somewhere buttonless, no collar has both strings; My socks are worn out at the heels, and ditto at the toes; The more about it I complain, the worse the matter grows.

"() who would be a bachelor? Just try it for a bit,
And when at evening you come home be forced alone to sit,
With no companion save your thoughts, and those not over bright:
Oh! ladies, ladies, take my word, it is a sorry sight!

"O who would be a bachelor? Not I, upon my life!

I know too much about it. Oh! dear girls, I want a wife!

So, listen, all ye maidens—tall or short, or stout or thin—

My heart's to let, this Christmas Day! Oh, who will venture in?"

CULTIVATION OF THE PAIR.—Of late years the Pair has been remarkable for its slow growth. While in India it reaches maturity carly in the spring, it is often the latter end of summer before it can be forced in the hothouses of Belgravia. The Pair requires warmth, and should be carefully watched. A little gold dust sprinkled over the younger branches will frequently produce a very nice Pair.

18.—Tom lost a peeper at Inkermann; and, not liking to wear a patch or spectacles, had a glass eye made which he called after his sweetheart. What was the lady's name?

19.—I bought a pair of so'es, and my fishmonger gave me my Second to my First, and then I could not eat it, although I used it. What did he give me?

ACTING CHARADES.



I am a right-minded person, hobbling through the world with as few sins as I can help; I paid my water-rate last quarter, and my hatter is always glad to see me; so I consider I am entitled to a vote in all Christmas matters. I am

pregared at any moment to jump upon an eighteen-gallon cask and hold up both hands in favour of jolly Christmas evenings. A Christmas night should be a cure for six months' melancholy. The thought of it should make you laugh even whilst your back is being rubbed for lumbago; whilst the dentist is tapping your teeth to find the one that aches; whilst thieves are breaking into your house, or the nettle-rash breaking out in your neighbour's. But where are you to meet with such a Christmas night? I'll give fifty umbrellas to any one who will tell me. I only know of one, and that is a secret.

I will give you a sample of what I call a dreary Christmas Day. An old uncle of mine-merely presuming upon our relationship—once got me to dine with him. When a man has lived to be a bachelor of seventy, and done nothing all his long life but make and save money, it is considered a prudent thing to humour his fancies. He meant to honour me, and I felt convinced I was flattering him, so we neither of us had a fair start. I passed what I consider the most powerful specimen of a dreary day; he said he enjoyed himself excessively. So the whole affair was a mistake. He bought six pennyworth of evergreens, and thought he was keeping up old customs. A sprig with three laurel leaves was stuck in the parlour window. The effect was impudent but not lively. More sprigs were placed over the lookingglass, and looked as miserable and lonely as if ther were put up there for misbehaving themselves. He engaged the greengrocer to wait at table, and thus add to the delusion that it was a feast. The servants wished him a merry Christmas, and he answered, "He hoped so, but there was no telling as yet." He was heavy in the bill business, and greatly troubled about doubtful paper. We had a mountain of beef, with a bit of evergreen stuck in it, so that it reminded me of Onetree-hill at Greenwich. A snowy storm of scraped horseradish had fallen upon the tempting brown meat, and a steaming pool of rich gravy bathed its base. But my uncle discovered that the plates were cold, and grumbled himself into a passion. He asked me very often what his cook could have been thinking of to order such a tremendous joint, and groaned himself miserable at the idea of the loss. So he spoiled that excellent beef, and when he asked me to have some more I sighed, for I was hungry, but declined, for I was unhappy. We had a plum-pudding with a bit of holly stuck in it. A pudding black as garden mould—a centre bed with a withered shrub dying in it. The brandy sauce was lighted, and I think I could have eaten two slices, but, with my first mouthful, he warned me to be careful what I was doing, adding, he should suffer in the morning for indulging himself with the indigestible compound. At dessert, when I took one of the four oranges, he turned me against the fruit by remarking I should spoil my palate for the port; even when I helped myself to a few almends and raisins he laughed and would not let me enjoy them, but "wanted to know where I put it all." He drank his half bottle in dead silence and then went to sleep; I finished the decanter, watching the clock and wishing it would strike ten. That is what I call passing a dreary Christmas evening. It was an ordinary dinner and might have been caten on any ordinary day. I consider that my uncle cruelly defrauded me out of my festival. If I had known at the time that he intended leaving all his money to somebody else I'd have seen bim and his beef, his pudding, fruit, and port a very long way off before I would have crossed knife and fork at his table.

But I have another uncle—a fatter and a wiser uncle—who is as different from the old one as fir-cones from pine-apples. My young uncle is fifty, and his tailor charges him double for his waistcoats. He is a fine-made man, and much admired for the shape of his leg. He laughs more than is good for his health, for in the paroxysm he squeezes his checks so hard he'll put his eyes out some day. He hasn't saved more money than most people who enjoy life and share their happiness with others; but, if ever he does kill himself in one of his laughing fits, my aunt and the girls will find he has taken good care of them. The price of hatbands will go up when that sad day comes. For myself, I shall wear black shirts and scrub my nose with crape pocket-handkerchiefs.

This capital uncle of mine has three daughters a blind man might fall in love with merely to hear them talk. Pretty voices, mellow and soft, better than flutes. It is an honour to be seen out walking with them. I often wish I had five hundred a year and nothing to do that I might boldly proclaim my affectionate admiration. As it is, all I dare attempt, to declare my undying devotion, is to send them valentines. To see those girls in their ball-dresses, with their white shoulders shining like ground glass lamp-shades, makes a man feel jealous of every male in the world.

As long as I live, and as long as they will let me, I shall pass my Christmas with this captivating family. Judge whether I am right or not when I tell you how the day passes.

I am free of the house, and for years have seized upon a hat-peg which I consider mine. If young Ted or young Fred put their caps upon it, I just knock them off again. That's my way. On Christmas Day, after church, I call at the house. The girls hear my knock, and run to the window to see who it is; and we stand, I nodding to the six eyes, and the six eyes sparkling at me. Nice! isn't it? Next, they meet me in the hall, and always pretend they are not glad to see me asking, with the most overwhelming pertness, why I come bothering them so early, when I knew they were busy preparing for the dinner? But they don't mean it, or else why do they laugh and look sly? They get as good as they send, too, until aunt, in the parlour calls out for the girls to be quiet and leave me alone. We have a little flirtation about this, I complaining to aunt about their rudeness, and

they calling me by all manner of deliciously-insulting little names which encourage my fondest hopes. At last we make friends, and I am set to work arranging the evergreens about the rooms. I garland the pictures, and surround the lookingglass with a thicker shrubbery than most London gardens can boast of. Whatever I do the three girls find fault with, and aunt admires. At last, they are sent out of the room to attend to other matters, and I am left in peace, as aunt says, but, for myself, I preferred the hostilities. Every now and then one of the girls comes in to ask for the keys, or something, but in reality to attack me, and sometimes I am called upon for my opinion as to whether a custard or a jelly is properly concocted. There is a deal of eating in that house on this happy day. Scuffles are continually taking place in the hall, and the mellow soft voices tell Freddy and Teddy to "behave themselves, do!" by which I know those bold freebooters are waylaying some delicacy or other on its dangerous passage up-stairs. I have to listen, too, to conversations about the persons who are invited to dinner. Aunt hopes to goodness the Tilts will not bring that tiresome big boy of theirs, who always makes himself ill; Adela wonders if Mrs. M'Dirty will have a new dress this time; Mary abuses a Mr. Swishton so vehemently, I am filled with anxiety lest she secretly loves him; and Theresa begs to be allowed to sit next one Ellen at dinner. I never interfere in these family discussions, but go on pricking my fingers with the holly-leaves as if nothing was taking place.

When I have finished arranging my "green stuff" I am rewarded by being allowed to behold the hidden treasures of the back parlour. The dessert, that is to be, has been locked up there, arranged on the table ready to be brought in after dinner. Batteries of piled-up oranges, divided by bristling laurel-leaves, apples that have been rubbed till they shine like waxwork, nuts enough to feed a drove of squirrels, raisins blue with the bloom, French plums creased with the packing, pulled figs that stick close together like larks on a skewer, and, better than all, in cut-glass dishes, I spy my adored preserved ginger. If I attempt to steal an almond or purloin a nut, I am turned

out of the room, and abused as a glutton.

Dressing for the dinner begins at four and takes until six. It is a leng time to be left alone, trying to read the Times; but, upon my word, the results of the toilet are so magnificent, I wonder they were so rapid. I find out that they have done one another's hair, and plaited each other's knots at the back, because Mary says Adela hasn't fastened her wreath on nicely, and Theresa vows that Mary has pulled her tresses back so tight her temples ache. Their behaviour is prim and formal now they are in their grand clothes, and they sit very still and stiff. I strongly suspect my aunt on these occasions parts with some of her jewellery, for I recognise a brooch, a gold chain, and a bracelet.

There is a busy time to come, assisting uncle to decant the wine-I am asked to taste this and that bottle, until I feel light hearted, and inclined to sing a drinking song. Great fuss is made with a couple of cobwebbed magnums, and such care taken not to shake them that the footman who carries them half imagines they are dangerous to the touch, and holds them like loaded pistols. My uncle is surly when he decants wine, and, if ever I by mistake mix white and red together, he clecks his tengue like a whip, and growls from his innermost recesses.

But the dinner? Oh, why isn't every day a Christmas Day, with me for a guest? How everybody watches the dishes as they are brought in, and wonders what they contain! The anxious silence when the covers are taken off, and the rapid survey we all make whilst we are deciding what we shall begin with. The feeble titter that ripples round the table when my uncle, proud of his ample hospitality, hopes, in a loud voice, that everybody has brought his appetite with him. In an under-tone the speculative Fred tells Ted that he shall have some of "that," and points to a rich-looking compound, which turns out to be stewed celery. Those hungry youths speculate experiment among the different side dishes, and ask one another whether this or that is nice; and, not being over-delicate in their criticism, make such down-rate honest replies as "jolly," or "beastly." They are only praising or abusing the household cookery, and feel no modesty in the matter. Mean attempts at flattery are made by Dr. Kidd, the family medical man, who insists on carving for my aunt, and speaks of the girls as if he were part owner of them, reminding their mamma of the time when "our Adela" had the hooping-cough, and they so nearly lost "our Theresa" from the scarlatina. He calls out to my uncle, who is slicing at the beef, "Well done, P——! You've got a splendid joint there; beats last year's, I fancy." Next Christmas Day he will say the same of the turkey. When he invites a lady to take wine with him he tries to look saucy, and says, "I don't know how I have offended Mrs. M'Dirty that she will not take wine with me." He is a very pleasant, bustling man, and works hard to keep his practice together.

I do enjoy myself at this dinner. I attack the girls all the time, and they pick me to pieces as fast as their tongues can gallop. It interferes with the eating, and forces you to take big mouthfuls to make up for lost time; but I always think that once of turkey and a joke is better than the whole bird and moping. I make the girls drink so much sherry that when the champagne is handed round they declare they daren't touch it. They titter together, and vow they shall be tipsy. But they take it all the same, and like it. So do I.

By the time the flaming pudding comes we are merry as if we had been eating grigs. If we look at one another we laugh. Theresa has an attack of laughter, which makes my aunt ask her "What to goodness is the matter?" and she, blushing—oh, such a beautiful red!—points at me, and says, "It's that Augustus, ma!" so that I am set upon by my uncle and Dr. Kidd, and joked till I feel very hot and small. I take advantage of the attack to eat another slice of the pudding, the receipt for which is in our family, and is valued at five pounds.

During dessert I am shamefully treated by all three of the sisters. They insist, in the mostamusing way in the world, upon my eating all the preserved ginger, and as I am fond of the delicacy I oblige them, pretending all the while I am a victim. The two magnums of miraculous port make their appearance, and a great deal of smacking of lips ensues, accompanied by the holding up of glasses to observe the remarkable bees'-wing. The doctor sips, works his mouth about, looks savage, and says with a nod, "Very fine!" I imitate his example, and also cry "Very fine!" at which the three girls laugh derisively, and ask me what I know about it. The most solemn and affecting incident of the evening (next to that of Master Fred turning pale and leaving the room for ten minutes) is when Dr. Kidd rises and says he is sure we will fill our glasses when he tells us he has a toast to propose. We know all about it; he did the same thing last year. But we are all glad to have an opportunity of wishing health and joy to my good aunt; and, though the doctor's speech is "a year older, but not in the least altered" (to use his own expressive words when speaking of the "lady beside him"), we are all greatly affected, and the girls are prepared for tears if required. He calls my aunt a dear lady, and entreats my uncle to allow him the expression. He asks my uncle if he has any objection to being called his intimate and esteemed

friend. In fact, his oration is a tremendous success, and he feels certain that for a year at least there is no chance of any trumpery pettifogging quack coaxing away the practice of that family.

This is a specimen of the jolly dinners I enjoy at my uncle's house. But the great fun of the evening has not yet begun; the night is only half passed; there are the games in the drawing-room; 'there are acting charades to be done before bed time comes—imagine a Christmas at my uncle's passing by without acting charades. They are an institution in that establishment. The doctor approves of the game on the ground that they promote the digestion and "counteract the evil tendencies of too free an indulgence in plum-pudding." The pas and mas approved of it because it permits them, after the good dinner, to sit still and laugh. I have seen two rows of heavy pas and mas so excessively merry that the legs of their chairs trembled under their shaking sides, and perilled their lives. The pas and mas also like this game for another reason: it allows their dear girls, if they have any ability, to create a great sensation, and make deep impressions on the hearts of the young gentlemen, who, if they are in a position to keep a wife, are no, unfrequently allowed to indulge their fancy.

In order that everybody may have an opportunity of enjoying this capital game I shall describe a charade after the manner in which we played it. There is no difficulty about the acting. A little ingenuity and tact are required in rapidly dressing up the different characters, and the actors must not spoil their parts by nervousness or lack of energy. The rules of the game are very few and easy to remember. The first is, that anything in the house may be appropriated for the purposes of stage effect and costume. Hats however new, and coats however well made, may be brought up from the hall, sheets may be taken off beds, curtains unbooked, and spits fetched from the kitchen, or brooms, pokers, and pans from the scullery; in fact, anything may be seized upon without any chance of a scolding in the morning; or if this method of "dressing" be objected to, Mr. Nathan, of Titchborne street, London, will provide a wardrobe at a very small cost. The next rule is that no actor is allowed to speak. If he is very clever, and can be trusted, he may treat himself to an "Oh!" an "Ah!" or any simple exclamation expressive of delight, surprise, fear, or enjoyment; but not a word must escape the lips that might betray the secret of the side on which he is acting. The third rule is, that the word fixed upon should be of not more than two syllables and the pronunciation or orthography of those syllables may be followed just as "the side" chooses

The first thing to be done is to choose sides. The two most experienced charaders pick out, each in his turn, the actors who are to serve under them. If there be any highly celebrated performer among the company whom each of the leaders is anxious to secure, it is better, I think, to draw lots for first choice. It is a pity tossing is so vulgar, because it is very rapid. I have seen it done, but it was a very painful spectacle. Drawing lots is open to cheating; and tossing, though unrefined, is honest. Toss, if you like, but do not say I advised you.

When the sides are chosen it must be decided which of them is to have the first innings. I suppose you must "toss" again for this, only, really, I object to the proceeding as low. It might grow into a habit.

At my uncle's we always turned the front drawing-room into "the house," and made a stage of the back one. The folding-doors serve capitally for a drop scene. You have to ring a bell before you open the doors. It gives quite a theatrical allusion to the performance.

We will suppose that the word fixed upon is Treason.

TREASON.

(According to Webster this word is pronounced Treezon, of which circumstance we shall take advantage to make our)

ACT I.

Dramatis Persona.

KING CHARLES II.—before he was a "Merry Monarch."

Farmer PENDERELL, His Four Brothers, Royalists.

Mrs. Pendeerll,
Miss Pendeerll,

Two Soldiers, in Cromwell's pay. Two Horses.

Schu.—A noble forest on the borders of Staffordshire. Widespreading oaks are supposed to abound. Stately elms and valuable beech must be more easily imagined than seen. Between the window-curtains at back a pair of steps rear their stately head. Against the wall is seen an almost impenetrable underwood of walking-sticks, umbrellas, pokers, &c.

Enter King Charles II., disguised as a woodman.—A bedgown serves as a smockfrock to shelter his Royal limbs, and around his consecrated legs are tied half-sheets of brown paper—the only gaiters he can, alas! procure. In his distress he is forced to make use of the kitchen chopper for a bill. He is very dejected; he raises his hands, shakes them sorrowfully, and wags his head to express his firm conviction that it is all over with him. Then he frowns vigorously, stamps his foot, and points to his forchead to denote his unbounded disgust at being deprived of the crown of England. He doubles his fist and sneers majestically in contempt for his enemies. The sofa-bolster serves him as a log on which to rest his weary limbs. He meditates on the uncertaint, of life and the affairs of the nation.

Enter Farmer Penderell and his four Brothers.—They, too, wear smockfrocks of nightgowns and brown paper gaiters. As they intend to fell some timber, they carry on their shoulders sharp axes of fire-shovels, carving brives, &c. The Kinz, on seeing them, is at first furtined to take to his legs, bu', recognising his faithful gaardians, he greets them with graceful dignity. They kneel He is affected to tears, and blesses them. Then to the day's work. The Penderells hack with their shovels at the trunk of the stately pair of steps, whilst the sad Monarch lops off walking-sticks and umbrellas, which with a stout cord of pocket-handkerchief he ties into a faggot.

Enter Mrs. Penderell, draped (costume of the period) in a red table-cloth cloak. She carries a basket carefully covered with a table-napkin. The Penderells, by their merry looks and pointing to their mouths, seem well aware that their dinner is in the basket. They lay down their sharp fire-shovels and rub their hands vigorously, to prove they have worked hard and are hungry. His Majesty looks rather unwell, and casts his eyes upwards and presses his stomach to imply that his agutated feelings will not allow him to cat.

Enter Miss Prinderell, carrying a jug and a glass. She is well received by the company, who, by pretending to drink from imaginary goblets, pleasantly prove how thirsty their honest labour has made them. Miss P. offers his Majesty a little refreshment. He is smitten with her charms, presses his heart, and writhes with admiration. He condescends to touch Miss P. under the chin. He drinks.

The sound of a horn is heard. Great excitement. The Penderel snatch up their sharp fire shovels and surround the King, ready to perish in his defence. Extreme nervousness of Charles. Mrs.

Penderell, looking through the door, intimates by hor actions that she can plainly discern somebody in the distant landscape on the stairs. Miss P. clasps her hands in a becoming attitude of sympathy. Charles, motioning the Penderells to fly, climbs up the stately pair of steps, and, drawing the window-curtains around him, is completely conecaled in the thick foliage of the splendid tree. He thrusts forth his head and gazes around.

(Exeunt the Penderells, overcome by their feelings)

Enter Two Soldiers and their Horses.—The warriors are armed to the teeth. Trusty dish-covers helmet their heads. In their hands are drawn pokers. The prancing steeds are made to scour the forest by being twice ridden round the room. The veterans, by the unrestrained expressions of their counterances and their bold pantomine, imply that they are disgusted with their unsuccessful hunt after the King. If ever they turn their piercing glances in the direction of the stately pair of steps his Majesty's head instantly disappears among the heavy branches of window-curtain. The bow warriors plunge their spurs in their panting steeds and gallop away.

(Exeunt in style)

Enter the PENDERELLS.—They invite Charles II. to descend from his perch. When he has safely reached the solid carpet, the Penderells kneel. He blesses them and wipes away a tear. (Tableau.)

Acr II.

Dramatis Persona.

LADY of undoubted wealth and respectability. Her Son, in affecting circumstances.

TRUSTY BUTLER, old and prime.

CHAMBERMAID, faithful and steady.

COOK, FOOTMAN, &c. &c.

(A noble sleeping apartment, magnificently furnished. On one side the sofu, arranged in window recess as a fashionable bedstead. Against the wall a portrait supposed to be by Sir Jeshua Reynolds. Time, six in the morning.)

Enter Champermaid, holding a broom in one hand and a candlestick in the other. She yawns and rubs here yes. She rests her head on her hand, and closes her eyes, as if in sleep, to intimate that she would willingly gotobed again. But her lot is hard, and she shakes her head mournfully. At last her better feelings return. She rouses herself with much nobility of action, stamps her foot to show she is once more a woman, and works with her broom. A gentle voice without cries "Swe-e-e-up." Chambermaid smiles and points to the fireplace. Then she opens the door.

out thes "Swe-e-e-up." Chambermaid smiles and points to the fire-place. Then she opens the door.

Enter Her Son. The bag on his back, the dustpan and stair broom in his hands, proclaim that he is a sweep by profession. The sable scot is indicated by his black clothes. He cries "Swe e-e-up!" in a mournful tore, and bursts into tears. Chambermaid is deeply touched, and shows it. She, after an effort, takes a sheet and places it before the fireplace. Then, stamping her foot, to rouse her Son from his painful meditations, she invites him, with graceful action, to go up the chimney. Her Son, after sighing, pulls his cap over his eyes, and, grasping his dustpan and broom, dashes head first into the fireplace. Noise of dustpan and broom heard behind sheet.

Enter Lady, overcome by her feelings. Sheneverremoves the hand-kerchief from her eyes, excepting she wishes to turn them upwards and sigh. She walks round the room until she is opposite the picture, at which she gazes. A fit of wringing of hands reizes upon her. She is, however, at intervals able to imitate the action of a mother nursing her child. Chambermaid looks on in silence, a broken-hearted spectator.

Enter TRUSTY BUTKER.—He no sooner beholds the grief of his mistress than he thrusts one hand into his waistcoat, and, covering his face with the other, looks the picture of misery. At length Trusty Butler and Chambernaid persuade Lady to come with them. Supported

between them, she staggers from the room.

Enter Hee Son from behind sheet. He is disgusted with his ignoble profession, and, dashing down his cap, throws away his dustpan and stairbroom. His eyes fall upon the portrait. It has such a miraculous effect upon him that he can hardly keep on his legs. He draws his hand over his face, and looks up to the ceiling, and hugs himself, to imply that the painted countenance is very lovely. In the midst of his cestasy a sensation of drowsiness attacks him. He yawns, and rubs his eyes. He falters to the fashionable sofa bedstead, and falls asleep.

Enter Lady, a prey to her feelings. She once more imitates the nursing of a child, then shakes her head mournfully, and eventually weeps. Turning round, she beholds the reclining figure of Hen Son. Can she believe her eyes? She rubs them. Is she dreaming? She screams.

Enter Trusty Butler. Chambermaid, Cook, and Footman, &c., &c. They are greatly plarmed, and point towards their mistress, nodding to each other slowly and mournfully to show that they can account for the scream. Lady with frantic actions calls them to her side, and bids them look upon the lovely countenance of the sleeping youth. They all pass their hands over their faces, and smile sweetly as if startled by the beauty of the young sweep. A sudden thought seizes Trusty Butler, which makes him stamp his foot, open wide his eyes, and rap his forchead. He springs to the side of fashionable sofabedstead, and bares the young man's arm. In triumph he points to a strawberry mark. Lady exhibits all the symptoms of being about to faint. Her Son rises up, and while all, melted to tears, draw forth their pocket-handkereldefs, Lady clasps him to her bosom.

GRAND TABLEAU.

Act III.

Conspirators.

Guy Fawars, an officer in the Spanish service, Catesby, his friend, Percy, deeply attached to both, Stationary Category at Justice of the Pence

His Armed Retainers.

Scene.—(Be obliging enough to imagine that the back drawing room is a Vault under the Houses of Parliament, as it appeared in the

reign of James I. The Thames is somewhere on the back leads.)

Enter Guy Fawkes, Catesby, and Pency, habited in the picturesque costume of the period. Their wideawakes have plumes of paper. Their trousers are tucked up over their boots, as was usual at that time. The aprons, fastenened like cloaks over the shoulder, have a very jaunty air. The darkness of the vaults obliges them to use lighted candles. They are armed with drawn walking-sticks. They enter the vault on tiptoe, gazing nervously around. After a few paces they stop, and raise their fingers to their mouths to enjoin silence. Presently Guy Fawkes, pointing to his trusty walking-stick, calls upon the others to renew their oaths. Each lays one hand on the murderous weapon, and, raising the other, frowns and looks as much like swearing as possible. They shake hands, and seem pleased with one another.

Gny Fawkes hurries to the door to fetch in the barrels of gunpowder, and returns with a deadly sofa-bolster, which, for fear it

should go off, he handles very carefully. Catesby is laden with a stool filled to the bung with the same explosive material; and Percy staggers beneath the weight of a highly-charged coal-scuttle. They deposit their murderous loads, and then bring forward faggots of umbrellas, &c. When the pile is completed their joy is silent, but excessive. They again shake hands, and renew their oaths over the drawn walking-stick. Fawkes, by throwing up his arms, intimates that the ceiling will be blown to atoms; whilst Catesby and Percy shake their fists at James I., who is supposed to be addressing his Parliament in the bedroom above. Affectionate parting between Guy and his friends. He accompanies them to the door, and kisses his hand after them. Alone, he encourages himself by partaking of a little refreshment from a small bottle, and then strikes his chest, to intimate his excessive boldness.

Enter Sir Thomas Knevet and his Armed Retainers. With couched broomstiels and upraised tongs they surround the traitor. Fawkes, snatching up his lighted candle, endeavours to fire the bolster. He is with difficulty restrained. He is securely bound with heavy string. His bearing is stubborn and fearless. He frowns with all his might.

Enter Populace, dragging forward Cateser and Percy, who are instantly manucled with more string. Guy Fawkes is placed upon a chair, and carried round the vault, the populace pointing at him. The soldiers thrust at him with their steel-tipped broomsticks. Grand procession. (Execut).

As soon as the charade is over, the actors demand of the audience if they can name the word that has been represented. If a successful guess is made, then the other side takes its turn at performing. If not, the original company retain possession of the stage.

Courtship is an excellent word to perform. We did it after this fashion. First, there was the Court with the Queen holding a drawing-room. I was Premier, if I remember rightly. Next we had a shipwreck, and for the third act we got up a short farce. A husband returns home unexpectedly, and discovers a stranger making love to his wife. I was the stranger and Theresa the wife. They said I made love very naturally indeed. I remember I liked and took great pains with my part.

Augustus Maynew.

FROST AND SNOW.

Sort, feathery snow!

When the cold north winds do blow
How you flicker and shine
On the frosty rime,
How sparkle on thicket and brake;
And, filling each nook,
Make the country look
As though Jack Frost were a pastrycook,
And the world were a sugary cake.
Soft, feathery snow,
You're all very pretty, but law!
What a mess you do make when you thaw!

You block up the streets and the squares,
Get blown under doors,
And melt on the floors,
And fall off one's shoes on the star;
When one wears
A cloak, on the seats of the chairs,
Giving one cold unawares.
How one swears?
You make us as savage as bears—
That you do?
You've a talent for wetting us through!

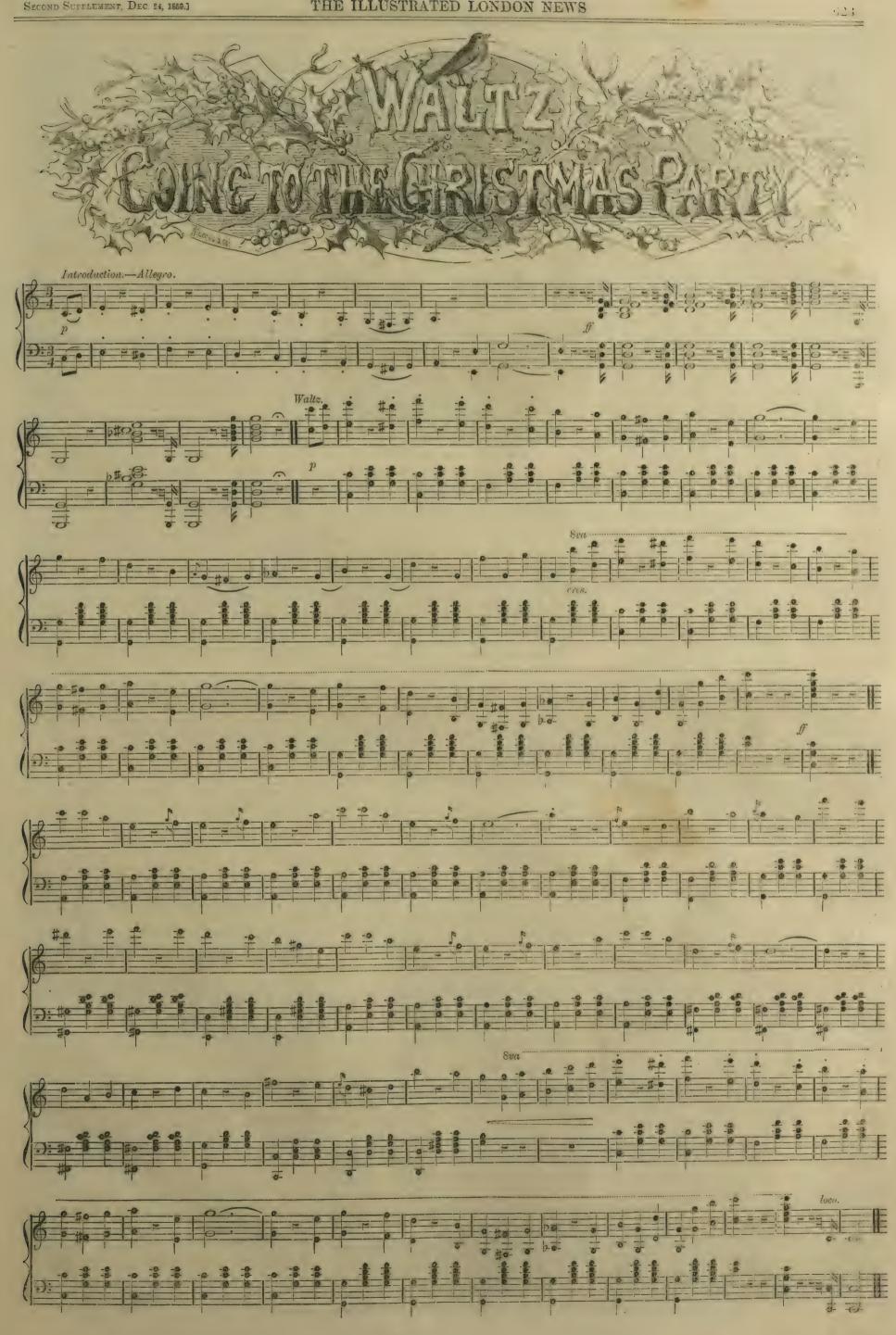
Snowballing is capital fun,
When its done
In good-humour every one.
The sport, as a boy,
I used to enjoy,
And pelted away in a glow.
But now, when I'm old,
Walking home in the cold
And a snowball comes—crack!
Down the small of my back,
I consider it dreadfully slow.

Then a slide! How I once loved to glide, With a run and a jump from the side Half across the town pond though 't was wide What fun 'twas to roll Almost into the hole That they made -or the fish would have died. Though my hide Was aching, I laughed till I cried. But feelings will change, Sir, with age. What a rage! You or I would be in, I'll engage, If when only just out Of our beds from the gout, Whilst we walked on the pavement (Foot-people to save meant) Tripped up we should be, Falling down on our knee, By the treacherous slides, which those vile doctors' bays, With black oilskin baskets and brown cordaroys, Cut cut on the path with the greatest of pains And leave there as traps for falls, fractures, and sprains.

When the sky is blue, frosty, and clear (As it should be this time of the year), Frost and snow, Together you go. The heralds of mirth and good cheer But when we are cosy in bed, With a warm roof over our head, Let us think of the poor and the old, Homeless, outside in the cold. Some pity bestow To lighten their woe, And blessing will follow wherever we go. Frost lias its pleasures, and snow is fair. Skate away! slide away! pelt in the air! But oh! remember the wretches who clem, What sport is to you is death to them. And think of His mercies, who died for all, When the rivers are fettered and snow-flakes fall. ALBANY FONBLANQUE, Jun.



GOING TO THE CHRISTMAS PARTY -BY HARRISON WEIR.



RESIDENCES OF THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING

RESIDENCES OF THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING.

In addition to the memoir of Mr. Washington Irving contained in our Obituary column, we give here some particulars of the last mements of this distinguished author:

During Monday Mr. Irving walked out to his garden, a short distance from the house, and gave some instructions to his gardener. He also gave instructions to the carpenters who were employed in making some alterations in his library. He did not ride out diving the day, as was his custom; but, as he made no complaint of feeling more indisposed than usual, the omission was not thought by his family to arise from any alarming conditions. He dined with the family about four o'clock, and after dinner proposed that they should spend the evening in amusement, conversation, and reading. In addition to the regular members of the family, consisting of Elizancer Irving, the brother of the deceased, with his three daughters, and Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, a nephow, with his wife; another nephow, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, and property and excepting and a secondary comment of the Property of the Parguay Expedition.

A secondary comment of the proposal of Mr. Irving, none of the party appeared more cheeful, or a more gratified sharer of the enjoyment, than he. In the intervals of conversation he glanced over the pages of several books that lay on the centre-table, and the interval of the Parguay Expedition.

A set of the Parguay Expedition.

A set of the Parguay Expedi

SUNNYSIDE, ON THE HUDSON.

Trez latter years of Washington Irving's life were spent at his charming retreat, Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson, about twenty-five miles from the city of New York. Miss Bremer gives the following account of Washington Irving at home:—" His house, or villa, which stands on the banks of the Hudson, resembles a new ful idyll: thick masses of try clothe one portion of the white west and carland the eaves. Fut cows fed in a meadow just before



SUNNYSIDE, ON THEHUDSON, THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WASBINGTON IRVING

washington irving.

the window. Within, the rooms seemed to be full of summer warmth, and had a peaceful and cheerful aspect. One felt that a cordial spirit, full of the best sentiment of the soul, lived and worked there. Washington Irving, although possessing the politeness of a man of the world, and with great natural good temper, has, nevertheless, somewhat of 'that nervous shyness which so easily attaches itself to the author, and in particular to one gifted with delicacy of feeling and refinement. The postical mind, by its intercourse with the divine spheres, is often brought somewhat into disharmony with clumay earthly realities. To those belong especially the visits of strangers and the forms of social life, as we make them in good society upon carth, and which are shells that must be cracked if one would get at the juice of either kernel or fruit. But that is a difficulty for which one often has not time. A portrait which hangs in Washington Irving's drawing-room, and which was painted many years since, represents him as a remarkably handsome man, with dark hair and eyes—a head which might have belonged to a Spaniard. When young he must have been unusually handsome. He was engaged to a young lady of rare beauty and excellence; it would have been difficult to find a more handsome pair. But she died, and Washington Irving never sought for another bride. He has been wise enough to centeat himself with the memory of a perfect love, and to live for literature, friendship, and nature."

CANONBURY HOUSE, ISLINGTON.

This building, at the northern extremity of the parish of Islington, denotes the site of the country house of the Prior of the Canons of St. Bartholomew; hence, it is supposed, the name of Canons'-bury, bury being synonymous with burgh, a dwelling. Mr. Timbs, in his "Curiosities of London" gives us the following particulars respecting Canonbury House:—"The tower, which is of red brick, is believed to have been-built by Sir John Spencer, of Crosby-place, who purchased the estate in 1570. Elizabeth, his only daughter and heiress, married William, second Lord Compton, who is traditionally said to have contrived her elopement from her father's house at Canonbury in a baker's basket. In 1618 he was created Earl of Northampton, and from him the present owner of Canonbury, who is the ninth Earl and first Marquis of Northampton, is lineally descended. The tower is 17 feet square; and nearly 60 feet in height, and consists of seven stories and twenty-three rooms. For many years it was let in lodgings. Amongst its tenants was Ephraim Chambers, whose Cyclopædia was not only the basis of Rees's work, but originated all the modern cyclopædias in the English and the other European languages. Chambers died at Canonbury, May 18, 1740; and was buried in Viestminster Abbey, under a short Latin inscription, his own composition. Newbery, the bookseller, lodged here; and in his apartments Goldsmith often lay-concealed from his creditors, and under a pressing necessity he there wroto his 'Viear of Wakefield.'"

Washington Irving in "Geoffry Crayon's Poor Devil Author" says:—"Chamce threw me in the way of Canonbury Castle. It is an ancient tower, hard by Merry Islington, the remains of a hunting This building, at the northern extremity of the parish of Islington,



CANONBURY HOUSE, ISLINGTON.

seat of Queen Elizabeth, where she took the pleasure of the county when the neighbourhood was weedland. What gave it particular interest in my eyes was the circumstance that it had been the residence of a poet. It was here Goldsmith resided when he wrote 'The Deserted Village.' I was shown the very apartment. . . . In a few days I was quietly established in my new quarters; my books all arranged, my writing-desk placed by a window locking out in the fields, and I felt as snug as Robinson Crusoe when he had finished his bower. . . I rambled about the fields where I thought Goldsmith had rambled. I explored Merry Islington; at my solitary dinners at the Black Bull, which, according to tradition, was a country seat of Sir Walter Raleigh, and would sit and sip my wine in a quaint old room where many a council had been held. . . . But Sunday came, and the whole world came swarming about Canonbury Castle. I could not open my window, but I was stunned with shouts from the cricket-ground; the late quiet road beneath my window was alive with the tread of feet and the clack of tongues, and I found my quiet retreat was absolutely a showhouse, the tower and its contents being shown to strangers at sixpence a head."

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL, NEWPORT.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL, NEWPORT.

A New Congregational Chapel in Victoria-road, Newport, Monmouthshire, of which the foundation-stone was laid in November, 1858, by the Hon. Mrs. Thompson (sister of the Earl of Gainsborough), was opened for public worship on Wednesday, the 7th inst. The Rev. George Smith, of London, delivered a most effective discourse from part of the 24th verse of the 20th chapter of Exodus—"In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." After the morning service a dinner took place at the King's Head Hotel, of which about forty ladies and gentlemen partook. In the evening the Rev. Dr. Ferguson preached an eloquent sermon to a crowded audience. On Thursday there was a tea meeting in the commedious school-room. Arrangements were made for about eight hundred; but from twelve to fourteen hundred were present: never before, says a local print, was there such a monstrous tea meeting in Newport. The Hon. Mrs. Thompson, the Rev. F. Pollard (Pastor of the church), and others, addressed the meeting. Mr. Thompson announced that, if four committees of ten persons each would exert themselves in getting subscriptions towards clearing off the debt, his wife (the Hon. Mrs. Thompson) would head the subscriptions with twenty guineas—five guineas for each committee.

In the design of the chapel the architect, Mr. O. A. Watkins, has strayed from the repetition of Gothic edifices, and produced a building that is essentially adapted for Protestant worship, and in which the whole of the congregation is enabled to see and hear the preacher. The style partakes somewhat of the modern French, and presents many novelties of design in its composition. The principal façades are of Bath stone, and are particularly rich and beautiful. The windows form very hand. owner features, their heads terminating with archivolta, encircled with carved foliage. Externally and internally, the building has a striking and original effect. The interior presents a light and airy appearance. Its galler



NEW CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL, NEWPORT, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

and arcading behind the pulp't, are very ornamental features in the interior. The roof spans the whole width between the walls, which gives the ceiling an elegant appearance (the centre portion is covered with ornamental productions for ventilation), and is intersected by rich cornices, roped mouldings, and carved bosses; and the supporting consols are floridly decorated, terminating with natural, carved foliage. The pulpit, which is of deal, moulded and paneled, is finished in white and gold, and differs widely from the wine-glass rostrums seen in many places of worship. It stands on a platform raised two feet above the floor of the chapel. The platform is inclosed with oak railings, filled in with iron foliage. The seats are all open, and are of stained deal, and varnished. The chapel is lighted with a chandelier and pendants, dropping from the gallery. The level of Hill street falls so rapidly that the architect thereby obtained a good entrance to the basement, which contains a deacons' vestry, two class-rooms, and a well-arranged school-room, sufficiently large to accommodate four hundred children, and will be used for weekly services, lectures, and tea meetings.

THE FARM.

THE FARM.

Christmas and its fat shows are, of course, the universal topics among agriculturists; but the after-dinner speeches are so full of warnike defiance and riffe-cults othoritations that the state of the agricultural labourer, the pros and cons of ploughing by steam, and the waste of manure, &c., seem to be pretty nearly forgotten. Mr. Alderman Mechi has, however, been pursuing the last subject with his wonted skilfulness and good humour; and the result is that Baron Liebig has commenced a new series of his "Chemical Lotters" in the Augsburg Gazette, to prove that, if we continue to neglect the sewerage of our great towns, as we are doing, and take away every atom of fructirping material from our fields, without duly replacing it, we shall inevitably, in process of time, share the safate of the Babylonians and Assyrians.

We may next week have a little shorthern news to tell, but at present we merely hear that Colonel Towneley's celebrated Royal English and Dublin prize winner, Roan Duchess 2nd, has had a fine roan beifer calf, which we trust to meet with at Canterbury in the new calf classes. We may mention, by-the-by, that Beauty, the dam of Beauty's Butterfly, is of full Killerby blood; and the letting of the Towneley bullealt, Barnley's Hope, into Ireland this summer for 2000gs, is another striking proof of the valuable results obtained when breeders can get rid of all narrow-minded jealousy respecting each other's blood, and cross out when they clearly see their way. Mr. Stratton did not send his entries to the Tredegar Show, and hence the enthusiasm of the Hereford men, when their beasts beat the shorthorns in the open competition, was nearly as great as that of a west-country auctioneer who once took off his hat and cheered himself, like a man and Briton, when the biddings for a Hereford bull reached 200 gs. We hear of one good shorthorn sale likely to come on early next year, and it is also rumoured that an eminent breader intends to part with one of his tribes.

The current number of the Fawmer

at four, number twenty-five out of the sixty, and half of them are prize-winners.

A FALL SIX TIMES THE DEPTH OF NIAGARA.—The Times' Calcutta correspondent furnishes an account of the Gairsoppa Falls, near Honore, declared to be six times the depth of Niagara. From the village of Gairsoppa, reached by a river of the same name, the writer was carried for twelve miles up the Malimunch Pass, and reached the Falls bungalow about three hours and a half after leaving the top of the Pass:—"An amphitheatre of woods and a river about 500 yards wide, rushing and boiling to a certain point, where it is lost in a perpetual mist and in an unreasing deafening roar, must first be imagined. Leaving the bungalow on the Madras side of the river, and descending to a position below the river level, you work your way up carefully and tediously over slippery rocks, until you reach a point where a rock about twice the size of a man's body juit your each a point where a rock about twice the size of a man's body juit your each a point where a rock about twice the size of a man's body into your any precipice. Resting flat upon this rock and looking over it you see directly before you two out of the four principal Falls; these two are called the 'Great Fall' and 'The Rocket.' The one contains a large body of water, the main body of the river, perhaps fifty yards across, which falls massively and apparently sluggishly into the chasm below; and the other contains a smaller body of water, which shoots out in successive sprays over successive points of rock, till it falls into the same chasm. This chasm is at least 900 feet in depth, six times the depth of Niagara Falls, which are about 150 feet, and perhaps a quarter to a half a mile in width. These are the two first Falls to be visited. Then move a little below your first position, and you will observe first aturgid boiling body of water of greater volume than the Rocket Fall, rushing and steaming down into the same chasm.—this is the third fall, The' Roarer; and then, carrying your eye a

cene, and by the visit are presence of the Creator of it, in the perpetual rainbow of many and brilliant hues which spans the foot of the chasm."

The "Bords" of the House of Commons.—In the course of a speech at Horshau, on Wednesday, Mr. 8. Cave, M. P., said he took a different view of the duty of a member of Parliament from that which was generally taken. Of late years constituencies were rarely satisfied unless their representatives were perpetually getting up and speaking in the House of Commons. His own opinion was that a large majority of the hommenbers who adopted that practice had much better sit still and hold their tongues—because by unnecessarily occupying the attention of the House they did a great wrong to the country, by taking up time which would be much better occupied in other ways. He had had but a short experience in the House of Commons, but during that time he had learned to be really positively afraid of the voice of one or two hon, members. Stiney Smith once said, "Life has been disagrecably abridged since the Flood, and it is very difficult to master more than two subjects." Nevertheless, there were some hon, members who spoke upon every subject brought before the House, and very recently one hon, member to the life has the said, upon any subject whatever, in which he had not taken a part. The course pursued by the hon, member might have been very satisfactory to his constituents, but coall not have failed to be extremely unsatisfactory to the House itself.

FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.

THERE was an impression about that when once the Congress was a certainty, and that the European Powers had finally determined to consider the Italian question, all the efforts of party and all the machinations of politicians would subside, leaving the destinies of the peninsula to be decided by the high contracting parties. Nover was there a hope more groundless. So far from leaving their causs to the jury about to try it, the Italians are hourly introducing fresh complications into the already sufficiently-entangled question, and endeavouring, with that ingenuity which is especially their gift, to make a settlement of the difficulty all but impossible. It would seem as though they had placed all their reliance upon the importance of a fait accompti. That unlucky piece of Talleyrand wisdom is the clue to everything that Italian politicians have up to this either planned or executed. When the famous letter of the French Emperor to the King of Sardinia had produced that amount of terror and consternation its centents were calculated to inspire, the reply was a vote of the different Legislative Assemblies of the Duchies offering the Regency to the Prince de Carignan—thus attempting, by the force of what they hoped to make a fait accompli, to outmancouver their subtle adversary the French Emperor! With the theory that whatever is will not be disturbed, they have gone recklessly on, equipping forces, organising universities, and effacing frontiers; all in open defiance of that very Monarch through whose aid they have attained the position they now occupy.

Very little political wisdom might have taught them that the age

Monarch through whose aid they have attained the position they now excupy.

Very little political wisdom might have taught them that the age which has no respect for the treaties ratified in all solemnity by the greatest Powers in Europe would extend little deference to such small eventualities as the decrees of unrecognised Provisional Governments, and that, when the Treaties of 1815 are torn to tatters, the contracts of MM. Ricasoli and Fanti can scarcely expect obedience. And yet, such is their unbounded faith in the fait accompli that they are satisfied to place all the future upon that one issue. Indeed, it is to the backwardness of Piedmont to adopt this theory that Tuscan politicians now ascribe all the present embarrassment of the Italian question. Had the King only followed in the Duchies the same line of action he assumed in Lombardy, they say, the whole difficulty would have been solved at once, and in the fait accompli all Europe would have concurred. It is needless to show the fallacy of this assumption: it carries its own refutation along with it.

the whole difficulty would have been solved at once, and in the fall accompile all Europe would have concurred. It is needless to show the fallacy of this assumption: it carries its own refutation along with it.

The French Emperor very neatly and epigrammatically pointed out that "peace has more complications than war," and in nothing is the difference more conspicuous than in the relative values ascribable to the fait accompli in each. A victory cannot be gainsayed nor argued away, while the successful move of diplomacy may be effaced in a moment.

I have been led to these reflections by the unceasing activity of the intrigues now going on upon every side. The Fusionists untiring in their attempts to compromise Piedmont; the reactionary party as eagerly insisting on the restorations, "lest worse should come on them, while the Mazzinists, discredited and almost forgotten, see in the present chaos an opportunity for reviving their opinions and rallying to their side all the scattered elements of discontent with all parties. Nor do the complications end here; for already a section of the Tuscan Chamber, numbering some twenty-three deputies, have issued a sort of protest against the acts of Ricasoli generally, and, in particular, his having arrogated to himself the right to supersede a vote of the Chamber by his own mere will, and, instead of the Regency of the Prince de Carignan, accept that of M. Buoncompagni.

There is nothing more unfortunate in the condition of all Provisional Governments than the fact that the head of the State must of sheer necessity be a despot at the very moment when every one is most eager for liberty. This unlucky fact is now brought to the cognisance of M. Ricasoli in a very painful manner; and I have heard that it has proved a sore trial to his temper. The opportunity offered by even so trifling a schism has been caught at by the "reactionnaires," and a printed document, assumed to be the act of the Archduke Ferdinand, has been profusely circulated through the Tuscan troops, recallin

It may possibly be the policy of France to prolong the crisis; indeed, many have taken this view of the Imperial plan from the first; but, surely, England can have no such object, nor will she, it is to be hoped, lend herself to a line of action fatal to all her future influence in Italy and derogating to her own character and credit.

So much will depend on the choice of the individual who shall represent England in the Congress that at this moment the Italians are prepared to augur well or ill for the future as this name or that becomes more likely.

SAVING LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

I was glad to observe in your valuable Journal of the 10th instant Mr. T. D. Potter's letter on the necessity of maintaining, and if possible extending, the zealous exertions that are now being made to save shipwrecked men. If one subject more than another might be expected to secure both the attention and the sympathy of a maritime country like this, it surely must be the safety of those of her sons whose "business is in the great waters;" and yet how imperfectly informed and how languidly interested is the mass of our population in the causes, the prevention, or the mitigation of the horrors of shipwreck.

safety of those of her sons whose "business is in the great waters;" and yet how imperfectly informed and how languidly interested is the mass of our population in the causes, the prevention, or the mitigation of the horrors of shipwreck.

In the very heavy gales of the latter end of October and the beginning of November last, a period hardly extending over six weeks from this day, 325 vessels were wrecked, with the loss of 748 lives, on the coasts of England alone. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to find the lives of 487 persons were rescued by the life-boats of the Royal National Life-boat Institution and those of other bodies, and the rocket apparatus of the Board of Trade. One can hardly imagine the benefit that is likely to arise to the cause of humanity from the establishment of a life-boat on a dangerous point.

Take only one or two illustrations. The papers of this and last week have recorded two lamentable wrecks in Chale Bay, on the south coast of the Isle of Wight. From one of those ships, the *Nirobita*, twelve poor fellows perished on Monday last; and from the other vessel two men. Now, I can state on authority that the officer of the Coast Guard of the division and the chief officer of the station, who went off in a boat (but which failed) to attempt to roscue the crew of the Sentine, are strongly impressed with the belief that, had a life-boat been on the spot, the whole of the lives of the poor fellows might have been saved. Again, at North Berwick, a few weeks ago, the whole of a shipwrecked crew perished. It is the opinion of the officer of the Coast Guard and other gentlemen that if a life-boat had been on the spot every one of the poor fellows might have been saved.

Unfortunately it is only when bridges tother to their fall and wrecks strew our shores that the bridge is repaired and the life-boat had been on the spot every one of the poor fellows might have been saved.

Unfortunately it is only when bridges tother to their fall and wrecks strew our shores that the bridge is repaired a

The Norwich Post makes an appeal on behalf of an aged woman, is mate of the Sudbury Workhouse, who is known as the "Widow of an immate of the Sudbury Workhouse, who is known as the "Widow of Trafalgar." She was present at the famous battle of Trafalgar, having accompanied her husband, who was one of Lord Nelson's seamen. The Admiralty was applied to on behalf of the widow, but official etiquette rejected her claim.

CHESS.

*a * Our notices to correspondents are unavoidably deferred.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 825. WHITE.

1. K to Kt sq

Kt from B Srd
to Q 2nd

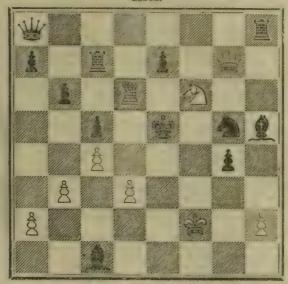
(If the other Kt be moved, White plays
2. B to Q R 4th, &c, as in the text, but on the

(If the other Kt be moved, White plays
5. B mates.

PROBLEM No. \$27.

"The Electric Battery," by the Rev. H. Bolton. From the unpublished Collection of Stratagems called "Chess Gems."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in fourteen moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Continuation of the Match between Messrs. de Riviere and Journoup.

ŀ	(100 Kinguis Dejence.)					
ı	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. de R.)		BLACK (Mr. de I		
	I. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Kt to K B sq	K to B sq		
	2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. B to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd		
	3. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	23. Kt to K Kt 3rd	K to K sq		
	4. P to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	24. Kt to K B 5th	B to K B sq		
	5. Kt to Q B 3rd	Castles	25. K R to Q 3rd	P to Q R 4th		
	6. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q 3rd	26. P to Q R 4th	QR to QB 3rd		
	7. P to K R 3rd	B to K 3rd	27. P to Q B 4th	Kt to Q B 4th		
	S. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q 2nd	28. Btakes Kt	R takes B		
	9. P to Q B 3rd	QR to K Eq	29. P to Q Kt 3rd	K R to Q sq		
	10. Kt takes Kt (ch)	B takes Kt	30. Q R to Q sq	R takes R		
	11. KB to Q Kt 3rd	P to K R 3rd	31. R takes R	R to Q B 3rd		
	12. Castles	P to K Kt 4th	32. R to Q 5th	R to K 3rd		
	13. Kt to K R 2nd	B to K Kt 2nd	33. K to Kt 2nd	P to Q B 3rd		
	14. B takes B	Q takes B	34. R to Q sq	R to K Kt 3rd		
	15. P to K Kt 4th	P to Q 4th	35. K to Kt 3rd	B to Q B 4th		
	16. Q to Q Kt 3rd	P takes P	36. P to K R 4th	R to K B 3rd		
	17. Q takes Q	Q R takes Q	37. P takes P	P takes P		
	18. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th	38. R to K R sq	R to K Kt 3rd		
l	19. KR to Q sq	Kt to Q Kt 6th	39. R to K R 8th (ch)	K to Q 2nd		
l	20. Q R to Q Kt sq	KR to QB sq	40. R to K R7th	K to K 3rd		
ı	And the game was abandoned as a drawn battle.					

(IFFEGULAT Opening.)						
BLACK (Mr. de R.) 1. Pto K 4th 2. Ptakes P 3. Kt to Q B 3rd 4. Pto Q 4th 5. B to K 3rd 6. Kt to K B 3rd 7. B to Q 3rd 8. Castles 9. Q Kt to K 4th 10. Q Kt takes B (ch) 11. Q to K 2nd	WHITE (Mr. J.) P to Q 4th Q takes P Q to Q sq P to K 3rd B to Q 3rd P to K R 3rd Kt to K B 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd B to Q Kt 7nd P takes Kt Castles	BLACK (Mr. de R.) 21. Ptakes K Kt P 22. K R takes P 23. Q to K 3rd 24. Ptakes Q P 25. Q Kt to K 4rd 26. Q to K Kt 3rd 27. Q R takes Kt 28. Q to K R 4th (Ingeniously played.) the Q P, the answer w kt, &c.)	WHITE (Mr. J., K Kttks K Kt Q to Q 5th (ch) Q to K Kt 2nd Q Kt to K 4th Q Kt to K Kt 5t Kt takes Kt Kt to K 4th			
12. P to Q B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	28.	QR to Ksq			
Q Kt to Q 2nd, folk leads to some interesting 13. P to Q R 3rd 14. Kt to Q 2nd 15. P to K B 4th 16. B to K B 2nd 17. Q R to K sq 18. P to Q 5th (He would, perhaps, now playing K Kt to K 19. B to Q 4th	owed by P to K4th, gplay) Q Kt to K 2nd K Kt to K R 2nd P to K B 4th K R to K B 3rd P to K Kt 4th Q Kt to K Kt 3rd have done better by Bsq) P takes Q P	29. B to Q Rt 5th 30. Q Rt to K 3rd 31. R takes R 32. R to K B 4th 33. R to K K 4 th 44. Q to Q 8th (cb) 35. B to Q 3rd 36. Q takes Q P 37. R takes K t 38. B takes B (ch) 39. Q takes Q (ch)	R to K 2nd Kt to K Kt 3rd Kt takes R B takes Q P Kt to K Kt 2rd K to R 2nd B to K B 2nd P to K R 4th B takes R Q takes B			
20. B takes R	Q takes B	And Blac	k won.			

ı				
ŀ	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. de R.)		BLACK (Mr. de I
ı	1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	24. P to Q Kt 3rd	R takes Q B
	2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	24. Kt takes R (ch)	K to B 2nd
ŀ	3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	26. Kt to Q B 4th	P to K Kt 5th
I	4. Kt takes P	Q to K B 3rd	27. KR to KR sq	B to Q 5th (ch)
ı	5. Kt takes Kt	Q P takes Kt	28. K to K 2nd	P takes P (ch)
ı	6. B to Q 3rd	B to Q B 4th	29. P takes P	R to K sq
ł	7. Castles	Kt to K R 3rd	30. K to Q 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th
ı	8. Q to K R 5th	B to K 2nd	31. Kt to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 5th
ı	9. P to K R 3rd	Q to K Kt 3rd	32. Kt to Q sq	R to Q sq
ı	10. Q takes Q	K R P takes Q	33. K to Q B sq	P to Q R 4th
ļ	11. B to K B 4th	P to K Kt 4th	34. R to K R 7th	K to Q 3rd
Į	12. B takes QBP	P to K Kt 5th	35, KR to KR 6th	B to K 4th
ı	13. P takes P	Q B takes P	36. K to Kt sq	R to K B sq
	14. B to K B 4th	Castles (Q R)	37. Kt to K 3rd	B to K B 5th
	15. B to K 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	38. K R to K Kt 6th	B takes Kt
	16. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K 3rd	39. Q R takes B	R to K B 2nd
	17. P to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	40. B to Q B 4th	R to K 2nd
	18. K to B 2nd	P to Q B 4th	41. K R takes Kt	R takes R
			42. R takes B (ch)	K to B 4th
(III considered. Losing a very important			43. R to K 5th (ch)	·K to Q 5th
ı	Pawn.)		44. R to Q 5th (ch)	K to K 6th
i	19. Kt to QR 4th	P to K B 4th	45. R takes Q R P	K takes P
ì	20. Q B takes Q B	P B to K B 3rd	46. R to Q Kt 5th	K to K 6th
ı	21. P takes K B P	Kt takes K B P	47. R takes Q Kt P	K to Q 5th
ı	22. QR to Ksq	Kt to K Kt 2nd	48. K to Kt 2nd	
23. B to Q Kt 6th Q R to Q 3rd		And Black resigned.		
١				

CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 1131 .- By C. M. B., of Dunde

White: Kat Q 3rd, Q at K 4th, R at Q R 7th, Kt at Q 5th; Ps at Q 4th and Q R 2nd.

Black: K at Q Kt 4th, Q at K B sq, R at Q B sq, B at K R 7th; Ps at K B 3rd, K 2nd, Q B 3rd, Q Kt 2nd, and Q R 6th.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

No. 1132.—By the same Author.

White: K at K R 4th, Q at Q B sq, B at K B 5th, Kts at K B sq and Q B 6th, Ps at K Kt 2nd and Q Kt 2nd.

Black: K at K 5th, R at Q Kt 6th, B at Q R 2rd, Kt at Q Kt 4th; Ps at K Kt 5th, K B 7th, Q 6th, and Q Kt 2rd.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

White: K at Q Kt 3rd, R at Q B 7th, Kts at Q B 4th and Q R 8th, B at Q 2nd; Ps at Q 3rd and 4th and Q R 2nd.

Black: K at Q Kt 4th, Q at K 6th, R at Q 8th; Ps at K 4th, Q 3rd, Q Kt 2nd, Q R 2nd, and Q R 4th.

White to play, and mate in five moves; Black to play, and mate in four moves.

VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE TO PRINCE ALFRED AT ATHENS.

PRINCE ALFRED AT ATHENS.

The festivities in honour of his Royal Highness Prince Alfred's visit to Athens were brought to a close on Wodnesday, the 16th of November, by a ball at the English Legation, at which the Kir and Queen of Greece were present. On the previous Monday 1. r Majesties gave a grand ball at the peaker to his Royal Highness 2. and on Tuesday Sir Thomas Wyse gave a dinner, at which the Grande Mattresse, Grand Marshal, Prime Minister, and other officials attended. The circumstance of the King and Queen nover having before honoured the English Legation with their presence, besides the attraction of his Royal Highness, who had made it his residence during the week he spent in Athens, created no inconsiderable sensation that evening in the town. The house was tastefully and handsomely arranged for the occasion: orange-trees, evergreens, and flowers lined the hall and the staircase leading to the upper marble hall, which during the evening was used as a salle declar, as well as the drawing-room to which it led. This room was brilliantly lighted up, and more space was gained by the balcony being covered in for the orchestra. In addition to the suite of apartments in ordinary use a part of the long terrace adjoining these rooms had also been covered in, and formed a spacious saloon, well carpeted, and furnished with sofas, divans, and tables, one of which was reserved for the tea-service of the evening.

terrace adjoining these rooms had also been covered in, and formed a spacious saloon, well carpeted, and furnished with sofas, divans, and tables, one of which was reserved for the tea-service of the ovening.

The invitations included all the officials of the Court, the Greek Ministers and their families, the Diplomatic and the Consular bodies, Secretaries, Deputies, and Generals, and a large number of naval men (in compliment to the Prince), the military and civil authorities, besides many notabilities, and the most respectable inhabitants of the place, without distinction of party or politics. The guests began to set down at half past eight o'clock, all in full uniform—and the rooms crowded before nine o'clock, when their Majesties arrival was announced. Ten large torchires burned in the garden opposite the Legations, and it up the façade as in the accompanying Engraving. Their Majesties were received at the hall-door by Sar Thomas Wyse and his staff, and at the first landing-place by his Excellency's niece, Miss Wyse, and they ascended the stairs preceded by servants bearing lights.

After their Majesties had spoken to the Prince on entering the ballroom, then to some of the chief guests, the ball was opened by her Majesty dancing a quadrille with his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, and the King with Miss Wyse. The Queen next waltred with Miss Wyse; after which the dances followed in quick succession until twelve o'clock, when supper was announced. A table was laid in the library for the King and Queen and his Royal Highness, at which Sir Thomas Wyse and Miss Wyse also took their places, whilst the general company retired below stairs and parlock of a sumptuous repast prepared in the dining and adjoining room. On returning to the ballroom dancing was resumed, and the King with Miss Wyse. During the evening Prince Alfred was naturally the subject of attraction. All were charmed, as at the Royal ball on Mocaday, by his unaffected simplicity, the hearty manner in which he seemed to enjoy the dancing, and the inte

A letter from Corfu of the 8th inst. says:—"Yesterday (Wednesday) the little Ionian steamor, accompanied by her Majesty's dispatch-boat Assurance, might be seen early steaming over to Albania, with Prince Alfred, Sir H. Storks, the Admiral, and a numerous party of naval and military officers, all bent on the destruction of woodcocks, which are supposed to have come in with the cold weather, although it is rather early in the season. I have not ascertained what bag has been much to the taste and good for the health of Prince Alfred, who would, perhaps, have enjoyed himself the more if unattended by so numerous a cortege of distinguished personages. A grand dinner at the President of the Senate's, and a ball, to-night, at the Palace, will close the festivities that are being given in honour of his Royal Highness, who leaves to-morrow in the Euryalus, for Malta."

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S CHINESE MUSEUM.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S CHINESE MUSEUM.

A very picturesque and interesting addition has been made this seasen to Mr. Albert Smith's Chinese Entertainment. The large room comprising the southern half of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, has been completely litted up in a bona fide Chinese style, and serves as a repository for an immense number of specimens of Chinese industry connected with their domestic life and customs, as well as their arts and manufactures. The collection, which must in the aggregate be of great value, was formed by Mr. Albert Smith at Canton and Hong-Hong, and the Hong-Kong Daily Press of October the 13th, 1858, thus alludes to it—"Mr. Albert Smith has just cause to be proud of his reception in China, and of the unique ovation made on his quitting it. He was literally overwhelmed with presents in the shape of Chinese cavios, which money could not have bought, and for which the colony was ranascked to throw at his feet. He must have received many things which cannot be replaced, and we should say he has the nearns to furnish a museum which hever had its equal in Europe, and which George Robins would have been at a stand-still to puff up."

Mr. Albert Smith gives a curious fact as his reason for throwing open this museum, which, as he states, from his long practical experience and knowledge of his public, is worth the attention of lecturers generally. He found after endeavouring to force instruction in every way—"gliding the pill" as he was best able—his audience did not care one straw about it. They came to hear him solely for amusement, and the instant he commenced any matter-of-fact details, however characteristic it might be, he lost his hold over their attention, and they listened to him as listiesly as they would have done to the more verbal description of a panorama or the demonstration of a geological section, which they did not care to understand. Most of the objects, the description of which "dragged" the lecture, are now in the museum, with countless interesting additions; and it is open

MARSHALS M'MAHON AND NIEL.-France has in her service a MARSHALS M'MAHON AND NIEL.—France has in her service a formidable array of officers of Irish descent. First and foremest are the gallant Marshal M'Mahon, Due de Magenta, and his equally-distinguished companion in arms. Marshal Niel, both spring from Mileslan ancestry, the one a descendant of the M'Mahons of Chare, spring from the famous Engan Borru, King of Munster; the other a scien of the illustrious O'Nollie I have seen a very interesting letter of Marshal Niel in which he refers with no inconsiderable pride to his Irish origin.—Sir Bernard Burkés "Vicissitudes of Families," fourth edition.



MISS CLARA ST. CASSE AS "EDGAR," IN "THE SWAN AND EDGAR," AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

This talented young actress was born at Bridgewater in the year 1841. At a very early age she manifested a remarkable taste for music, and evinced considerable vocal powers. Her parents secured the assistance of a teacher of ability, who instructed her in singing, the pianoforte, and the guitar. At the age of seven

years she had acquired considerable skill on both instruments, and was able to sing music at sight. As her voice became developed it proved to be one of power, certainty, and sweetness. Her musical abilities becoming known to the manager of the Theatre Royal in Newcastle, that gentleman became anxious to secure her services. He offered her an engagement for twenty nights to sing ballads between the pieces. Accordingly she made her first appearance upon the stage at Newcastle in November, 1852, while she was in her eleventh year. The principal piece of the evening was "Macbeth," in which Miss Glynn personated the leading fomale character. After the play Miss Clara St. Casse sang the difficult song of "The Soldier Tired." Her reception was very encouraging, the favour of the audience being won as much by the childlike appearance of the singer as by the pleasing quality of her voice and finished style of vocalisation. She sang nightly for several weeks, and always with success. She then went to Etinburgh and fulfilled a short engagement at the Theatre Royal. Thence she went to Bath and Bristol. One of the local papers described her as "a very simple childlike little girl, exhibiting few of those airs and graces which usually accompany precocity; but, with the simplicity of deportment becoming eleven years of age, she possesses greater maturity of style combined with musical knowledge than is usually found in singers of double her age. Her tones are clear, round, and belllike, her range considerable, and her power great; while the artlessness of her style comes into marked and effective contrast with the artistic precision with which she executes the music of her various songs." While at Bristol Miss Clara St. Casse made her first appearance as an actress in a piece written expressly for her, and founded upon Mrs. Beecher her style comes into marked and effective contrast with the artistic precision with which she executes the music of her various songs." While at Bristol Miss Clara St. Casse made her first appearance as an actress in a piece written expressly for her, and founded upon Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was produced at the Theatre Royal on Monday, March 28, 1853; under the title of "Eva's Home; or, the Happy Days of Uncle Tom." The drama achieved a great success, and was frequently repeated. Miss St. Casse's representation of the gentle Eva was generally pronounced to be a most chaste and finished performance. Before leaving Bristol Miss St. Casse added several new characters to her repertoire—among others, Lisette, in "The Swiss Cottage;" Julie, in the drama of that name written for her; Gertrude, in "The Loan of a Lover," &c. Her next engagement was at the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, where she played her favourite character of Eva St. Clare upwards of forty consecutive nights. After fulfilling short engagements in Wolverhampton, Newport, Exeter, Devonport, Barnstaple, Plymouth, and other towns, she came to London and accepted a lengthened starring engagement at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton. This was in 1854, before she had attained her thirteenth year. Having made another provincial tour Miss Clara St. Casse returned to the metropolis, and appeared at the Olympic Theatre, in December, 1856, as Capped, in Mr. Planche's extravaganza of "Young and Handsome." This piece was very successful, as also was Miss Clara St. Casse in the rôle allotted to her. As soon as her engagement at the Olympic Theatre was concluded she joined the operatic troupe under Mr. Kingsbury, including Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Henry Haigh, &c. While attached to this company she successfully appeared as Leonora, in "Il Trovatore;" Maritana, in Wallace's opera of that name; Arline, in Balfe's "Bohemian Girl;" Amina, in "La Sonnambula," &c.
On her return to London she accepted her present engagement at the St. James's Theatre, where she

"CHRISTMAS EVE."-BY FREDERICK J. SHIELDS.

Gathering "Christmas"—holly, laurel, mistletoe—for the decoration of each Christian home is one of the most important and interesting duties of this season, so full of gratifying duties and time-hallowed traditions. Covent Garden and other vegetable markets in the

metropolis, and throughout the kingdom, are crowded with such greenery, of which the careful housewife never fails to make a selection with her other purchases for the eventful day, which, like most other anniversaries, "only comes once a year." But more grateful still is the store of "Christmas" sent up specially from some old familiar spot—from the home of one's youth and of one's ancestry,



"CHRISTMAS EVE."-FROM A PAINTING BY F. J. SHIELDS.

or gathered fresh from the shrubbery or hedge-row in the very neighbourhood of the house which has been supplied from it year after year, "from the time when memory was not to the contrary."

Mr. Frederick J. Shields, of Hulme, near Manchester (an admirable local artist, and particularly happy in domestic subjects), has produced a very pretty picture of Christmas-gathering, now the property of George Falkner, Esq., of Manchester, which we have been favoured with permission to engrave. In this simple production, so full of truly English nature, we have a couple of children laden with their evergreen store just emerging from the secluded copse where it has been gathered. They look healthy, happy, and proud—the little one especially—of their day's work, and in the reflection that they have done their share towards to-morrow's festive display. We wish Mr. Shields many happy returns of "Christmas Eve," and hope he will produce many more such choice and pleasant sketches of human life.



PRINCE ALFRED AT ATHENS.—ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE AT THE HOUSE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

THE FARMSTEAD.

No face so cheery now as a good, honest, substantial sea-coal fire! Away with stoves, gas stoves, patent stoves, coke stoves, smoke-consuming stoves! Shame be upon the heads of those chill-hearted knaves who invented stoves! Did the heads of those chill-hearted knaves who invented stoves! Did our ancestors use stoves! Did our ancestors use stoves! Did william Shakspeare coop himself up in a chamber unblest by the genial glow of burning embers? Did Sir Isaac Newton patronise stoves; or that wise Spanish monarch who warmed himself into an crysipelas because he did not, or could not, move away from a blazing fire? Did the old knights, the munificent barons, the Sir Roger de Coverleys of the famous chivalric times, sit moping and melancholy before a cast-iron stove? What were all thehuge chimney corners for in the grand baronial halls and stately Elizabethan mansions? What were done with the huge Yule logs which our forefathers loved to see sparkling and to hear crackling? If Drake had been brought up in an atmosphere of the stove, stovy, would he ever have lowered the Spanish flag in the realms of Peruvian silver and Mexican gold? Hence we assert, in defiance of "ingenious inventors" and "able mechanists," that there is nought in the winter time so lovable, so genial, so peace-compelling, so mitth-diffusing, as—a good coal fire.

And where should there be a thorough Fardish Sanitant in the interest and the store in the store of the sto



positively going to resuscitate the decrepid Lucretian maxim—look out on the moor, stretching away to the foot of the distant hills, one unbroken sweep of solid snow; look out on the dim, dull sky, changeless and sombro, and ghastly, as it were, with the reflected glitter of the whitened carth; look out on the gaunt leafless trees, ever and anon shaking off upon the wind the unwelcome rime; look out on the pool, hard and immovable, spellbound into silence by a potent magician, who has deadened almost all the sweet voices of the once-happy earth; and then look in upon the splendid contrast of the fire-lit chamber, on whose walls are fantastically dancing the quaintest of all quaint shadows;—then shall you understand the charm of a winter heliday at an English farmhouse.

Indoors, as we have said, you

winter holiday at an English farmlouse.

Indoors, as we have said, you will love to linger in the happy consciousness that you are "snowed up;" but you may occasionally divert yourself by a visit to the farmyard, and condole with Sir Harry, the noble grey, black Ironsides, and frolicsome Dapple, on the cruel confinement to which the rates have subjected them. Unhappy steeds! They cannot gather round about the fire: not for them is the cosy chimney corner; not for them are the delights of the blazing ingle. But they cling together in dumb companionship, as if sensible that it is not good at winter time to be alone. And they seek such shelter as the snow-piled yard affords, and make common cause with poultry and peacocks, pigs and pigeons,—all nestling together, brooding together, and, for aught we know, wondering together why they are denied the jovial scamper or careless sport upon the young green meads.

And then,—back again to the



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT SALTAIRE.-FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. HAIGH.-SEE NEXT PAGE

THE SINGERS' LIBRARY OF CONCERTED MUSIC. Edited by JOHN HULLAIL.—Hope is Gone (Sans Espoir); Melodic pour mezzosoprano; composed by Auguste Panseron; the English translation of the words by TROMAS OLIPHANT.—GONDOLLER, TWILLERT IS CLOSING; Barcarole for two voices; the music by Auguste Panseron; the words by THOMAS OLIPHANT.—BE STRONG; poetry by ADELAIDE PROCEER; music by WILHELM SCHULTHES. Addison and Co.

Panseron; the words by Thomas Ollehant.—Be Strong; poetry by Addison and Co.

"The Singers' Library of Concerted Music" is a periodical publication recently begun, which promises to be of great value and interest to the musical public. It is issued in two series, the one consisting exclusively of sacred, the other of secular, music. The editor informs us in his prospectus that each series will include pieces forming exclusively of sacred, the other of secular, music. The editor informs us in his prospectus that each series will include pieces forming integral parts of great works, or hitherto found only in large and expensive collections; compositions never before adapted to English words; music origically requiring combinations of voices rarely accessible rearranged for ordinary use; and pieces by eminent living composors, in some cases composed expressly for the work. Two numbers—one of each series—are to be issued weekly, and the work is also issued in shilling parts, a price which, concidering the quantity and quality of the matter, and the bandsome manner in which the publication is brought out, is a remarkable instance of cheapness. The first parts of each series are now before us; and the music in both is of the very highest order. The sacred part contains King's full anthom, "Hear, O Lord;" the chorus, "Father in Heaven," from Meults "Joseph;" Mozar's mot. "Saviour, who from Death;" Beyoe's anthom "Blessing and Glory;" and the full anthom 'n tunto us," by Dupuis. The secular part contains Webbe's two companion glees, "Come, live with me," and "If Love and all the world were young," the chorus "To the hills and the vales," from Purcell's opera of "Dido and Æneas;" J. L. Hatton's part song "Softly fall the shades;" and the chorus "O how great," from Handel's cantaxt "The triumph of Time and Truth." Every one of these pieces, both sacred and secular, is a chef-d'œuvre, and several of them have never before been brought within ordinary rand or published in their present form. In the notation of the music Mr

SIX SONGS, with German and English Words. Composed by C. A.

BARRY, M.A.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND. Composed and
dedicated to the British Navy by H. Hugh PIERSON.—THOU ART
GONE (Du bist Fern), and MY LOVE WANTS NO JEWELS (Mein
Lieb braucht nicht Perlen). Songs, composed by BERNARD
ALTHAUS. Ewer and Co.

ALTHAUS. Ewer and Co.

It is evident that Mr. Barry has pursued his musical studies in Germany. His songs, while they evince genius and feeling, have the merits and faults of the modern German school. They show masterly construction, and familiarity with the technicalities of composition, especially in the accompaniments, which are rich and varied. But the airs are deficient in simplicity and natural flow of melody. They are often what the French call tourmentées—blemished by resides modulations, and phrases calculated to surprise more than to please. Some of them, however, are comparatively free from these faults; especially the first, "The Night Journey," and "Fare Thee Well," which are altogether charming.

especially the first, "The Night Journey," and "Fare Thee Well," which are altogether charming.

Mr. Pierson, in writing music for Thomas Campbell's naval ode,
"Ye Mariners of England," has given himself an unnecessary task.

Were his composition ten times as good as it is, it never could supersede the music of Callcott, which is for ever associated with Jampbell's magnificent poem. We suspect that Mr. Pierson is betteracquainted with the music of Germany than with that of his own country.

The two songs of Herr Althaus (whose name is new to us) have much beauty, though the purity of their water is somewhat dimmed by the flaws which we have just pointed out as belonging to the modern German school.

PRECIOSA, Fantaisie de Salon, pour piano. Par W. VINCENT WALLACE.—D'UN PENSIERO, Quintet from "La Sonnambula." Transcribed for piano solo by BRINLEY RICHARDS.—GEMS FROM THE GREAT MASTERS, No. 22, "Non più di fiori" (Mozart). Transcribed for piano by Gaorge Frederick West.—The DREAM OF THE WANDERER. ROMANCE for the piano, by BRINLEY RICHARDS. Cooks and Co. RICHARDS. Cocks and Co.

RICHARDS. Cocks and Co.

These are elegant additions to our stock of drawing-room music for the pianoforte, and they are sufficiently recommended by the names of their eminent authors. We may add, however, a few words of information about them. Mr. Wallace's fantasia is upon themes from Weber's charming opera, "Preciosa," and the romantic Spanish character of the melodies is happily preserved. To "transcribe" for the piano a piece of vocal music might seem an easy task, but it is not so; for it demands great experience and skill to convey, by means of a single player, the harmonies and effects of music for many voices, even without adding a single bar to the original composition; and this is what Mr. Richards has done with Bellini's fine quintet. "The Dream of the Wanderer" is an original melody of Mr. Richards's own, and may well be called a "song without words." It has the effect of a sweet and tender air for a tenor voice, with an elegant accompaniment kept quite distinct from the vocal melody. The serial publication, "Gems from the Works of the Great Masters," is very valuable. It consists of vocal and instrumental movements from the works, both sacred and secular, of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Pergolesi, Beethoven, and other great masters, judiciously selected, and arranged as pieces for the piano, of moderate difficulty, and full of grace and beauty. of grace and beauty.

THIS HEART OF MINE ("Das arme Herz"): Song, composed by A. REICHARDT.—SAY FAREWELL, AND GO! The words by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" the music by George Linkey.—Four Songs: 1. Sunny Meadows; 2. Starlit Dell; 3. The Moonlit Stream; 4. The Shady Lane. By Stephen Geover.—La Clochette du Patre: nocturae pour piano. Par Lefebure Wely.—"Der Freischutz," Fantaisie de salon pour le piano. Par W. Kuhe.—"La Gazza Ladra," Fantaisie de salon. Par W. Kuhe. Chappell and Co.

The author of "This Heart of Mine" is well known to the English public as one of our mest accomplished tenor singers, and also as the composer of several vocal piaces of distinguished excellence. This is a charming song, and alzong other merits has that of entire

charming song, and among other merits has that of entire

freedom from the besetting sin of the modern German school—crudity and elaboration. The melody is simple in the extreme, but it is the simplicity of Cimarosa and Mozart—the simplicity which

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

It is the simplicity of Cimarosa and Mozart—the simplicity which flows from genius. In point of execution it is quite easy, but it must be sung with a feeling akin to that which inspired it.

Mr. George Linley is the most prolific of all our vocal composers. His songs and ballads are numbedless, and many of them, consequently, are slight and trivial enough; but many, too, are of a superior order, and have been deservedly successful. Of this kind is the song before us, "Say Farewell, and Go!" The pathetic lines, from one of the most popular novels of the day, are set with much grace and tenderness.

is the song before us, "Say Farewell, and Go!" The pathetic lines, from one of the most popular novels of the day, are set with much grace and tenderness.

Mr. Stephen Glover is one of our popular composers. His songs and ballads please many, because they are simple and familiar, with an agreeable flow of melody, while they have no pretensions to originality or any of the higher attributes of art. The four songs of which we have given the titles are in this composer's usual style, and will please as much as any of his productions that we have met with. They are, moreover, addressed to the eye as well as the ear, for the illustrative coloured engravings which form the titlepages are really higher works of art than the compositions themselves.

M. Lefebure Wély is the organist of the Madeleine, and, as such, highly esteemed by the Parisians. We have heard him in his own magnificent church, and found his performance a confirmation of the opinion that the French know nothing about the organ or organ music. His style was light and elegant, while he showed the powers of his instrument, not by grand and profound harmonies, but by ingenious handling of the various stops. He is a fertile composer, and has published much, though not for his own instrument, but the pianoforte; and his productions, of which we have met with many, consist of fantasias, nocturnes, &c., in the fashionable style of the day. His "Clochette du Pâtre" is a pretty thing of its kind, and the imitation of the tinkling of the sheep-bell which runs through it gives it a pleasing and pastoral character.

Herr Kuhe is well known among us as an excellent master of the pianoforte. His fantasias on themes from the "Gazza Ladra" and the "Freischütz" are exceedingly well written, and calculated to improve the taste as well as the execution of the pupil.

BOOSEYS' PIANOFORTE STUDIO: a Selection of Twelve Sonatas from OOSEYS PIANOFORTE STUDIO: a Selection of Twelve Sonatas from
the works of the Great Composers. Edited by J. W. Davison.—
L'ETOILE ANIMEE: Mélodie de Reichardt, Variée par J. ASCHER.—
UN BALLO IN MASCHERO: Nocturne Cantabile. Par J.
ASCHER.—BOUTONS DE ROSES: Morceau de Salon. Par A.
SCHLESSER.—SOUVENIR DU RIGI: Tyrolienne. Par A.
SCHLESSER. Boosey and Sons.

ASCHLESSER.—BOUVENER DU RIGI: Tyrolienne. Par A. SCHLESSER.—SOUVENER DU RIGI: Tyrolienne. Par A. SCHLESSER.—SOOSEY AND SONS.

Of "Boosey's Pianoforte Studio" we have seen only the first number, which, we believe, is all that has as yet appeared. We trust that the publishers will continue and complete the series, which, from the specimen before us, will be of great value to the lovers of classical pianoforte music. This first number consists of Woelfi's celebrated somats, the "Ne plus ultra," with a preface by the editor, and it is announced that each succeeding work will have a preface from the same accomplished pen.

We have repeatedly noticed the revival of the true school of the pianoforte now in progress through the exertions of some of our most eminent musicians of the day—Bennett, Benedict, Potter, Sloper, and (though last not least) Arabella Goddard, who has done as much as anybody in rescuing from neglect and oblivion the works of the great classic masters. The beautiful form of the sonata is well-nigh abandoned, and we are deluged with fantasias, variations, nocturnes, impromptus, and we do not know what—Thapsodies, without form, and void of construction, symmetry, and artistic design, but full of unmeaning difficulties and displays of manual dexterity. The sonata was Beethoven's favourite vehicle for the expression of his grandest and most beautiful thoughts, and in this he was followed by Mendelssohn. But Mendelssohn, as a pianoforte composer, was the ultimus Romanorum, and no living composer seems to have the ability or the courage to produce a sonata for this instrument. We trust, however, that a better time is coming, a time when the grand old form of the snata—a form susceptible of endless variety and affording room for the most novel creations of genius—will once more be understood, appreciated, and employed by the greatest masters in embodying their conceptions.

Of the constellation of great pianists (we use the word as meaning composers as well as performers) Joseph Woelfi was one of the brig

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT SALTAIRE.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT SALTAIRE.

This place of worship, the last of many costly works carried into execution by Mr. Salt for the benefit of his workpeople, is situated between the railway and the canal, and in front of the offices at Saltaire, and forms a very conspicuous object in the picturesque valley of the Aire. Like all the buildings at Saltaire, it is in the Italian style, preserving thereby unity of design. The entrance consists of a peripteral temple of Corinthian columns raised above the ground by a continued circle of six steps. The cellar forms the vestibule to the church. Above this is a pedestal broken by eight boldly-carred trusses, which is crowned by a circular monopteral story decorated with eight columns and terminating in a cupola. The spaces between the latter columns are filled with elaborate castings, which, when bronzed and parcel-gilt, will produce a rich and novel effect. The church is surrounded by pilasters, and crowned with an entablature in the same enriched character as the entrance portico. The whole exterior of the edifice is executed in masonry of the finest kind, by the Messrs. Moulson, who executed this portion of the works. Within, all is harmony and simple elegance. A delicate refinement pervades every detail. The interior is a parallelogram, ninety-five feet by forty-five feet in width, covered by a ceiling comprising as much of a semicircle as the laws of accustics will permit. A continuous hase runs round the building elegance. A delicate refinement pervades every detail. The interior is a parallelogram, ninety-five feet by forty-five feet in width, covered by a ceiling comprising as much of a semicircle as the laws of acoustics will permit. A continuous base runs round the building, supporting at intervals Corinthian columns executed in verde antique scagliola, brilliantly polished, with white Parian capitals and bases. The scagliola was executed by Mr. Dolan, of Manchester. The spaces between the columns are occupied by windows filled with delicately-tinted glass. The seats, arranged in two masses, preserving a central avenue, are of polished wainscoat of novel design and finely caveed. The pulpit and precentor's seat correspond in material and in size. A massive balustrade incloses the communion-table and pulpit; and behind them, within a domed recess, stands the organ, an exquisite instrument, the production of Mr. Holt, of Leeds. Two superb chandeliers, the work of Messrs. Hausburg, of Liverpool, depend from the ceiling. They are of ormolu, with discs of cut and ground glass, forming the circle from which the globe lights spring. Two girandoles and candelabra light the communion-pew. The joiners'-work and oak carving were intrusted to Mr. John Ives, of Shipley. The whole was designed and executed under the superintendence of Messrs. Lockwood and Mawson, of Bradford.

The Saltaire Congregational Church was opened last April for Divine worship, in accordance with the simple forms of the Independent body in relation to such matters.

The descriptive details above are abridged from an article in the Bradford Observer; and our Engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Edward Haigh, of Shear Bridge Mills, Bradford.

EPITOME OF NEWS .- POREIGN AND DOMESTIC

There are eighteen ships of war at Gibraltar.

Parliament was on Thursday week prorogued until January 24 ten "to consider divers important affairs."

The murrain is committing terrible ravages among the cattle in

A robin has taken up its abode in the church at Ashburton, Devon, for some months past, and during Divine service it occasionally bursts forthinto song.

We understand that the registry of the Manchester Court of Probate will be closed on Monday, the 26th of December, and Monday, the 2nd of January.

It has been announced that the new series of Special Services at Exeter Hall for the Working Classes, by clergymen of the Church of England, will commence on Sunday, the 1st of January next.

All the leading Manchester houses in London, and the retail firms at the West-end and in other parts of the metropolis, have arranged to keep holiday on Monday, the 26th, Christmas Day falling on a Sunday.

Letters from Belgrade state that a few days since the Servian Minister of Justice intimated to the advocates to desist from pleading, and for the future to let the parties bring forward and defend their own causes.

At a recent meeting of the London coach makers, it was attach

At a recent meeting of the London coachmakers it was stated at upwards of 800 men had joined the Coachmakers' Ten Hours

A few days ago Mr. William Benn, farmer, of Wilton, while taking his supper, got a piece of beef fast in his throat, and was choked.

Major General Bloomfield has completed his inspection of the artillery in the Western District.

A telegram from Marseilles asserts that the Turkish Government is considering the expediency of bringing the Suez Canal question before all the great European Powers.

The Moniteur publishes an article explaining the law on the press, the wisdom and necessity of which, it says, has been proved by eight years' exercise.

Among the passengers by the *Emeu*, the last homeward Australian mail-packet, was Lieutenant de Saisset, a French naval officer, with despatches for the French Government respecting the shooting in New Caledonia of two Englishmen.

At York the young man Charles Normington, charged with the murder of Richard Broughton, at Roundhay, near Leeds, has been found guilty, and sentenced to die.

Her Majesty and the Prince Consort have consented to become patrons of an amateur dramatic performance in the Newcastle Townhall in aid of the building fund for a Deaf and Dumb Institute.

It appears that the terms granted by the directors of the Great Ship Company for the loan of £40,000 for six months, on mortgage of the Great Eastern, are 7½ per cent per annum.

Englishmen accustomed to consider a single elephant a wonder will perhaps be surprised to hear that during 1857-58 there were 1034 ele-phants sent from Rangoon to Calcutta for the army.

John Plummer, a factory operative, residing in Kettering, was a few days since presented with £40 from the Queen's bounty fund to literary men, for the several productions from his pen.

Mr. David Fitzgerald, solicitor, the brother of the Attorney General for Ireland, has been appointed to the office of the Clerk of the Crown for the county of Tyrone, vacant by the death of Mr. Terence Dolan.

A meeting of the London General Omnibus Company was held

yesterday week; and, after a protracted discussion, it was resolved that the report and accounts be approved, and that the directors be authorised to borrow £30,000.

A huge stone fell from the roof of the Dewsnip Pit, Dukinfield Hall, on Wednesday se'nnight, on Thomas Ogden, a miner, in the employment of the Dukinfield Colliery Company. The poor fellow was so seriously injured that he died in two days

The Government have accepted Messrs. Wilson and Hampshire's tender for the supply of 50,000lb, weight of tea.

The Lord High Commissioner has opened the Ionian Parliament, and in his speech announced numerous measures of administrative water.

The All England Eleven have, during the past season, played 18 matches; they won 12, lost four, and two were drawn. The matches played by the United All England Eleven during the season amount to 14; out of which they have won nine, lost three, one was drawn, and one was

Lieutenant-Colonel Allan, who was in charge of the troops on board the Eastern Monarch when that ship was destroyed by fire, and whose conduct received universal approbation, has been promoted and appointed to command the newly-raised second battalion of the 25th Regiment.

A story is told by the Chicago Times about the appointment of postmasters in that State. One unlucky appointee was compelled to decline for the reason set forth below:—"Dear Sir,—Although I acknowledge the honour of my appointment, I regret to say that I have yet an unexpired term of five years to serve in the Penitentiary, which compels me to decline your flattering offer."

At Rome, on November 26, was celebrated the marriage of Prince Napoleon Gregorie Bonaparte, son of their Highnesses Prince Charles Bonaparte and Princess Zenaide Bonaparte, with the Princess Christina Ruspoli, daughter of his Excellency Prince Ruspoli, Prince of Cervitri.

Sir Adam Bittleston lately transported a native in the Madras Supreme Court for four years for obtaining money under false pretences. For years he had been in the habit of sending a book round Madras, soliciting subscriptions for "The City of Madras Native Christian Library," which had no existence. He had victimised Lord Harris, Sir C. Trevelyan, Bishop Dealtry, and many others.

An official notice has been issued by the Board of Trade on the subject of the age for admission to the Naval Volunteer Reserve, and as regards leave for long voyages. During the year 1800 the age of admission is extended from thirty-five to forty; and special leave for voyages exceeding six months will be given, on conditions set forth in the official notice.

ing six months will be given, on conditions set forth in the official notice.

The Government emigrant-vessel Lady Ann, which sailed from Plymouth on the 8th of July, arrived at Adelaide, South Australia, on the 1st of October, with 262 persons. No deaths occurred during the voyage.

The Newspaper and Periodical Press Association for obtaining the Repeal of the Paper Duty have resumed proceedings at Peele's Coffeenuse. The members of the committee have passed several resolutions concerning the course to be adopted by the association previous to and during the forthcoming Session of Parliament.

The association previous for the following

The cover of a periodical publication advertises for the following combination of talents:—"Wanted, a person who understands the different branches of husbandry and dairy (a partner), who can lodge in the business the sum of three or five hundred pounds, strictly religious character—if a Calvinist, most agreeable. If he has abilities for a preacher, the better."

Some thieves have again broken into the church of the Madonna della Grazia, Naples, and stripped "Our Lady" of all her jewels. The church, too, was cleared of the silver candlesticks and other valuables. The Madonna is to have a new dress and jewels from the King.

The Breslau Gazette states that a custom-house officer, stationed on the frontier of Upper Silesia, was lately surprised by a band of smugglers, who tied him to a tree in a thick forest, and abandoned him to his fate. The unfortunate man was found some days after in that position; all the flesh was torn off his shoulders, and it is supposed that, being rendered desperate by hunger, he had, before he died, gnawed them.

Accounts from Strasburg state that the severity of the weather has not interrupted the immense works which are being constructed to connect the town of Strasburg with Kehl, on the other side of the Rhine. The portion of the works to be executed by the Baden engineers will, it is expected, be concluded in a few months. The French engineers have accomplished their part, and it is hoped that the bridge over the Rhine will be opened to the public in October next.

The Rev. F. E. B. Swann, Curate of St. Giles's Newcastle-under-

Lyme, has been fined £1 and costs for an assault on his maid servant. The assault consisted of a slap on the face, which he admitted having given. The Mayor, in inflicting the fine, said it was not the first time the reverend gentleman had been guilty of the same offence.

gentleman had been guity of the same offence.

The division of the Grand Trunk Railway between Detroit and Port Huron has been formally opened for traffic and travel. The railway, of which the last link has thus been completed, is over 800 miles in length, and connects not only Detroit and Port Huron and the whole west with Portland, but directly with Europe through the Canadian line of

A bill will be presented to Parliament early next Session for the better regulation of the Registry of Deeds Office (Ireland), by repealing certain clauses in the Registry Act (2nd and 3rd of William IV., chap. 87), and empowering the Lords of her Majesty's Treasury to make such arrangements, from time to time, as may be necessary to meet the demands of the public in this department. MEDICAL, INVALID, and CEMERAL LIFE
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That this event is of unquestionable interest and importance to Ladies and Families of every rank is wantlest in the notice hereby conveyed, that the universally-patroni ed Silk Mercery, Mantie, Shawi, Jace, and Glove betablishment known as THE PANTHEON HALL OF COMMERCE, enjoying a favoured reputation, and the fashionable associations of HALFA CENTURY, is on the eve of drawly closure, the Proputatory, Mesers, Rumbell and Osson, basics, determined on IMMEDIATELY RETURNED FROM EUSINIES.

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